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A Record of the Choicest Poetry of the Present and the Past.

BY

THE EDITORS

OF

The Critic, London Literary Journal.

VOL. V.—No. 3

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ANTICIPATIONS OF THE COUNTRY.

This beautiful poem is by MARY ANNE BROWNE, afterwards Mrs. JAMES GRAY, whose wondrous genius was blighted by a premature death.

THE summer sunshine falls
O'er the hot vistas of the crowded town,
Mantling the dusty walls
With beauty and with glory not their own;
The summer skies are bright,
A canopy of peace above the strife
Of human hearts, that fight
And struggle on the battle-plain of life.

Summers have pass'd away
Since I a dweller midst this scene became,
And still their earliest ray
Hath sent a thirsty longing through my frame—
A longing to be far
In the green woodlands, in the pastures fair,
And not as travellers are;
My heart hath yearn'd to be a *dweller* there.

It comes, it comes at last!
All I have panted for is near me now;
Ere many hours have past
A cool untroubled breeze shall fan my brow;
The faint continuous hum
That hath been round me till 'twas scarcely heard,
No more shall near me come,
To mar the melodies of bee or bird.

No more the sultry street
Shall echo to my quick uneasy tread;
Gladly I turn my feet
To where the turf in daisied pride is spread.
No more the whirling wheel,
The tramping horses, and the people's shout—
Oh how my heart will feel
The pleasant quiet circling me about.

Blessed to go away
To where the wild flower blooms and wood-bird sings,
And lightly o'er the spray
The purple vetch its wreathing garland flings.
I shall be happy yet!
I shall dismiss the cares that bind me now—
No more the world shall fret
The heart at ease, the calm unclouded brow.

Cease, thou too sanguine heart,
Exulting in the prospect now so fair;
Too glad, too gay thou art,
Remember grief may reach thee even there.
Instead of dreamings vain,
Of joys thou fondly hopest shall be thine,
Bethink thee of the pain
That sin and sorrow round thy coils will twine.

And think not happiness
But dwelleth with the bird, the flower, the bee;
And think not from distress
Even these pure lovely things can set thee free.
Be fill'd with grateful joy,
For *'tis* a blessed privilege to dwell
Where little the alloy
Of art hath cast its cold restraining spell.

Yet for the common lot
Of bright hope dimm'd, of woe thou yet may'st share,
Even in that lonely spot,
Bend thou the knee, and lift the heart in prayer!
Thus should the thankful soul
Pour forth its tribute to the Lord above—
"Thou dost all hearts control,
Fill mine, oh Father! with abounding love.

"Thy hand hath guided me,
Hath brought me from the wilderness of men;
I bless thee thankfully,
That I may dwell with nature's peace again.
But, midst each lovely scene,
Be it my greatest joy to feel thy power
And know thy hand hath been
Moulding the hills and fashioning every flower.

"By every happy bird.
That pours its liquid song in gladness forth,
May my full heart be stirr'd
To sing of all thy glory and thy worth!
By every glorious star,
Seen in the azure sky, serene and bright,
Send wisdom from afar
Leading my spirit to the source of light.

"The dew when day is done
Should teach me how thy Spirit's dew can bless;
By the pure rising sun
Remind me of the Sun of Righteousness.
By every wayside flower,
By every fountain rippling in its glee,
By every day and hour,
Draw me, oh Father! nearer still to thee."

A TESTIMONY.

This very clever poem was contributed to a periodical called *The Germ*, commenced by a party of young Authors and Artists, whose names are now famous. The writer is ELLEN ALLEYN.

I SAID of laughter: It is vain;—
Of mirth I said: What profits it?—
Therefore I found a book, and writ
Therein, how ease and also pain,
How health and sickness, every one
Is vanity beneath the sun.

Man walks in a vain shadow; he
Disquieteth himself in vain.
The things that were shall be again.
The rivers do not fill the sea,
But turn back to their secret source:
The winds, too, turn upon their course.

Our treasures, moth and rust corrupt;
Or thieves break through and steal: or they
Make themselves wings and fly away.
One man made merry as he supp'd,
Nor guess'd how *when that* night grew dim,
His soul would be required of him.

We build our houses on the sand
  Comely withoutside, and within;
  But when the winds and rains begin
To beat on them, they cannot stand!
They perish, quickly overthrown,
Loose at the hidden basement stone.

All things are vanity, I said:
  Yea vanity of vanities.
  The rich man dies; and the poor dies:
The worm feeds sweetly on the dead.
Whatso thou lackest, keep this trust:—
All in the end shall have but dust.

The one inheritance, which best
  And worst alike shall find and share.
  The wicked cease from troubling there,
And there the weary are at rest;
There all the wisdom of the wise
Is vanity of vanities.

Man flourishes as a green leaf,
  And as a leaf doth pass away;
  Or, as a shade that cannot stay,
And leaves no track, his course is brief:
Yet doth man hope and fear and plan
Till he is dead:—oh foolish man!

Our eyes cannot be satisfied
  With seeing; nor our ears be fill'd
  With hearing: yet we plant and build,
And buy, and make our borders wide:
We gather wealth, we gather care,
But know not who shall be our heir.

Why should we hasten to arise
  So early, and so late take rest?
  Our labour is not good; our best
Hopes fade; our heart is stay'd on lies:
Verily, we sow wind; and we
Shall reap the whirlwind, verily.

He who hath little shall not lack;
  He who hath plenty shall decay:
  Our fathers went; we pass away;
Our children follow on our track:
So generations fail, and so
They are renew'd, and come and go.

The earth is fatten'd with our dead;
  She swallows more and doth not cease;
  Therefore her wine and oil increase
And her sheaves are not numberéd;
Therefore her plants are green, and all
Her pleasant trees lusty and tall.

Therefore the maidens cease to sing,
  And the young men are very sad;
  Therefore the sowing is not glad,
And weary is the harvesting.
Of high and low, of great and small,
Vanity is the lot of all.

A king dwelt in Jerusalem:
  He was the wisest man on earth;
  He had all riches from his birth,
And pleasures till he tired of them:
Then, having tested all things, he
Witness'd that all are vanity.

A LYRIC.

From a Tragedy called *Death's Jest Book.*

If thou wilt ease thine heart
Of love and all its smart,
    Then sleep, dear, sleep;
And not a sorrow
  Hang any tear on your eyelashes;
    Lie still and deep,
  Sad soul, until the sea-wave washes
The rim o' the sun to-morrow,
    In eastern sky.

But wilt thou cure thine heart
Of love and all its smart,
Then die, dear, die;
'Tis deeper, sweeter,
Than on a rose bank to lie dreaming
With folded eye;
And then alone, amid the beaming
Of love's stars, thou'lt meet her
In eastern sky.

ARMINIUS.

A spirited version of a dramatic scene in the second book of the *Annals of Tacitus*, by WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED.

BACK, back;—he fears not foaming flood
Who fears not steel-clad line:—
No warrior thou of German blood,
No brother thou of mine.
Go, earn Rome's chain to load thy neck,
Her gems to deck thy hilt;
And blazon honour's hapless wreck
With all the gauds of guilt.

But wouldst thou have *me* share the prey;
By all that I have done,
The Varian bones that day by day
Lie whitening in the sun;
The legion's trampled panoply,
The eagle's shatter'd wing,
I would not be for earth or sky
So scorn'd and mean a thing.

Ho, call me here the wizard, boy,
Of dark and subtle skill,
To agonize but not destroy,
To torture, not to kill.
When swords are out, and shriek and shout
Leave little room for prayer,
No fetter on man's arm or heart
Hangs half so heavy there.

I curse him by the gifts the land
  Hath won from him and Rome,
The riving axe, the wasting brand,
  Rent forest, blazing home.
I curse him by our country's gods,
  The terrible, the dark,
The breakers of the Roman rods,
  The smiters of the bark.

Oh, misery that such a ban
  On such a brow should be!
Why comes he not in battle's van
  His country's chief to be?
To stand a comrade by my side,
  The sharer of my fame,
And worthy of a brother's pride,
  And of a brother's name?

But it is past!—where heroes press
  And cowards bend the knee,
Arminius is not brotherless,
  His brethren are the free.
They come around:—one hour, and light
  Will fade from turf and tide,
Then onward, onward to the fight,
  With darkness for our guide.

To-night, to night, when we shall meet
  In combat face to face,
Then only would Arminius greet
  The renegade's embrace.
The canker of Rome's guilt shall be
  Upon his dying name;
And as he lived in slavery,
  So shall he fall in shame.

THE POWER OF SONG.

Translated from the German of SCHILLER, by MERIVALE.

A CATARACT from the clefts descending,
  It comes with thunder's mighty force,
Rude mountain-wrecks its rush attending,
  And oaks uprooted track its course.
  Entranced in soft voluptuous dread,
The traveller hears, in silence heeding;
  He hears the roaring flood o'er-head,
Yet knows not whence the sound proceeding.
So stream the waves of Song, out-pouring
Through fountains hid from man's exploring.

Leagued with those awful powers that wind
  The thread of life—a silent band—
Who can the minstrel's charm unbind?
  His strains melodious who withstand?
  How, with the rod's hermetic spell,
He curbs the awaken'd heart's emotion!
  Now plunges in the abyss of hell,
Now heavenward lifts in rapt devotion;
And sways, 'mid sport and earnest reeling,
Upon the tremulous scale of feeling.

—As if into the round of pleasure,
  All suddenly with giant stride,
In mystic garb and ghostly measure,
  Some dark prodigious fate should glide!
Each earthly grandeur bends before
  The stranger from the world unknown;
—Wild jubilee's insensate roar
  Is mute and every mask falls down;
While, by truth's mighty victory banish'd,
The works of falsehood all have vanish'd.

Thus to the voice of Song awakening,
  Man springs aloft in spirit-flight,
And, every hindrance vain forsaken,
  Steps onward, armed with holy might;

One with the immortals hovering o'er him,
  He seems to spurn this earthly ball;
All other powers are hush'd before him,
  And no dark destinies befall.
Whilst firm the minstrel's charm abideth,
Each fold of care its might derideth.

And—after hours of hopeless yearning,
  And long exclusion's bitter smart,
As now, with tears repentant burning,
  The child springs to its mother's heart
—So to the bowers in youth belovéd,
  The pure delights of childhood's train,
From climes and customs far removéd,
  Song brings the wanderer home again,
In nature's faithful arms to warm
The spirit chilled by lifeless form.

THE FISHERMAN'S SONG.

This spirited Lyric appeared anonymously in an old Irish Magazine.

Away—away o'er the feathery crest
  Of the beautiful blue are we:
For our toil-lot lies on its boiling breast,
  And our wealth's in the glorious sea:
And we've hymn'd in the grasp of the fiercest night,
  To the god of the sons of toil,
As we cleft the wave by its own white light,
  And away with its scaly spoil.
    Then oh for the long and the strong oar-sweep
      We have given, and will again;
    For when children's weal lies in the deep,
      Oh! their fathers *must* be men.

And we'll think, as the blast grows loud and long,
  That we hear our offsprings' cries—
And we'll think, as the surge grows tall and strong,
  Of the tears *in their mothers'* eyes:

BEAUTIFUL POETRY.

And we'll reel through the clutch of the shiv'ring green,
For the warm, warm clasp at home
For the soothing smile of each heart's own queen,
And her arms, like the flying foam
Then oh for the long and strong oar sweep
We have given and will again,
For when children's weal lies in the deep,
Oh! their fathers *must* be men

Do we yearn for the land, when toss'd on this?
Let it ring to the proud one's tread
Far worse than the waters and winds may hiss
Where the poor man gleans his bread
If the adder tongue of the upstart knave
Can bleed what it may not bend,
'Twere better to battle the wildest wave,
That the spirit of storms could send,
Than be singing farewell to the bold oar sweep
We have given, and will again,
If our souls should bow to the savage deep,
Oh! they'll never to savage men.

And if death, at times, through a foamy cloud,
On the brown brow'd boatman glares,
He can pay him his glance with a soul as proud
As the form of a mortal bears
And oh twere glorious, sure, to die,
In our toils for some on shore,
With a hopeful eye fix'd calm on the sky,
And a hand on the broken oar
Then oh for a long, strong, steady sweep,
Hold to it hurrah dash on
If our babes must fast till we rob the deep,
'Tis time that we had begun

◆

HYMN FOR MY BROTHER'S ORDINATION

By Longfellow

Sorrow to the young man said "Yet one thing more
If thou wouldst perfect be,
Sell thou hast, and give it to the poor,
And come and follow me."

Within this temple Christ again, unseen,
  Those sacred words has said,
And his invisible hands to-day have been
  Laid on a young man's head.

And evermore beside him on his way,
  The unseen Christ shall move,
That he may lean upon his arm, and say,
  "Dost thou, dear Lord, approve?"

Beside him at the marriage feast shall be,
  To make the scene more fair;
Beside him in the dark Gethsemane
  Of pain and midnight prayer.

O holy trust! O endless sense of rest!
  Like the beloved John,
To lay the head upon the Saviour's breast,
  And thus to journey on!

MIDNIGHT AND MOONSHINE.

fine descriptive passage in a poem by WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

LOOK! look! the land is sheathed in light,
  And mark the winding stream,
How, creeping round yon distant height,
  Its rippling waters gleam,
Its waters flash through leaf and flower—
  O! merrily they go;
Like living things, their voices pour
  Dim music as they flow.
Sinless and pure they seek the sea,
As souls pant for eternity;—
Heaven speed their bright course till they sleep
In the broad bosom of the deep.

High in mid air, on seraph wing,
The paley moon is journeying
In stillest path of stainless blue;
Keen, curious stars are peering through
Heaven's arch this hour; they doat on her
With perfect *love; nor* can she stir

Within her vaulted halls a pace,
Ere rushing out, with joyous face,
  These Godkins of the sky
Smile, as she glides in loveliness;
  While every heart beats high
With passion, and breaks forth to bless
  Her loftier divinity.

It is a smile worth worlds to win—
So full of love, so void of sin,
The smile she sheds on these tall trees,
Stout children of past centuries.
Each little leaf, with feathery light,
  Is margin'd marvellously;
Moveless all droop, in slumberous quiet;
  How beautiful they be!
And blissful as soft infants lull'd
  Upon a mother's knee.

And lo! even like a giant wight
  Slumbering his battle toils away,
The sleep-lock'd city, gleaming bright
  With many a dazzling ray,
Lies stretched in vastness at my feet;
Voiceless the chamber and the street,
  And echoless the hall;
Had Death uplift his bony hand
And smote all living on the land,
  No deeper quiet could fall.

In this religious calm of night,
Behold, with finger tall and bright,
Each tapering spire points to the sky,
In a fond, holy ecstacy;—
Strange monuments they be of mind,—
Of feelings dim and undefined,
Shaping themselves, yet not the less,
In forms of passing loveliness.

O God! this is a holy hour:—
  Thy breath is o'er the land;
I feel it in each little flower
  Around me where I stand,—

In all the moonshine scatter'd fair,
Above, below me, everywhere,—
In every dew-bead glistening sheen,
In every leaf and blade of green,—
And in this silence grand and deep,
Wherein thy blessed creatures sleep.

* * * * *

While lingering in this moonshine glade,
I dream of hopes that cannot fade;
And pour abroad those phantasies
That spring from holiest sympathies
With Nature's moods, in this glad hour
Of silence, moonshine, beauty, power,
When the busy stir of man is gone,
And the soul is left with God alone!

THIRTEEN AT TABLE.

A spirited translation from BERANGER, the greatest lyric poet of France.

THIRTEEN at the table! Alas, for the error!
And the salt but this moment was spilt by my plate!
Ah, number ill-boding! Ah, presage of terror!
Hark, death is at hand—'tis the moment of fate!
But lo! 'tis a spirit, a goddess, a fairy,
And beauteous and young, and she smiles on our glee!
Nay, let us renew our gay songs and be merry;
For death wears no longer its terrors for me.

Though here like a guest to our board she advances,
And wears a gay festival garland like ours,
I only behold her—alone to my glances
Appears her bright wreath like a rainbow of flowers.
She holds a rent chain, and so sweetly reposing,
A small sleeping babe on her bosom I see.
Fill up to the brim the red cup of carousing;
For death wears no longer its terrors for me.

"And why," thus she speaks, "should my presence be dreaded,
Twin-sister of hope, and a daughter of heaven?
Oh, why by the slave should that power be upbraided,
By which *the dull chains of* his tyrant are riven?

Fallen angel, the wings which, in pilgrimage human,
  The fates have withheld, I shall render to thee!"
Lets drink of the rapturous kisses of woman;
For death wears no longer its terrors for me.

"Again will I come," she pursues, "and with pleasure
  Thy soul in all space shall at liberty stray,
Mid the swift orbs of fire, through the deserts of azure
  That heaven scatters wide o'er Eternity's way.
But while 'tis detained in this yoke, go unfearing,
  Enjoy all that still from remorse may be free,"
Let pleasure, in peace, make existence endearing,
For death wears no longer its terrors for me.

A hound bay'd without, and, unearthly and fleeting,
  The fair apparition evanish'd away.
Ah, mortals! how vain is your thought of retreating
  When the chill of the coffin arrests with dismay!
Let us gaily surrender our bark so unstable,
  Borne on by the waves to its port o'er the sea,
If counted by heaven, let us still sit at table;
For death wears no longer its terrors for me.

AN OLD HAUNT.

Taken from *Household Words*, where it appeared anonymously. It is worth preserving in this collection.

The rippling water, with its drowsy tone,—
  The tall elms, tow'ring in their stately pride,—
And—sorrow's type—the willow sad and lone,
  Kissing in graceful woe the murmuring tide;—

The gray church-tower,—and dimly seen beyond,
  The faint hills gilded by the parting sun,—
All were the same, and seem'd with greeting fond
  To welcome me as they of old had done.

And for a while I stood as in a trance,
  On that loved spot, forgetting toil and pain;—
Buoyant my limbs, and keen and bright my glance,
  For that brief space I was a boy again!

Again with giddy mates I careless play'd,
  Or plied the quiv'ring oar, on conquest bent;—
Again, beneath the tall elms silent shade,
  I woo'd the fair, and won the sweet consent.

But brief, alas! the spell,—for suddenly
  Peal'd from the tower the old familiar chimes,
And with their clear, heart-thrilling melody,
  Awaked the spectral forms of darker times.

And I remember'd all that years had wrought—
  How bow'd my care-worn frame, how dimm'd my eye,
How poor the gauds by youth so keenly sought,
  How quench'd and dull youth's aspirations high!

And in half mournful, half upbraiding host,
  Duties neglected—high resolves unkept—
And many a heart by death or falsehood lost,
  In lightning current o'er my bosom swept.

Then bow'd the stubborn knees, as backward sped
  The self-accusing thoughts in dread array,
And, slowly, from their long-congealéd bed,
  Forced the remorseful tears their silent way.

Bitter, yet healing drops! in mercy sent,
  Like soft dews falling on a thirsty plain,—
And ere those chimes their last faint notes had spent,
  Strengthen'd and calm'd, I stood erect again.

Strengthen'd, the tasks allotted to fulfil;—
  Calm'd, the thick-coming sorrows to endure;
Fearful of naught but of my own frail will,—
  In His Almighty strength and aid secure.

For a sweet voice had whisper'd hope to me,—
  Had through my darkness shed a kindly ray;—
It said: "The past is fix'd immutably,
  Yet is there comfort in the coming day!"

STANZAS.

By John Locke.

Lowly she droop'd upon the harp
With sad abstracted air,
Unbraided o'er the yellow wires
Was flung her long dark hair:
While from her eyes receding depths
Gleam'd coldly steadfast care.

First came murmurs, slow and fitful,
As spirit mutterings,
When storm, uprising from his lair,
Unfolds his shuddering wings,
And nature heaves a boding sigh,
Like a thrill of many strings.

Rapt, and controll'd, the minstrel woke
Dear strains of faded years,
Then changeful song-bursts, symbolling
Long buried hopes and fears—
Methought she smiled—'twas gloomy joy;
But I could not see for tears.

She ceased—the founts of weeping fill'd
At the harp's familiar tone,
And long-imprison'd woe gush'd forth
With an energy love had known—
It was a breaking heart that spoke
Of a spirit overthrown.

THE RECLUSE.

Translated from the French of Lamartine.

The rock is tipp'd with light: night's clouds depart,
The birds their songs begin—to God all praise!
His Name is earlier dearer to my heart
Than to mine eyes the morn's fresh kindled rays.

'Twas erst, "What chase to-day shall I pursue?"
Glory and love and thoughts supremely vain,
For my mad hours my waking powers would strain:
Yet said my heart, to HIM all days are due.

All days I give to Him, the Only Wise,
From peep of dawn to midnight's drowsy reign:
In Him my heart at waking hour doth rise,
In Him my heart reposing rests again.

What is 't they mean?—I have almost forgot!
Love, frail and fleeting! Glory, of a day!
Hope, mere delusion! Luxury, a blot!
Their trace upon my sôul appeareth not,
More than do passing clouds on ocean spray!
As a strange language fall they on my ear,
The sense I gather not, the sound I hear;
Nay even the slight impression is effaced
That once upon my worldly heart they traced.

Oh! when a thought from Heaven's bright radiance glances,
It lessens distance! as the soul advances,
How beam the thoughts 'lumed by one ray of light!
Bright day less differs from the shades of night,
The west is nearer to the eastern skies,
Than is the soul that *from* Thee flies,
From his that on Thy Love relies.

Since I the busy haunts of men forsook,
Their heart's-food have I never ta'en I trow,
My hair is greyer than the aged oak;
My days are writ in wrinkles on my brow,
And years but add fresh links unto my chain,
Bowing my wasted limbs with weight and pain.
How oft the earth hath breathed the breath of spring
Lent her from Heaven—I've lost all reckoning.

How oft since I this rock have made my bed,
The kite its plumes, the oak its fruit hath shed!
My soul, oh God, possess'd but by Thy praise,
Heeds not time's records, nor distinctive days.

To him whose ONE desire is bound in Thee
All time is but one day—that day, eternity!

By silence and long solitude,
My senses are grown dull and rude;
My ears unskill'd in human sounds remain;
To frame its tones my mouth essays in vain.
My body flex'd in prayer,
As senseless to the cold or heat
As e'en these flint stones are,
Here trodden by my naked feet.

And yet the soul of prayer is vaster grown,
That sense my life requires—that sense alone;
It smells, hears, sees, and feels, and doth descry
Things from afar, a present Deity.
More swift my flight as I ascend to Thee,
The more my spirit stoops in poverty,
Lost in Thy presence; the more void is time,
The deeper doth the sacred echo chime.

WINE OF CYPRUS.

A brilliant joyous poem, by ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

IF old Bacchus were the speaker
  He would tell you with a sigh,
Of the Cyprus in this beaker,
  I am sipping like a fly,—
Like a fly or gnat on Ida
  At the hour of goblet pledge,
By Queen Juno brush'd aside, a
  Full white arm-sweep, from the edge!

Sooth, the drinking should be ampler,
  When the drink is so divine!
And some deep-mouth'd Greek exampler
  Would become your Cyprian wine!
Cyclops' mouth might plunge aright in,
  While his one eye over-leer'd—
Nor too large were mouth of Titan,
  Drinking rivers down his beard.

* * * * *

But for me, I am not worthy
  After Gods and Greeks to drink;
And my lips are pale and earthy,
  To go bathing from this brink!
Since you heard them speak the last time,
  They have faded from their blooms;
And the laughter of my pastime
  Has learnt silence at the tombs.

Ah! my friend! the antique drinkers
  Crown'd the cup, and crown'd the brow!
Can I answer the old thinkers
  In the forms they thought of, now?
Who will fetch from garden-closes
  Some new garlands while I speak,
That the forehead, crown'd with roses,
  May strike scarlet down the cheek?

Do not mock me! with my mortal,
  Suits no wreath again, indeed!
I am sad-voiced as the turtle
  Which Anacreon used to feed;
Yet as that same bird demurely
  Wet her beak in cup of his,—
So without a garland, surely
  I may touch the brim of this.

Go!—let others praise the Chian!—
  This is soft as Muses' string—
This is tawny as Rhea's lion,
  This is rapid as its spring,—
Bright as Paphia's eyes e'er met us,
  Light as ever trod her feet!
And the brown bees of Hymettus
  Make their honey, not so sweet.

Very copious are my praises,
  Though I sip it like a fly!—
Ah!—but sipping,—times and places
  Change before me suddenly—
As Ulysses' old libation
  Drew the ghosts from every part,
So your Cyprian wine, dear Grecian,
  Stirs the Hades of my heart.

And I think of those long mornings
  Which my thought goes far to seek,
When, betwixt the folio's turnings,
  Solemn flow'd the rhythmic Greek.
Past the pane, the mountain spreading,
  Swept the sheep-bell's tinkling noise,
While a girlish voice was reading
  Somewhat low for *αἰ's* and *οἰ's*!

Then what golden hours were for us!
  While we sat together there,
How the white vests of the chorus
  Seem'd to wave up a live air!
How the Cothurns trod majestic
  Down the deep Iambic lines!
And the rolling anapæstic
  Curl'd, like vapour over shrines!

Oh! our Æschylus, the thundrous!
  How he drove the bolted breath
Through the cloud, to wedge it ponderous
  In the gnarled oak beneath.
Oh! our Sophocles, the royal!
  Who was born to monarch's place—
And who made the whole world loyal,
  Less by kingly power than grace.

Our Euripides, the human—
  With his droppings of warm tears,
And his touches of things common,
  Till they rose to touch the spheres!
Our Theocritus, our Bion,
  And our Pindar's shining goals!
These were cup-bearers undying
  Of the wine that's meant for souls.

And my Plato, the divine one,—
  If men know the gods aright
By their motions as they shine on
  With a glorious trail of light!
And your noble Christian Bishops,
  Who mouthed grandly the last Greek:
Though the sponges on their hyssops
  *W*ere distent with wine—too weak!

Yet your Chrysostom, you praised him,
  With his glorious mouth of gold—
And your Basil, you upraised him
  To the height of speaker old:
And we both praised Heliodorus
  For his secret of pure lies!—
Who forged first his linked stories
  In the heat of lady's eyes.

* * * * *

Do you mind that deed of Até,
  Which you bound me to so fast,—
Reading 'De Virginitate,'
  From the first line to the last?
How I said at ending, solemn,
  As I turn'd and look'd at you,
That St. Simeon on the column
  Had had somewhat less to do?

* * * * *

Ah, my gossip! you were older,
  And more learned, and a man!
Yet that shadow, the unfolder
  Of your quiet eyelids,—ran
Both our spirits to one level;
  And I turn'd from hill and lea
And the summer-sun's green revel,—
  To your eyes that could not see.

Now Christ bless you with the one light
  Which goes shining night and day!
May the flowers which grow in sunlight
  Shed their fragrance in your way!
Is it not right to remember
  All your kindness, friend of mine—
When we too sat in the chamber,
  And the poets found us wine?

So, to come back to the drinking
  Of this Cyprus!—it is well—
But those memories, to my thinking,
  Make a bitter œnomel:

And whoever be the speaker,
  None can murmur with a sigh—
That, in drinking from that beaker,
  I am sipping like a fly!

THE APPARITION OF HIS MISTRESS CALLING HIM TO ELISIUM.

By Robert Herrick, one of our oldest and truest poets.

Come, then, and like two doves with silvery wings,
Let our souls fly to the shades where even springs,
Sit smiling in the meads; where balm and oil,
Roses and cassia crown the untill'd soil;
Where no disease reigns, or infection comes
To blast the air, but ambergris and gums.
This, that, and every thicket doth transpire
More sweet than storax from the hallow'd fire,
Where every tree a wealthy issue bears
Of fragrant apples, blushing plums, and pears;
And all the shrubs, with sparkling spangles show
Like morning sunshine tinselling the dew.
Here in green meadows sits eternal May,
Purfling the margents, while perpetual day
So double gilds the air, as that no night
Can ever rust the enamel of the light:
Here naked younglings, handsome striplings run
Their goals for virgins' kisses; which, when done,
Then unto dancing forth the learned round
Commix'd they meet, with endless roses crown'd,
And here we'll sit on primrose banks, and see
Loves' chorus led by Cupid; and we'll be
Two loving followers, too, unto the grove,
Where poets sing the stories of our love:
There shalt thou hear divine Musæus sing
Of Hero and Leander; then I'll bring
Thee to the stand, where honour'd Homer reads
His Odes and his high Iliads;
About whose throne the crowd of poets throng
To hear the incantation of his tongue:

To Linus then to Pindar; and that done,
I'll bring thee, Herrick, to Anacreon,
Quaffing his full-crown'd bowls of burning wine,
And in his rapture speaking lines of thine.

* * * *

Then stately Virgil, witty Ovid, by
Whom fair Corinna sits, and doth comply
With ivory wrists his laureate head, and steeps
His eye in dews of kisses while he sleeps;
Then soft Catullus, sharp-fang'd Martial,
And towering Lucan, Horace, Juvenal,
And snaky Perseus: * *

* * * *

Beaumont and Fletcher, swains to whom all ears
Listen, while they like syrens in their spheres,
Sing their Evadne; and still more for thee
There yet remains to know than thou canst see
By glimmering of a fancy do but come,
And there I'll show you that capacious room
In which thy father Jonson now is placed,
As in a globe of radiant fire, and graced
To be in that orb crown'd, that doth include
Those prophets of the former magnitude,
And he one chief.

DEATH IN SLEEP.

A passage in SHELLEY's poem, *Ianthe.*

How wonderful is Death,
Death and his brother Sleep!
One, pale as yonder waning moon,
With lips of lurid blue;
The other, rosy as the morn
When throned on ocean's wave,
It blushes o'er the world:
Yet both *so passing* wonderful!

Hath then the gloomy power
Whose reign is in the tainted sepulchres
Seized on her sinless soul?
Must then that peerless form
Which love and admiration cannot view
Without a beating heart, those azure veins
Which steal like streams along a field of snow,
That lovely outline, which is fair
As breathing marble, perish?
Must putrefaction's breath
Leave nothing of this heavenly sight
But loathsomeness and ruin?
Spare nothing but a gloomy theme,
On which the lightest heart might moralize?

Or is it only a sweet slumber
Stealing o'er sensation,
Which the breath of roseate morning
Chaseth into darkness?
Will Ianthe wake again,
And give that faithful bosom joy
Whose sleepless spirit waits to catch
Light, life, and rapture, from her smile?

Yes! she will wake again,
Although her glowing limbs are motionless,
And silent those sweet lips,
Once breathing eloquence
That might have soothed a tiger's rage,
Or thaw'd the cold heart of a conqueror.
Her dewy eyes are closed,
And on their lids, whose texture fine
Scarce hides the dark blue orbs beneath,
The baby sleep is pillow'd:
Her golden tresses shade
The bosom's stainless pride,
Curling like tendrils of the parasite
Around a marble column.

A SCENE

From *The Lover's Melancholy*, a tragedy, by JOHN FORD, one of the dramatists of Elizabeth's reign.

Amethus. This little isle of Cyprus sure abounds
In greater wonders, both for change and fortune,
Than any you have seen abroad.
Menaphon. Than any
I have observed abroad! all countries else
To a free eye and mind yield something rare;
And I, for my part, have brought home one jewel
Of admirable virtue.
Amet. Jewel, Menaphon?
Men. A jewel, my Amethus, a fair youth;
A youth whom, if I were but superstitious,
I should repute an excellence more high
Than mere creations are: to add delight,
I'll tell you how I found him.
Amet. Prithee do.
Men. Passing from Italy to Greece, the tales
Which poets of an elder time have feign'd
To glorify their Tempe, bred in me
Desire of visiting that paradise.
To Thessaly I came: and living private,
Without acquaintance of more sweet companions,
Than the old inmates to my love, my thoughts,
I day by day frequented silent groves,
And solitary walks. One morning early
This accident encounter'd me: I heard
The sweetest and most ravishing contention
That art and nature ever were at strife in.
Amet. I cannot yet conceive what you infer
By art and nature.
Men. I shall soon resolve you.
A sound of music touch'd mine ears, or rather
Indeed, entranced my soul: As I stole nearer,
Invited by the melody, I saw
This youth, this fair-faced youth, upon his lute,
With strains of strange variety and harmony,
Proclaiming as it seem'd, so bold a challenge
To the clear choristers of the woods, the birds,
That, as they flock'd about him, all stood silent,
Wondering at what they heard. I wonder'd too.

Amet. And so do I; good! on—
Men. A nightingale,
Nature's best skill'd musician, undertakes
The challenge, and for every several strain
The well-shaped youth could touch, she sung her own;
He could not run division with more art
Upon his quaking instrument, than she,
The nightingale, did with her various notes
Reply to: for a voice, and for a sound,
Amethus, 'tis much easier to believe
That such they were, than hope to hear again.
Amet. How did the rivals part?
Men. You term them rightly;
For they were rivals, and their mistress harmony.
Some time thus spent, the young man grew at last
Into a pretty anger, that a bird,
Whom art had never taught cleffs, moods or notes,
Should vie with him for mastery, whose study
Had busied many hours to perfect practice:
To end the controversy, in a rapture
Upon his instrument he plays so swiftly,
So many voluntaries, and so quick,
That there was curiosity and cunning,
Concord in discord, lines of differing method
Meeting in one full centre of delight.
Amet. Now for the bird!
Men. The bird, ordain'd to be
Music's first martyr, strove to imitate
These several sounds: which, when her warbling throat
Fail'd in, for grief, down dropp'd she on his lute,
And brake her heart! It was the quaintest sadness,
To see the conqueror upon her hearse
To weep a funeral elegy of tears;
That, trust me, my Amethus, I could chide
Mine own unmanly weakness, that made me
A fellow mourner with him.
Amet. I believe thee.
Men. He look'd upon the trophies of his art,
Then sigh'd, then wiped his eyes, then sigh'd and cried,
"Alas, poor creature! I will soon revenge
This cruelty upon the author of it;
Henceforth this lute, guilty of innocent blood,
Shall never more betray a harmless peace
To an untimely end:" and in that sorrow,

As he was pashing it against a tree,
I suddenly stept in.
Amet. Thou hast discoursed
In truth, of mirth and pity.
Men. I reprieved
The intended execution with intreaties,
And interruption. But, my princely friend,
It was not strange the music of his hand
Did overmatch birds, when his voice and beauty
Youth, carriage, and discretion must, from men
Endued with reason, ravish admiration:
From me they did.
Amet. But is this miracle
Not to be seen?
Men. I won him by degrees
To choose me his companion. Whence he is,
Or who, as I durst modestly inquire,
So gently he would woo not to make known;
Only (for reasons to himself reserved)
He told me, that some remnant of his life
Was to be spent in travel: for his fortunes,
They were nor mean nor riotous; his friends
Not publish'd to the world, though not obscure:
His country Athens, and his name Parthenophill.

SUSPIRIA.

By Longfellow.

Take them, O Death, and bear away
Whatever thou canst call thine own!
Thine image, stamp'd upon this clay,
Doth give thee that, but that alone!

Take them, O Grave! and let them lie
Folded upon thy narrow shelves,
As garments by the soul laid by,
And *precious only to* ourselves.

Take them, O great Eternity!
Our little life is but a gust,
That bends the branches of thy tree,
And trails its blossoms in the dust.

MOUNTAIN CHILDREN.

By Mary Howitt.

Dwellers by lake and hill,
Merry companions of the bird and bee,
Go gladly forth and drink of joy your fill,
With unconstrained step and spirit free.

No crowd impedes your way,
No city wall proscribes your further bounds;
Where the wild flocks can wander ye may stray,
The long day through, 'mid summer sights and sound

The sunshine and the flowers,
And the old trees that cast a solemn shade;
The pleasant evening, the fresh dewy hours,
And the green hills whereon your fathers play'd;

The grey and ancient peaks,
Round which the silent clouds hang day and night,
And the low voice of water, as it makes,
Like a glad creature, murmurings of delight:

These are your joys. Go forth,
Give your hearts up unto their mighty power,
For in His spirit God hath clothed the earth,
And speaks in love from every tree and flower.

The voice of hidden rills
Its quiet way into your spirits finds,
And awfully the everlasting hills
Address you in their many toned winds.

Ye sit upon the earth
Twining its flowers, and shouting full of glee,
And a pure, mighty influence, 'mid your mirth,
Moulds your unconscious spirits silently.

Hence is it that the lands
Of storm and mountain have the noblest sons;
Whom the world reverences, the patriot bands,
Were of the hills like you, ye little ones!

Children of pleasant song
Are taught within the mountain solitudes,
For hoary legends to your wilds belong,
And yours are haunts where inspiration broods.

Then go forth: earth and sky
To you are tributary; joys are spread
Profusely like the summer flowers that lie
In the green path, beneath your gamesome tread.

GUDE NICHT, AND JOY BE WI' YE A'!

By Lady Nairn.

The best o' joys maun hae an end,
The best o' friends maun part, I trow;
The langest day will wear away,
And I maun bid farewell to you.
The tear will tell when hearts are fu',
For words, gin they hae sense ava,
They're broken, faltering, and few:
Gude nicht, and joy be wi' you a'!

Oh, we hae wander'd far and wide,
O'er Scotia's lands o' frith and fell!
And mony a simple flower we've pu'ed,
And twined it wi' the heather-bell.
We've ranged the dingle and the dell,
The cot-house, and the baron's ha';
Now we maun tak a last farewell:
Gude nicht, and joy be wi' you a'!

My harp, farewell! thy strains are past,
  Of gleefu' mirth and heartfelt care;
The voice of song maun cease at last,
  And minstrelsy itsel decay.
But, oh! whar sorrow canna win,
  Nor parting tears are shed ava,
May we meet neighbour, kith, and kin,
  And joy for aye be wi' us a'!

Brilliants.

WHERE HE WOULD HAVE HIS VERSES READ.

In sober mornings do not thou rehearse
The holy incantation of a verse;—
But when that men have both well drunk and fed,
Let my enchantments then be sung or read.
When laurel spirts i' the fire, and when the hearth
Smiles to itself, and gilds the roof with mirth;
When up the Thyrse is raised, and when the sound
Of sacred orgies flies around, around;
When the rose reigns, and locks with ointment shin
Let rigid Cato read these lines of mine.

HERRICK.

CHARITY.

The secret that does make a flower a flower
So frames it that to bloom is to be sweet,
And to receive to give.
No soil so sterile, and no living lot
So poor, but it hath somewhat still to spare
In bounteous odours. Charitable they
Who, be their having more or less, *so* have
That less is more than need, and more is less
Than the great heart's goodwill.

SYDNEY DOBELL.

MEMORY.

Music, when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory—
Odours when sweet violets sicken,
Live within the sense they quicken.
Rose leaves, when the rose is dead,
Are heap'd for the beloved's bed;
And so thy thoughts, when thou art gone,
Love itself shall slumber on.

SHELLEY.

WOMAN'S GRIEFS AND REWARDS.

Be satisfied;
Something thou hast to bear through womanhood—
Peculiar suffering answering to the sin;
Some pang paid down for each new human life:
Some weariness in guarding such a life—
Some coldness from the guarded; some mistrust
From those thou hast too well served; from those beloved
Too loyally, some treason; feebleness
Within thy heart, and cruelty without;
And pressures of an alien tyranny,
With its dynastic reasons of larger bones,
And stronger sinews. But go to! thy love
Shall chant itself its own beatitudes,
After its own life-working. A child's kiss,
Set on thy sighing lips, and make thee glad:
A poor man served by thee, shall make thee rich;
An old man help'd by thee, shall make thee strong.
Thou shalt be served thyself by every sense
Of service which thou renderest.

E. B. BARRETT.

UPON A MAID.

Here she lies in bed of spice,
Fair as Eve in Paradise;
For her beauty it was such
Poets could not praise too much,
Virgins come, and in a ring,
Her supremest requiem sing;
Then depart, but see ye tread
Lightly, lightly, o'er the dead.

HERRICK.

SORROW.

The sadness of your greatness fits you well;
As if the plume upon a hero's casque.
Should nod a shadow upon his victor face.

E. B. BROWNING.

DANTE.

Who wove his web
And thrust it into hell, and drew it forth
Immortal, having burn'd all that could burn,
And leaving only what shall still be found
Untouch'd, nor with the smell of fire upon it,
Under the funeral ashes of the world.

SYDNEY DOBELL.

A WINTER SCENE.

Through the hush'd air the whitening shower descei
At first thin-wavering, till at last the flakes
Fall broad and wide, and fast, dimming the day
With a continual flow. The cherish'd fields
Put on their winter robe of purest white:
'Tis brightness all, save where the new snow melts
Along the mazy current. Low the woods
Bow their hoar head; and ere the languid sun,
Faint from the west, emits his evening ray;
Earth's universal face, deep hid, and chill,
Is one wide dazzling waste, that buries wide
The works of man. Drooping, the labourer-ox
Stands cover'd o'er with snow, and then demands
The fruit of all his toil.

THOMSON.

TO VENUS.

Goddess, I do love a girl
Ruby-lipp'd and tooth'd with pearl;
If so be I may but prove
Lucky in this maid I love,
I will promise there shall be
Myrtles offer'd up to thee.

HERRICK.

A BIRD AT SUNSET.

By Owen Meredith.

Wild bird, that wingest wide the glimmering moors,
  Whither, by belts of yellowing woods away?
What pausing sunset thy wild heart allures
  Deep into dying day?

Would that my heart, on wings like thine, could pass
  Where stars their light in rosy regions lose—
A happy shadow o'er the warm brown grass,
  Falling with falling dews!

Hast thou, like me, some true-love of thine own,
  In fairy lands beyond the utmost seas;
Who there, unsolaced, yearns for thee alone,
  And sings to silent trees?

O tell that woodbird that the summer grieves,
  And the suns darken and the days grow cold;
And, tell her, love will fade with fading leaves,
  And cease in common mould.

Fly from the winter of the world to her!
  Fly, happy bird! I follow in thy flight,
Till thou art lost o'er yonder fringe of fir
  In baths of crimson light.

My love is dying far away from me.
  She sits and saddens in the fading west.
For her I mourn all day, and pine to be
  At night upon her breast.

THE SUN.

By Bernard Barton.

Most glorious art thou! when from thy pavilion
Thou lookest forth at morning; flinging wide
Its curtain clouds of purple and vermilion,
Dispensing life and light on every side;

Brightening the mountain cataract, dimly spied
Through glittering mist; opening each dew-gemm'd f
Or touching in some hamlet, far descried,
Its spiral wreaths of smoke that upward tower,
While birds their matin sing from many a leafy bow

And more magnificent art thou, bright sun,
Uprising from the Ocean's billowy bed!
Who that has seen thee thus, as I have done,
Can e'er forget the effulgent splendours spread
From thy emerging radiance? Upward sped
Even to the centre of the vaulted sky.
Thy beams pervade the heavens, and o'er them she
Hues indescribable—of gorgeous dye,
Making among the clouds mute glorious pageantry.

LIFE IN ITALY.

A passage in Mrs. BROWNING'S *Aurora Leigh.*

I TOOK up the old days
With all their Tuscan pleasures worn and spoil'd
Like some lost book we dropt in the long grass
On such a happy summer afternoon
When last we read it with a loving friend,
And find in autumn, when the friend is gone,
The grass cut short, the weather changed, too la
And stare at, as at something wonderful
For sorrow,—thinking how two hands, before,
Had held up what is left to only one,
And how we smiled when such a vehement nail
Impress'd the tiny dint here, which presents
This verse in fire for ever! Tenderly
And mournfully I lived. I knew the birds
And insects,—which look'd father'd by the flowe
And emulous of their hues: I recognised
The moths, with that great overpoise of wings
Which makes a mystery of them how at all
They can stop flying: butterflies, that bear
Upon their blue wings such red embers round,
They seem to scorch the blue air into holes

Each flight they take: and fire-flies that suspire
In short lapses of transported flame
Across the tingling Dark, while overhead
The constant and inviolable stars
Outburn those lights-of-love: melodious owls
(If music had but one note and was sad,
'Twould sound just so), and all the silent swirl
Of bats, that seem to follow in the air
Some grand circumference of a shadowy dome
To which we are blind: and then, the nightingales,
Which pluck our heart across a garden-wall
(When walking in the town), and carry it
So high into the bowery almond-trees,
We tremble and are afraid, and feel as if
The golden flood of moonlight unaware
Dissolved the pillars of the steady earth
And made it less substantial. And I knew
The harmless opal snakes, and large mouth'd frogs
(Those noisy vaunters of their shallow streams),
And lizards, the green lightnings of the wall,
Which, if you sit down still, nor sigh too loud,
Will flatter you and take you for a stone,
And flash familiarly about your feet
With such prodigious eyes in such small heads!—
I knew them, though they had somewhat dwindled from
My childish imagery,—and kept in mind
How last I sat among them equally,
In fellowship and mateship, as a child
Will bear him still toward insect, beast and bird,
Before the Adam in him has foregone
All privilege of Eden,—making friends
And talk with such a bird or such a goat,
And buying many a two-inch-wide rush-cage
To let out the caged cricket on a tree,
Saying, "Oh, my dear grillino, were you cramp'd?
And are you happy with the ilex-leaves?
And do you love me who have let you go?
Say *yes*, in singing, and I'll understand."
But now the creatures all seem'd further off,
No longer mine, nor like me; only there,
A gulf between us. I could yearn indeed,
Like other rich men, for a drop of dew
To cool this heat,—a drop of the early dew,
The irrecoverable child-innocence

(Before the heart took fire and wither'd life)
When childhood might pair equally with birds;
But now . . . the birds were grown too proud fo
Alas, the very sun forbids the dew.
And I—I had come back to an empty nest
Which every bird's too wise for.

THE OLD MILL.

Extracted from one of the American Magazines.

UNDER the hill
  Standeth the quiet mill.
Deep are the shadows that gather below
  Under the dripping flume—
Dreamy the water's musical glow,
  Down in the noonday gloom.

Many a year
  The phebe hath builded here,
Morning and night from the broken door
  Chanting her solemn strain,
She sits where the sunshine checkers the floor,
  Singing of what has been.

Close beside
  The green quiescent tide,
The maples lift up in the airs of spring
  Their tufts of vermeil flowers,
And the afternoon robin stops to sing
  His song in the twilight hours.

Day by day,
  Musing and watching his prey,
The silent kingfisher sits on high,
  Dreaming under the leaves,
Where the fitful breezes wander by,
  And the birch its fragrance gives.

Through the trees
  That almost mingle their leaves,
Steals down the blue of the summer sky,
  Down where the lilies grow;
And the sudden swallow flitting by,
  Dips his blue wings below.

From hidden springs,
Where the mottled ground thrush sings,
And willows, and ferns, and water-docks stand,
Sliding along through the quiet profound;
With babble of banks and shining sand,
The trout-haunted brook comes down—

Mingling its tune
Dreamily all the afternoon,
With the tinkling echoes down in the wood,
Where the cattle stand in the dell;
And the cool dull plash of the dripping flood
Beating the broken wheel.

Far away
In the light of the open day,
With the sunshine glowing along their banks,
Over the dam and the trees,
The clouds are marshall'd in yellow ranks,
Gleaming beyond the leaves.

Large and fair
Were the castles I built in the air,
Lifting on high their golden walls,
With domes of the summer blue,
And pillars of cloud and far-reaching halls,
And the bright years shining through.

Fairer to-day,
In its green and quiet decay,
With its shatter'd windows and broken wall,
Is this crumbling tottering thing;
With the sunshine of memory over all,
And the silence of death within.

THE COMING IN OF NIGHT.

The following, by an old and almost unknown poet named BROWNE, a Devonshire man, might have adorned the pages of Spenser himself. The ascension of *the fogs and mists*, and the cessation of all noise, are

in a true—nay, a high spirit of grandeur; and the very delicacy of the conclusion adds to it. The sense of hushing solemnity is drawn to the finest point.

Now great Hyperion left his golden throne,
That on the dancing waves in glory shone;
For whose declining on the western shore
The oriental hills black mantles wore;
And thence apace the gentle twilight fled,
That had from hideous caverns ushered
All drowsy night: who in a car of jet,
By steeds of iron-grey (which mainly sweat
Moist drops on all the world) drawn through the sky,
The helps of darkness waited orderly.
First, thick clouds rose from all the liquid plains;
Then mists from marishes, and grounds whose veins
Were conduit-pipes to many a crystal spring;
From standing pools and fens were following
Unhealthy fogs; each river, every rill,
Sent up their vapours to attend their will.
These pitchy curtains drew 'twixt earth and heaven,
And as night's chariot through the air was driven,
Clamour grew dumb, unheard was shepherd's song,
And silence girt the woods; no warbling tongue
Talk'd to the echo; satyrs broke their dance,
And all the upper world lay in a trance.
Only the curly streams soft chidings kept;
And little gales that from the green leaf swept;
Dry summer's dust, in fearful whisp'rings stirr'd,
As loth to waken any singing bird.

STANZAS.

Found in one of the Annuals, the Author's name was not stated.

Farewell Life! my senses swim,
And the world is growing dim:
Thronging shadows cloud the light,—
Like the advent of the night—
Colder, colder, colder still,
Upward steals a vapour chill;
Strong the earthy odour grows—
I smell the mould above the rose!

Welcome Life! the Spirit strives!
Strength returns and hope revives;
Cloudy fears and shapes forlorn
Fly like shadows at the morn,—
O'er the earth there comes a bloom;
Sunny light for sullen gloom,
Warm perfume for vapour cold—
I smell the rose above the mould.

THE LAPSE OF TIME.

By W. C. Bryant, the American poet.

Lament who will, in fruitless tears,
The speed with which our moments fly,
I sigh not over vanish'd years,
But watch the years that hasten by.

Look how they come! a mingled crowd
Of bright and dark, but rapid days;
Beneath them, like a summer cloud,
The wide world changes as I gaze.

What! grieve that Time has brought so soon
The sober age of manhood on;
As idly might I weep at noon,
To see the blush of morning gone.

Could I forego the hopes that glow
In prospect like Elysian isles,
And let the charming future go
With all her promises and smiles.

The future! cruel were the power
Whose doom would tear thee from my heart,
Thou sweetener of the present hour,
We cannot—no we must not part.

Oh! leave me still the rapid flight
That makes the changing seasons gay;
The grateful speed that brings the night,
The swift *and glad* return of day.

The months that touch with added grace,
  This little prattler at my knee;
In whose arch eye, and speaking face,
  New meaning every hour I see.

Time, Time will seam and blanch my brow,
  Well, I shall sit with aged men,
And my good glass will tell me how
  A grisly beard becomes me then.

And should no foul dishonour lie
  Upon my head when I am grey,
Love yet shall watch my fading eye,
  And smooth the path of my decay.

Then haste thee, Time—'tis kindness all
  That speeds thy wing'd feet so fast,
Thy pleasures stay not till they pall,
  And all thy pains are quickly past.

Thou fliest and bearest away our woes,
  And, as thy shadowy train depart,
The memory of sorrow grows
  A lighter burden on the heart.

CHRISTMAS.

By H. Rowland Brown.

Well may we welcome Christmas with song and chime
  bells,
For round the hearts of all on earth he casts his mys
  spells;
He opens with the magic key of kindness every heart,
And smiles to see the memory of sorrows past depart;
He comes with mirth and laughter, with carol and with gl
And th' gladdest time of all the year is Christmas ti
  to me.

I love to hear kind voices! I love to see bright eyes!
I love to hear from joyous bells the gladsome pœs
  rise.

And when the snow is on the ground, and biting winds blow cold,
To sit beside the glad fireside, where social tales are told;
To feel the blesséd influence of Love's and Friendship's reign,
When those that long have parted been are reconciled again.

Oh! yes, I do love Christmas, for nothing seems too high,
And nothing seems too lowly for the love-glance of his eye;
A true republican is he, the friend of equal right,
Who advocates fraternity, and propagates delight:
And for the aged and the poor, how earnestly he pleads,
Whilst every moment of his reign is fraught with kindly deeds.

Come hang then up the mistletoe (true olive branch), that peace
May bless our paths with pleasantness, and make our joys increase;
And let us too, like Christmas, come, the suffering world to cheer,
To help the poor disconsolate, to wipe the mourner's tear;
Yes, let us each one make a vow, to do whate'er we can
To solace in adversity the sufferings of man.

MELANCHOLY.

By R. Burton; extracted from his famous *Anatomy of Melancholy.*

When I goe musing all alone,
Thinking of diverse things foreknown;
When I build castles in the ayre,
Voide of sorrow, voide of feare;
Pleasing myself with phantasmes sweet;
Methinkes the time runnes very fleet.
All my joyes to this are folly;
Nought *so sweet* as Melancholy!

When to myself I act and smile,
With pleasing thoughts the time beguile,
By a brooke side, or wood so greene,
Unheard, unsought for, and unseene;
A thousand pleasures do me blesse.
All other joys to this are folly;
Nought so sweet as Melancholy!

Methinkes I hear, methinkes I see,
Sweet musicke, wond'rous melodie;
Townes, palaces, and cities fine,
Rare beautieus gallant ladies shine;
Whate'er is louely or diuine [lovely or divine].
All other joyes to this are folly,
Nought so sweet as Melancholy!

Methinkes I heare, methinkes I see,
Ghostes, goblins, fiendes; my phantasie
Presents a thousand vgly shapes;
Doleful outcries, fearfull sightes,
My sad and dismall soul affrightes.
All my griefes to this are folly;
Nought so damnde as Melancholy!

HESTER.

By Charles Lamb.

When maidens such as Hester die,
Their place you may not well supply,
Though ye among a thousand try,
With vain endeavour.

A month or more hath she been dead,
Yet cannot I by force be led
To think upon the wormy bed,
And her together.

A springy motion in her gait,
A rising step did indicate
Of pride and joy, no common rate,
That flush'd her spirit.

I know not by what name beside
I shall it call; if 'twas not pride,
It was a joy to that allied
She did inherit.

Her parents held the Quaker rule,
Which doth the human feeling cool;
But she was train'd in Nature's school,
Nature had bless'd her.

A waking eye, a prying mind,
A heart that stirs, is hard to bind;
A hawk's keen sight ye cannot blind—
Ye could not Hester.

My sprightly neighbour—gone before
To that unknown and silent shore—
Shall we not meet as heretofore,
Some summer morning.

When from thy cheerful eyes a ray
Hath struck a bliss upon the day,
A bliss that would not go away—
A sweet forewarning.

ENIGMA.

By W. M. Praed. One of the graceful poems which he composed this form.

On the casement frame the wind beat high,
Never a star was in the sky;
All Kenneth Hold was wrapt in gloom,
And Sir Everard slept in the haunted room.

I sat and sang beside his bed;—
Never a single word I said,
Yet did I scare his slumber;
And a fitful light in his eyeball glisten'd,
And his cheek grew pale as he lay and listen'd,
For he thought, or he dream'd, that fiends and fays
Were reckoning o'er his fleeting days,
And *telling out their* number.

Was it my second's ceaseless tone?
On my second's hand he laid his own:
The hand that trembled in his grasp,
Was crush'd by his convulsive clasp.

Sir Everard did not fear my first;
He had seen it in shapes that men deem worst
In many a field and flood;
Yet, in the darkness of his dread,
His tongue was parch'd, and his reason fled;
And he watch'd as the lamp burn'd low and dim,
To see some phantom gaunt and grim
Come, dabbled o'er with blood.

Sir Everard kneel'd, and strove to pray,
He pray'd for light, and he pray'd for day,
Till terror check'd his prayer;
And ever I mutter'd clear and well
"Click, click," like a tolling bell,
Till, bound in Fancy's magic spell,
Sir Everard fainted there.

THE GIFT OF ART.

From Mrs. BROWNING'S *Aurora Leigh.*

LONG green days,
Worn bare of grass and sunshine,—long calm night
From which the silken sleeps were fretted out,—
Be witness for me, with no amateur's
Irreverent haste and busy idleness
I've set myself to art! What then? what's done?
What's done, at last?
Behold, at last, a book,
If life-blood's necessary,—which it is,
(By that blue vein athrob on Mahomet's brow,
Each prophet-poet's book must show man's blood!)
If life blood's fertilising, I wrung mine
On every leaf of this,—unless the drops
Slid heavily on one side and left it dry.
That chances often: many a fervid man
Writes books as cold and flat as grave-yard stones

From which the lichen's scraped; and if St. Preux
Had written his own letters, as he might,
We had never wept to think of the little mole
'Neath Julie's drooping eyelid. Passion is
But something suffer'd, after all.
While Art
Sets action on the top of suffering:
The artist's part is both to be and do,
Transfixing with a special, central power
The flat experience of the common man,
And turning outward, with a sudden wrench,
Half agony, half ecstasy, the thing
He feels the inmost: never felt the less
Because he sings it. Does a torch less burn
For burning next reflectors of blue steel,
That he should be the colder for his place
'Twixt two incessant fires,—his personal life's,
And that intense refraction which burns back
Perpetually against him from the round
Of crystal conscience he was born into
If artist born? O sorrowful great gift
Conferr'd on poets, of a twofold life,
When one life has been found enough for pain!
We, staggering 'neath our burden as mere men,
Being call'd to stand up straight as demi-gods,
Support the intolerable strain and stress
Of the universal, and send clearly up
With voices broken by the human sob,
Our poems to find rhymes among the stars!

THERE IS BEAUTY.

From *Hours with the Muses*, by JOHN CRITCHLEY PRINCE.

THERE is beauty o'er all this delectable world,
Which wakes at the first golden touch of the light;
There is beauty when morn hath her banner unfurl'd,
Or stars twinkle out from the depths of the night;
There is beauty on ocean's vast verdureless plains,
Though lash'd into fury or lull'd into calm;
There is beauty on land and its countless domains—
Its corn-fields of plenty—its meadows of balm:—
Oh, God of Creation! these sights are of Thee,
Thou surely *hast made them* for none but the free!

There is music when summer is with us on earth,
  Sent forth from the valley, the mountain, the sky;
There is music where rivers and fountains have birth,
  Or leaves whisper soft as the wind passeth by;
There is music in voices that gladden our homes,
  In the lay of the mother, the laugh of the child;
There is music wherever the wanderer roams,
  In city or solitude, garden or wild:—
Oh, God of Creation! these sounds are of Thee,
Thou surely hast made them for none but the free!

REMEMBRANCE.

By Hamilton Aide.

When we are parted, let me lie
In some far corner of thy heart
Silent, and from the world apart,
Like a forgotten melody.
Forgotten of the world beside,
Cherish'd by one, and one alone,
For some loved memory of its own;
So let me in thy heart abide
When we are parted!

When we are parted, keep for me,
The sacred stillness of the night,—
That hour, sweet love, is mine by right:
Let others claim thy day of thee!
The cold world sleeping at our feet,
My spirit shall discourse with thine
When stars upon thy pillow shine,
At thy heart's door I stand and beat
Though we are parted;

WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

By Frederick Tennyson.

Oh! if no faces were beheld on earth,
But toiling manhood, and repining age,
No welcome eyes of innocence and mirth
To look upon us kindly, who would wage
The gloomy battle for himself alone?
Or through the dark of the o'erhanging cloud
Look wistfully for light? Who would not groan
Beneath his daily task, and weep aloud?

But little children take us by the hand,
And gaze with trustful cheer into our eyes;
Patience and fortitude beside us stand
In woman's shape, and waft to heav'n our sighs:
The guiltless child holds back the arm of guilt
Upraised to strike, and woman may atone
With sinless tears for sins of man, and melt
The damning seal when evil deeds are done.

A LOVERS' FANCY.

By Gerald Massey.

Sweet Heaven! I do love a maiden,
Radiant, rare, and beauty-laden:
When she's near me, heaven is round me,
Her dear presence doth so bound me!
I could wring my heart of gladness,
Might it free her lot of sadness!
Give the world, and all that's in it,
Just to press her hand a minute;
Yet she weeteth not I love her;
  Never dare I tell the sweet
Tale, but to the stars above her,
  And the flowers that kiss her feet.

O! to live and linger near her,
And in tearful moments cheer her!
I could be a bird to lighten
Her dear *heart,—her* sweet eyes brighten:

The wide large-lighted moon had arisen,
Where the dark and voluminous ocean grew luminous,
Helping after her slowly one little shy star
That shook blue in the cold, and look'd forlorn,
The clouds were troubled, and the wind from his prison
Behind them leap'd down with a light laugh of scorn;
Then the last thing she saw was that bare blackthorn;
For the forked tree as the bleak blast took it,
Howl'd thro' it, and beat it, and bit it, and shook it,
Seem'd to visibly waste and wither and wizen.

SONG.

From MILTON'S *Comus.*

THE star that bids the shepherd fold,
Now the top of heaven doth hold,
And the gilded car of day
His glowing axle doth allay
In the steep Atlantic stream,
And the slope sun his upward beam
Shoots against the dusky pole,
Pacing toward the other goal
Of his chamber in the east.
Meanwhile welcome Joy, and Feast,
Midnight shout, and revelry,
Tipsy dance, and jollity.
Braid your locks with rosy twine,
Dropping odours, dropping wine.
Rigour now is gone to bed,
And Advice with scrupulous head,
Strict Age and sour Severity
With their grave saws in slumber lie.
We that are of purer fire
Imitate the starry quire,
Who, in their nightly watchful spheres,
Lead in swift round the months and years.
The sounds and seas, with all their finny drove,
Now to the moon in wavering morrice move;
And on the tawny sands and shelves
Trip the pert faeries and the dapper elves.

Which, day by day, were strangled and stripp'd
Of their ravelling fringes and brazen bosses,
And the hardy mary-buds nipp'd and ripp'd
Into shreds for the beetles that lurk'd in the mosses.

Here she lived alone, and from year to year
She saw the black belt of the ocean appear
At her casement each morn as she rose; and each morn
Her eye fell first on the bare blackthorn.
This was all; nothing more;—or sometimes on the shore
The fishermen sang when the fishing was o'er;
Or the lowing of oxen fell dreamily,
Close on the shut of the glimmering eves,
Thro' some gusty pause in the moaning sea,
When the pools were splash'd pink by the thirsty beeves.
Or sometimes, when the pearl-lighted morns drew the tinges
Of the cold sunrise up their amber fringes,
A white sail peer'd over the rim of the main,
Look'd all about o'er the empty sea,
Stagger'd back from the fine line of white light again,
And dropp'd down to another world silently.
Then she breath'd freer. With sickening dread
She had watch'd five pale young moons unfold
From their notchy cavern in light, and spread
To the fuller light, and again grow old,
And dwindle away to a luminous shred.
"He will not come back till the Spring's green and gold.
And I would that I with the leaves were dead,
Quiet somewhere with them in the moss and the mould,
When he and the summer come this way," she said.

And when the dull sky darken'd down to the edges,
And the keen frost kindled in star and spar,
The sea might be known by a noise on the ledges
Of the long crags, gathering power from afar
Thro' his roaring bays, and crawling back
Hissing, as o'er the wet pebbles he dragg'd
His skirt of foam fray'd, dripping, and jagg'd,
And reluctantly fell down the smooth hollow shell
Of the night, whose lustrous surface of black
In spots to an intense blue was worn.
But later, when up on the sullen sea-bar

But do not detain me now; for she lingers
  There, like sunshine over the ground,
And ever I see her soft white fingers
  Searching after the bud she found.

Flower, you Spaniard, look that you grow not,
  Stay as you are and be loved for ever!
Bud, if I kiss you 'tis that you blow not,
  Mind, the shut pink mouth opens never!
For while thus it pouts, her fingers wrestle,
  Twinkling the audacious leaves between,
Till round they turn and down they nestle—
  Is not the dear mark still to be seen?

Where I find her not, beauties vanish;
  Whither I follow her, beauties flee;
Is there no method to tell her in Spanish
  June's twice June since she breathed it with me?
Come, bud, show me the least of her traces,
  Treasure my lady's lightest foot-fall;
Ah, you may flout and turn up your faces—
  Roses, you are not so fair after all!

A DUNGEON.

By Coleridge.

And this place my forefathers made for man!
This is the process of our love and wisdom
To each poor brother who offends against us—
Most innocent, perhaps—and what if guilty?
Is this the only cure? Merciful God!
Each pore and natural outlet shrivell'd up
By ignorance and parching poverty,
His energies roll back upon his heart,
And stagnate and corrupt, till, changed to poison,
They break out on him, like a loathsome plague-spot.
Then we call in our pamper'd mountebanks;
And this is their best cure! Uncomforted
And friendless solitude, groaning, and tears,
And savage faces, at the clanking hour,
Seen through the steam and vapours of his dungeon
By the lamp's dismal twilight! So he lies,

Circled with evil, till his very soul
Unmoulds its essence, hopelessly deform'd
By sights of evermore deformity!
With other ministrations thou, O Nature!
Healest thy wandering and distemper'd child:
Thou pourest on him thy soft influences,
Thy sunny hues, fair forms, and breathing sweets;
Thy melodies of woods and winds, and waters!
Till he relent, and can no more endure
To be a jarring and a dissonant thing
Amid this general dance and minstrelsy,
But, bursting into tears, wins back his way,
His angry spirit heal'd and harmonised
By the benignant touch of love and beauty.

AFTER A TEMPEST.

By M. C. Bryant.

The day had been a day of wind and storm;—
The wind was laid, the storm was overpast,—
And stooping from the zenith, bright and warm
Shone the great sun on the wide earth at last.
I stood upon the upland slope, and cast
My eye upon a broad and beauteous scene,
Where the vast plain lay girt by mountains vast,
And hills o'er hills lifted their heads of green,
With pleasant vales scoop'd out, and villages between.

The rain-drops glisten'd on the trees around,
Whose shadows on the tall grass were not stirr'd,
Save when a shower of diamonds, to the ground,
Was shaken by the flight of startled bird,
For birds were warbling round, and bees were heard
About the flowers; the cheerful rivulets sung
And gossip'd as he hasten'd ocean-ward;
To the gray oak the squirrel, chiding, clung,
And, chirping, from the ground the grasshopper upsprung.

And from beneath the leaves that kept them dry
Flew many a glittering insect here and there,
And darted up and down the butterfly,
That *seem'd a living blossom* of the air.

The flocks came scattering from the thicket, where
The violent rain had pent them; in the way
Stroll'd groups of damsels frolicksome and fair.
The farmer swung the scythe or turn'd the hay,
And 'twixt the heavy swaths his children were at play.

It was a scene of peace—and, like a spell,
Did that serene and golden sunlight fall
Upon the motionless wood that clothed the fell,
And precipice upspringing like a wall,
And glassy river and white waterfall,
And happy living things that trod the bright
And beauteous scene: while far beyond them all,
On many a lovely valley out of sight,
Was pour'd from the blue heavens the same soft golden light.

I look'd, and thought the quiet of the scene
An emblem of the peace that yet shall be,
When o'er earth's continents and isles between,
The noise of war shall cease from sea to sea,
And married nations dwell in harmony;
When millions, crouching in the dust to one,
No more shall beg their lives on bended knee,
Nor the black stake be dress'd, nor in the sun
The o'er-labour'd captive toil, and wish his life were done.

Too long, at clash of arms amid her bowers
And pools of blood, the earth has stood aghast,
The fair earth, that should only blush with flowers
And ruddy fruits; but not for aye can last
The storm, and sweet the sunshine when 'tis past.
Lo, the clouds roll away—they break they fly,
And like the glorious light of summer, cast
O'er the wide landscape, from the embracing sky,
On all the peaceful world the smile of heaven shall lie.

A MAIDEN'S SONG.

By GERALD MASSEY.

I LOVE! and Love hath given me
  Sweet thoughts to God akin,
And oped a living Paradise
  My heart of hearts within:
O from this Eden of my life
  God keep the Serpent Sin!

I love! and into Angel-land
  With starry glimpses peer!
I drink in beauty like heaven-wine,
  When One is smiling near!
And there's a Rainbow round my soul
  For every falling tear.

Dear God in heaven! keep without stain
  My bosom's brooding Dove:
O clothe it meet for angel-arms,
  And give it place above!
For there is nothing from the world
  I yearn to take, but Love.

THE MOTHER'S FIRST GRIEF.

Extracted from *Knickerbocker*, an American Magazine.

SHE sits beside the cradle,
  And her tears are streaming fast,
For she sees the present only,
  While she thinks of all the past:
Of the days so full of gladness,
  When her first-born's answering kiss
Thrill'd her soul with such a rapture
  That it knew no other bliss.
O, those happy, happy moments!
  They but deepen her despair,
For she bends above the cradle,
  And her baby is not there!

There are words of comfort spoken,
  And the leaden clouds of grief
Wear the smiling bow of promise,
  And she feels a sad relief:
But her wavering thoughts will wander,
  Till they settle on the scene
Of the dark and silent chamber,
  And of all that might have been!
For a little vacant garment,
  Or a shining tress of hair,
Tells her heart in tones of anguish,
  That her baby is not there!

She sits beside the cradle,
  But her tears no longer flow,
For she sees a blessed vision,
  And forgets all earthly woe;
Saintly eyes look down upon her,
  And the Voice that hush'd the sea
Stills her spirit with the whisper,
  "Suffer them to come to Me."
And while her soul is lifted
  On the soaring wings of prayer,
Heaven's crystal gates swing inward,
  And she sees her baby there!

ADDRESS TO THE DEITY.

By Sir JOHN BOWRING.

O THOU eternal One! whose presence bright
All space doth occupy, all motion guide,
Unchanged through time's all devastating flight;
Thou only God! There is no God beside!
Being above all beings! Mighty One!
Whom none can comprehend and none explore;
Who fill'st existence with Thyself alone:
Embracing all—supporting—ruling o'er—
Being whom we call GOD—and know no more.
In its sublime research, philosophy
May measure out the ocean deep—may count
The sands or the sun's rays—but God! for Thee

There is no weight nor measure; none can mount
Up to Thy mysteries; reason's brightest spark,
Though kindled by Thy light, in vain would try
To trace Thy counsels, infinite and dark:
And thought is lost ere thought can soar so high,
Even like past moments in eternity.
Thou from primeval nothingness didst call
First chaos, then existence; Lord! on Thee
Eternity had its foundation;—all
Sprung forth from Thee:—of light, joy, harmony,
Sole origin;—all life, all beauty Thine.
Thy word created all, and doth create;
Thy splendour fills all space with rays divine;
Thou art, and wast, and shalt be! Glorious! Great!
Light-giving, life-sustaining Potentate!

Thy chains the unmeasured universe surround:
Upheld by Thee, by Thee inspired with breath!
Thou the beginning with the end hast bound,
And beautifully mingled life and death!
As sparks mount upwards from the fiery blaze,
So suns are born, so worlds spring forth from Thee;
And as the spangles in the sunny rays
Shine round the silver snow, the pageantry
Of heaven's bright army glitters in Thy praise.

A million torches lighted by thy hand
Wander unwearied through the blue abyss;
They own Thy power, accomplish Thy command,
All gay with life, all eloquent with bliss.
What shall we call them? Piles of crystal light—
A glorious company of golden streams—
Lamps of celestial ether burning bright—
Suns lighting systems with their joyous beams?
But Thou to these art as the noon to night.
Yes! as a drop of water in the sea,
All this magnificence in Thee is lost—
What are ten thousand worlds compared to Thee?
And what am I then? Heaven's unnumber'd host,
Though multiplied by myriads, and array'd
In all the glory of sublimest thought,
Is but an atom in the balance weigh'd
Against Thy greatness, is a cipher brought
Against infinity! *What am I then?* Nought!

Nought! But the effluence of Thy light divine,
Pervading worlds hath reach'd my bosom too;
Yes! in my spirit doth Thy spirit shine,
As shines the sun-beam in a drop of dew.
Nought! but I live, and on hope's pinions fly
Eager towards Thy presence; for in Thee
I live, and breathe, and dwell; aspiring high,
Even to the throne of Thy divinity:
I am, O God! and surely Thou must be!

Thou art, directing, guiding all, Thou art!
Direct my understanding then to Thee:
Control my spirit, guide my wandering heart;
Though but an atom 'midst immensity:
Still I am something, fashion'd by Thy hand!
I hold a middle rank 'twixt heaven and earth,
On the last verge of mortal being stand,
Close to the realms where angels have their birth,
Just on the boundaries of the spirit-land.

The chain of being is complete in me;
In me is matter's last gradation lost,
And the next step is spirit—Deity!
I can command the lightning, and am dust!
A monarch, and a slave! a worm, a god!
Whence came I here, and how? so marvellously
Constructed and conceived? unknown! this clod
Lives surely through some higher energy;
For from itself alone it could not be!

Creator, yes! Thy wisdom and Thy word
Created me! Thou source of life and good!
Thou Spirit of my spirit, and my Lord!
Thy light, Thy love, in their bright plenitude
Fill'd me with an immortal soul, to spring
Over the abyss of death, and bade it wear
The garments of eternal day, and wing
Its heavenly flight beyond this little sphere,
Even to its source—to Thee—its Author there.

O thoughts ineffable! O visions blest!
Though worthless our conceptions all of Thee,
Yet shall Thy shadow'd image fill our breast,
And waft its homage to thy Deity,

God! thus alone my lowly thoughts can soar;
Thus seek Thy presence—Being wise and good
Midst Thy vast works admire, obey, adore:
And when the tongue is eloquent no more,
The soul shall speak in tears of gratitude.

THE BANIAN TREE.

By Robert Southey.

'Twas a fair scene wherein they stood,
A green and sunny glade amid the wood,
And in the midst an aged banian grew.
It was a goodly sight to see
That venerable tree,
For o'er the lawn, irregularly spread,
Fifty straight columns propt its lofty head;
And many a long depending shoot,
Seeking to strike its root,
Straight like a plummet, grew towards the ground.
Some on the lower boughs, which crost their way,
Fixing their bearded fibres, round and round,
With many a ring and wild contortion wound;
Some to the passing wind, at times, with sway
Of gentle motion swung;
Others of younger growth, unmoved were hung
Like stone-drops from the cavern's fretted height.
Beneath was smooth and fair to sight,
Nor weeds nor briers deform'd the natural floor;
And through the leafy cope which bower'd o'er
Came gleams of chequer'd light.
So like a temple did it seem, that there
A pious heart's first impulse would be prayer.

THE STORMY PETEREL.

By Barry Cornwall.

A thousand miles from land are we,
Tossing about on the roaring sea;
From billow to bounding billow cast,
Like fleecy snow on the stormy blast:
The sails are scatter'd abroad, like weeds,
The strong masts shake like quivering reeds,
The mighty cables, and iron chains,
The hull, which all earthly strength disdains,
They strain and they crack, and hearts like stone,
Their natural, hard, proud strength disown.

Up and down! up and down!
From the base of the wave to the billow's crown,
And amidst the flashing and feathery foam,
The stormy peterel finds a home,—
A home, if such a place may be,
For her who lives on the wide, wide sea,
On the craggy ice, in the frozen air,
And only seeketh her rocky lair
To warm her young, and to teach them spring
At once o'er the waves on the stormy wing.

O'er the deep! o'er the deep!
Where the whale, and the shark, and the sword-fish sle
Outflying the blast and the driving rain,
The peterel telleth her tale, in vain—
For the mariner curseth the warning bird,
That bringeth him news of the storm unheard.
Ah! thus doth the prophet of good or ill,
Meet hate from the creature he serveth still;
Yet he ne'er falters—so, Peterel, spring
Once more o'er the waves on thy stormy wing!

THE BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

By Mrs. Hemans.

Birds, joyous birds of the wandering wing!
Whence is it ye come with the flowers of spring?
—"We come from the shores of the green old Nile,
From the land where the roses of Sharon smile,
From the palms that wave through the Indian sky,
From the myrrh-trees of glowing Araby.

We have swept o'er cities, in song renown'd—
Silent they lie, with the deserts round!
We have cross'd proud rivers, whose tide hath roll'd
All dark with the warrior blood of old;
And each worn wing hath regain'd its home,
Under peasant's roof tree, or monarch's dome."

And what have ye found in the monarch's dome,
Since last ye traversed the blue sea's foam?
—"We have found a change, we have found a pall,
And a gloom o'ershadowing the banquet's hall,
And a mark on the floor, as of life-drops spilt—
Nought looks the same, save the nest we built!"

Oh, joyous birds, it hath still been so!
Through the halls of kings doth the tempest go!
But the huts of the hamlet lie still and deep,
And the hills o'er their quiet a vigil keep.
Say, what have ye found in the peasant's cot,
Since last ye parted from that sweet spot?

"A change we have found there, and many a change!
Faces and footsteps and all things strange!
Gone are the heads of the silvery hair,
And the young that were, have a brow of care,
And the place is hush'd where the children play'd—
Nought looks the same, save the nest we made!"

Sad is your tale of the beautiful earth,
Birds that o'ersweep it in power and mirth!

Yet, through the wastes of the trackless air,
Ye have a guide, and shall we despair?
Ye over desert and deep have pass'd—
So shall we reach our bright home at last!

Brilliants.

CONTENT.

Poor and content is rich, and rich enough;
But riches endless are as poor as winter,
To him that ever fears he shall be poor.

SHAKSPE

MOONLIGHT NIGHT.

How beautiful this night! the balmiest sigh
Which vernal zephyrs breathe in evening's ear,
Were discord to the speaking quietude
That wraps this moveless scene. Heaven's ebon
Studded with stars unutterably bright,
Through which the moon's unclouded grandeur ro
Seems like a canopy which love hath spread
To curtain her sleeping world. Yon gentle hills,
Robed in a garment of untrodden snow:
Yon darksome walls, whence icicles depend
So stainless, that their white and glittering spears
Tinge not the moon's pure beam: yon castled ste
Whose banner hangeth o'er the time-worn tower
So idly, that wrapt fancy deemeth it
A metaphor of peace—all form a scene
Where musing solitude might love to lift
Her soul above this sphere of earthliness:
Where silence undisturb'd might watch alone,
So cold, so bright, so still.

SHELL

THE SYLVAN SCENE.

Over head up grew
Insuperable height of loftiest shade,
Cedar, and pine, and fir, and branching palm,
A sylvan scene; and as the ranks ascend
Shade above shade, a woody theatre
Of stateliest view.

MILT

WISDOM AND FOLLY.

On folly's lips eternal talkings dwell;
Wisdom speaks little, but that little well;
So lengthening shades the sun's decline betray,
But shorter shadows mark meridian day.

BISHOP.

CONTENT.

Sweet are the thoughts that savour of content,—
The quiet mind is richer than a crown:
Sweet are the nights in careless slumber spent,—
The poor estate scorns fortune's angry frown.
Such sweet content, such minds, such sleep, such bliss,
Beggars enjoy when princes oft do miss.
The homely house that harbours quiet rest,
The cottage that affords no pride nor care,
The mean, that grees with country music best,
The sweet consort of Mirth's and Music's fare.
Obscured life sits down a type of bliss;
A mind content both crown and kingdom is.

ROBERT GREENE.

DUTY.

Duty by habit is to pleasure turn'd:
He is content who to obey has learn'd.

Sir E. BRIDGES.

WAR.

Lastly, stood War, in glittering arms yclad,
With visage grim, stern look, and blackly hued;
In his right hand a naked sword he had,
That to the hilts was all with blood imbrued;
And in his left (that kings and kingdoms rued),
Famine and fire he held, and there withal,
He razed towns, and threw down towers and all.
Cities he sack'd, and realms (that whilolm flower'd
In honour, glory, and rule above the rest),
He overwhelm'd, and all their fame devour'd,
Consumed, destroy'd, wasted and never ceased
Till he their wealth, their name, and all oppress'd;
His face forehew'd with wounds, and by his side
There hung his targe, with gashes deep and wide.

SACKVILLE.

SPRING.

Alas! delicious Spring, God sends thee down
To breathe upon his cold and perish'd works,
Beauteous revival: earth should welcome thee—
Thee and the west wind, thy smooth paramour,
With the soft laughter of her flowery meads,
Her joys, her melodies: the prancing stag
Flutters the shivering fern: the steed shakes out
His mane, the dewy herbage, silver-webb'd,
With frank step trampling: the wild goat looks dowr
From his empurpling bed of heath, where break
The waters deep and blue, with crystal gleams
Of their quick-leaping people: the fresh lark
Is in the morning sky: the nightingale
Tunes evensong to the dropping waterfall.
Creation lives with loveliness—all melts
And trembles into one wild harmony.

MILMAI

THE MOUNTAIN ASH.

The mountain ash
No eye can overlook, when mid a grove
Of yet unfaded trees she lifts her head
Deck'd with autumnal berries, that outshine
Spring's richest blossoms; and ye may have marl
By a brook side or solitary turn,
How she her station doth adorn;—the pool
Glows at her feet, and all the gloomy rocks
Are brighten'd round her.

WORDSWORTI

MOONLIGHT.

'Tis midnight: on the mountains brown
The cold round moon shines deeply down:
Blue roll the waters, blue the sky
Spreads like an ocean hung on high,
Bespangled with those isles of light
So wildly, spiritually bright:
Who ever gazed upon them shining,
And turn'd to earth without repining,
Nor wish'd for wings to flee away,
And mix with their eternal ray?

BYRO

ADAM'S FIRST FEELINGS.

A passage in MILTON'S *Paradise Lost.*

FOR man to tell how human life began
Is hard; for who himself beginning knew?

As new-wak'd from soundest sleep
Soft on the flowery herb I found me laid
In balmy sweat, which with his beams the sun
Soon dried, and on the reeking moisture fed:
Straight toward heaven my wondering eyes I turn'd,
And gazed awhile on the ample sky, till raised
By quick instinctive motion up I sprung,
As thitherward endeavouring, and upright
Stood on my feet; about me round I saw
Hill, dale, and shady woods, and sunny plains,
And liquid lapse of murm'ring streams; by these
Creatures that lived and moved, or walk'd, or flew,
Birds on the branches warbling: all things smiled,
With fragrance, and with joy my heart o'erflow'd;
Myself I then perus'd, and limb by limb
Survey'd, and sometimes went and sometimes ran
With supple joints, as lively vigour led;
But who I was, or where, or from what cause,
Knew not: to speak I tried, and forthwith spake;
My tongue obey'd, and readily could name
Whate'er I saw. Thou Sun, said I, fair light,
And thou enlighten'd Earth, so fresh and gay,
Ye hills, and dales, ye rivers, woods, and plains,
And ye that live and move, fair creatures tell,
Tell, if ye saw, how came I thus, how here?
Not of myself; by some great Maker then,
In goodness and in power pre-eminent:
Tell me, how may I know Him, how adore
From whom I have, that thus I move and live,
And feel that I am happier than I know?
While thus I call'd, and stray'd, I knew not whither,
From where I first drew air, and first beheld
This happy light, when answer none return'd,
On a green shady bank profuse of flowers,
Pensive I sat me down: there gentle sleep
First found me, and with soft oppression seized

My drowsed sense, untroubled, though I thought
I then was passing to my former state
Insensible, and forthwith to dissolve:
When suddenly stood at my head a Dream,
Whose inward apparition gently moved
My fancy to believe I yet had being,
And lived: one came, methought, of shape divine,
And said, thy mansion wants thee, Adam, rise.

THE BREEZE IN THE CHURCH.

This beautiful little poem is from a volume recently publish Mrs. HINXMAN, entitled *Poems*.

'TWAS a sunny day, and the morning psalm
We sang in the church together;
We felt in our hearts the joy and calm
Of the calm and joyous weather.

The slow, and sweet, and sacred strain,
Through every bosom stealing,
Check'd every thought that was light and vain,
And waked each holy feeling.

We knew by its sunny gleam how clear
Was the blue sky smiling o'er us,
And in every pause of the hymn could hear
The wild birds happy chorus.

And lo! from its haunts by cave or rill
With a sudden start awaking,
A breeze came fluttering down the hill,
Its fragrant pinions shaking.

Through the open windows it bent its way,
And down the chancel's centre,
Like a privileged thing that at will might stray,
And in holy places enter.

From niche to niche, from nook to nook,
With a lightsome rustle flying,
It lifted the leaves of the Holy Book,
On the altar-cushion lying.

It fann'd the old clerk's hoary hair,
  And the children's bright young faces;
Then vanish'd, none knew how or where,
  Leaving its pleasant traces.

It left sweet thoughts of summer hours
  Spent on the quiet mountains;
And the church seem'd full of the scent of flowers,
  And the trickling fall of fountains.

The image of scenes so still and fair
  With our music sweetly blended,
While it seemed their whisper'd hymn took share
  In the praise that to heaven ascended.

We thought of Him who had pour'd the rills,
  And thro' the green mountains led them,
Whose hand, when He piled the enduring hills,
  With a mantle of beauty spread them.

And a purer passion was borne above,
  In a louder anthem swelling,
As we bow'd to the visible spirit of love,
  On those calm summits dwelling.

SONG OF THE WOOD NYMPHS.

By Barry Cornwall.

Come here, come here and dwell
  In forest deep!
Come here, come here and tell
  Why thou dost weep!
Is it for love (sweet pain!)
That thus thou dar'st complain
Unto our pleasant shades, our summer leaves,
Where nought else grieves?

Come here, come here, and lie
  By whispering stream!
Here no one dares to die
  For Love's *sweet dream*;

But health all seek, and joy,
And shun perverse annoy,
And race along green paths till close of day,
And laugh—alway!

Or else through half the year,
  On rushy floor,
We lie by waters clear,
  While sky-larks pour
Their songs into the sun!
And, when bright day is done,
We hide 'neath bells of flowers or nodding corn
And dream—till morn!

HATEFUL SPRING.

One of BERANGER's graceful and feeling lyrics, translated Mr. O'BRIEN.

FROM my window I beheld her,
  All the dreary winter through;
Strangers both, we loved each other,
  Through mid air our kisses flew.
'Twixt the lime-trees' leafless branches
  We would love-sick glances fling—
Now the leaves fall thick between us,
  Why return, thou hateful Spring?

No more I see her angel form,
  Hidden by those envious leaves,
Come forth to feed the shivering linnets,
  When frost lay white upon the eaves.
My heart would watch as some dear signal,
  The fluttering of each tiny wing;
That snow than thee was far more lovely—
  Then why return, thou hateful Spring?

Wert thou away, I still might see her,
  Rising from her gentle sleep—
Fresh and rosy as the morning,
  Smiling on some cloudy steep—

Still might say, when eve was closing,
"My star's light now is vanishing—
Her lamp expires, she calmly slumbers!"
Oh! why return, thou hateful Spring?

Winter, winter, I implore thee,
With a longing heart to come;
Twine thy frost-wreaths round my window,
Fling thy hail-showers round my home.
But vernal breeze and tinted flowers
To my dull heart no joy can bring,
The weary days flit by in sadness—
Then, why return, thou hateful Spring?

STANZAS.

Taken from an American Magazine. They well deserve preservation ere.

We have forgot what we have been,
And what we are we little know;
We fancy new events begin,
But all has happen'd long ago.

Through many a verse life's poem flows,
But still, though seldom mark'd by men,
At times returns the constant close;
Still the old chorus comes again.

The childish grief—the boyish fear—
The hope in manhood's breast that burns;
The doubt—the transport and the tear—
Each mood, each impulse oft returns.

Before mine infant eyes had hail'd
The new-born glory of the day,
When the first wondrous morn unveil'd
The breathing world that round me lay:

The same strange darkness o'er my brain
Folded its close, mysterious wings,
The ignorance of joy or pain,
That each *recurring* midnight brings.

Full oft my feelings make me start,
  Like foot-prints on a desert shore,
As if the chambers of my heart
  Had heard their shadowy step before.

So, looking into thy fond eyes,
  Strange memories come to me, as though
Somewhere—perchance in Paradise—
  I had adored thee long ago.

FAMILIAR THINGS.

Taken from *Household Words.*

There is a truth that travel brings,
  A truth of homely birth;
We dwell among familiar things,
  And little know their worth.
The emigrant in distant lands,
  The sailor on the sea,
For all that round us silent stands,
  Have deeper hearts than we.

We dwell among familiar things—
  And daily, with dull sight,
We touch a thousand secret springs
  Of sorrow and delight:
Delight and reverential bliss
  To those who exiled far,
Stretch dreaming arms to clasp and kiss
  Each little household star.

We dwell among familiar things—
  We know them by their use—
And, by their many minist'rings,
  Their value we deduce:
Forgetful each has had an eye,
  And each can speak, though dumb;
And, of the ghostly days gone by
  Strange witness might become.

We dwell among familiar things—
  But should it be our lot
To sever all the binding strings
  That form the household knot;
To wander upon alien mould,
  And cross the restless foam;—
How clearly should we then behold
  The Deities of Home!

SONNET.

By Charles Lamb.

We were two pretty babes, the youngest she,
The youngest and the loveliest far, I ween,
And Innocence her name. The time has been,
We two did love each other's company:
Time was we two had wept to have been apart,
But when by show of seeming good beguiled,
I left the garb and manners of a child,
And my first love for man's society,
Defiling with the world my virgin heart—
My lov'd companion dropp'd a tear and fled,
And hid in deepest shades her woful head.
Beloved! who shall tell me where thou art—
In what delicious Eden to be found—
That I may seek thee the wide world round.

ORATIO AD DOMINUM.

A translation of a fine old Italian hymn, written in rhyme. It is singularly spirited. We found it in an old number of an American Literary Journal, now extinct.

Keep, oh, keep me, Judge Eternal,
From those caverns, dark, infernal,
Where is weeping, where is wailing;
Where is shuddering, shivering, quailing;
Where, no longer judgment sleeping,
Sinners their reward are reaping;

Where tormenting conscience smiteth;
Where the worm for ever biteth:
Death from death are all desiring,
Death of hell knows no expiring.

Oh, that I may Sion enter,
Where all peaceful pleasures centre;
David's city on God's mountain,
Sprung from light's Eternal Fountain;
Jesus' Cross its gate; by Heaven
Truth, its key, to Peter given;
All its walls a living building;
King a happy people shielding.

There no night the day doth sever;
Spring perennial, peace for ever;
There each breeze sweet odours bringing,
Festal songs for ever singing.

There is no corruption reigning,
There no frailty, no complaining;
None are dwarfish, none deformed,
All to Christ are there conformed.

Heavenly city, ne'er forsaken,
On a Rock by storms unshaken;
Harbour safe in every danger:
From afar, a storm-tossed stranger,
How I greet thee, how desire thee,
How I pant for, how require thee!

What thy children's blest employment,—
What their sources of enjoyment,—
What the bond their fond hearts tying,—
What thy gems so beautifying;
Hyacinth's, chalcedon's glory,
Who but thine can tell the story.

In thy streets, where saints are meeting,
All in groups each other greeting,
There with Moses and Elijah
May I sing my Hallelujah!

TO THE POET.

By FREDERICK TENNYSON, a brother of the Poet Laureate.

O GENTLE Poet, whosoe'er thou art,
  Whom God hath gifted with a loving eye,
A sweet and mournful voice, a tender heart,
  Pass by the world, and let it pass thee by;
Be thou to Nature faithful still, and she
Will be for ever faithful unto thee.

Let them disdain thee for thy just disdain:
  Shield thou thy heart against the world accurst,
Where they discourse of joy, and ache with pain,
  And babble of good deeds, and do the worst;
Shed dews of mercy on their wither'd scorn,
And touch their midnight darkness with thy morn.

There blind Ambition barters peace for praise;
  There Pride ne'er sleeps, nor Hatred waxeth old;
And dwarfish Folly can his cubit raise
  To godlike stature on a little gold;
There Madness is a king, and ev'n the wise
Sell truth to simpletons, and live on lies;

There Pleasure is a sickly meteor-light,
  A star above—a pestilence below;
There knowledge is a cup of aconite,
  That chills the heart, and makes the pulses slow;
Remorse, a scorpion's self-destroying sting,
Sorrow, a Winter without hope of Spring.

There Love's clear torch is quench'd as in a tomb,
  Or bound for ever in a golden band
He drags, with eyes fix'd on his early doom,
  Behind lean avarice with the iron hand:
Fancy, that fill'd the woodlands with his glee,
Scorns at himself, and murmurs to be free.

There Justice, mindless of her holy name,
  Creeps o'er the slime with adder's ears and eyes,
Stirs with dark hand the World-involving flame,
  Thirsteth for tears, and hungers after sighs;
There Honour is a game to lose or win;
And Sanctity a softer name for Sin.

For thee 'tis better to remain apart,
  Like one who dwells beneath the forest green,
And listens far off to the beating heart
  Of the wide world, all-seeing, though unseen:
In a cool cavern, on a mountain side,
With rare, sweet flowers, and virgin springs supplie

Hark thou the voices from the peopled plain
  In tuneful echoes murmuring in thine ears,
Watch thou the sunshine mingle with the rain,
  And mark how gladness interweaves with tears,
And ply thy secret, holy alchemy,
Like God, who gives thee work, when none are by.

And from the twilight of thy solitude
  Note thou the lights and shadows of the sky,
And cast the mighty shapes of Evil and Good
  In perfest moulds of Immortality,
Till they are seen from far, like mountain-light,
That burns on high, when all below is night.

THE HAPPY VALLEY.

A fragment from BARRY CORNWALL.

Neiph. COME on, come on.—A little further on,
And we shall reach a place where we may pause.
It is a meadow full of the early spring:
Tall grass is there which dallies with the wind,
And never-ending odorous lemon trees;
Wild flowers in blossom, and sweet citron buds,
And princely cedars; and the linden boughs
Make arched walks for love to whisper in.
If you be tired, lie down, and you shall hear
A river, which doth kiss irregular banks,
Enchant your senses with a sleepy tune.
If not, and merry blood doth stir your veins,
The place hath still a fair and pleasant aspect:
For, in the midst of this green meadow, springs
A fountain of white marble; o'er whose sides
Run stories, graven by some cunning hand,
Of pastoral life, and tipsy revelry.

There will we, midst delicious cates, and wines
Sparkling and amorous, and sweet instruments,
Sing gentle mischief as the sun goes down.
Quick! but a few steps more—'round by this copse
Of olives and young chestnuts, (to whose arms
The vines seem clinging, like so many brides,)
And you will reach 't. Ha,—Stay!—Look! here it is.
Fiamet. Ha, ha! Ha, ha!—Look! how Philostratus
Buries his forehead in the fresh green grass.
Pamphilus. Hail, vernal spot! We bear to thy embrace
Pleasures that ask for calm; Love, and Delight;
Harmonious pulses where no evil dwells;
Smiles without treach'ry; words all soft and true;
Music like morning, fresh and full of youth;
And all else that belongs to gentleness.

THE DEMON BRIDE.

The following curious poem was found among the neglected manuscripts of a young physician, who has long abandoned the poetic art for more practical, and certainly more profitable, pursuits. It appears to us to embody much of the felicity of diction and wild beauty of Goethe's *Bride of Corinth;* at least it is the nearest English approximation to that poem which we know of.

In the ages which we call benighted,
And the German's old and wondrous land,
In an upmost story dimly lighted,
By a long and narrow wooden stand,
Darkly stain'd with blood,
The Dissector stood,
Held a purpled knife within his hand.

'Twas late, and all his comrades had departed,
Left him at his table there alone;
On the dreamy student, heavy-hearted,
Midnight stars in silent wonder shone;
From his eyes there came
Flashes, as of flame,
Born of sorrows to the world unknown.

To the churchyard in the moonlit meadow
  Earthly hopes and earthly joys were borne;
Stolen to the land of dream and shadow
  From his bleeding heart, her heart was torn;
    She his love allowed
    But her kinsmen proud
  Had repulsed his gentle suit with scorn.

Droop'd the lady with her crush'd devotion,
  Nourish'd and conceal'd the fatal flame,
When her heart surceased its sacred motion,
  Sister to the angels she became;
    He, oppress'd with grief,
    Sought a poor relief
  In his studies of the human frame.

Quietly the youth a corpse uncover'd,
  By the sunken drapery reveal'd;
Awful thoughts around him never hover'd
  Near the dead; his heart had long been steel'd
    Starting with a thrill,
    Stood he then as still
  As a brook by winter winds congeal'd.

Lay before him there a beauteous maiden
  (High born damsel), stolen from the tomb,
Dead; but death had not her features laden
  With his characters of fearful gloom:
    On her roseate face
    Linger'd every trace
  Of her girlhood's gentleness and bloom.

To her breast the hair hung down in tresses,
  Curling like the tendrils of the vine;
Ripe her lip was for the sweet caresses,
  Swoll'n with love, and red as if with wine:
    Of the purest gold
    And the lightest mould,
  Finger-rings threw out their fairy shine.

Was the body and the chamber haunted?
  For the youth did not remove his gaze:
Like a marble shaft he stood enchanted,
  And his eyes had frenzy in their blaze:

The Dissector's room
Lost to him its gloom—
Was surrounded with a golden haze.

Hung with damask curtains seem'd the windows,
O'er the mantel tick'd the household chime;
One small flame flared up from out the cinders;
Like a bed whereto a bride might climb
Seem'd his table, high
And broad unto his eye,
Deck'd with pillows of the olden time.

Lovingly upon the snowy linen
Lay the form of Beauty he beheld:
Mouth and eyes were sparkling soft, and winning;
In her breast the maiden fervour swell'd:
Manliest virtues melt;
He enamour'd felt;
To her heart his throbbing heart impell'd.

"Art thou, lost one, come from blissful Eden
To assuage my bosom's burning pain?
Nevermore, O rare and radiant maiden!
Shall the fates dispart our souls again!
Heaven will not divide
Bridegroom from his bride:
Angels are singing now our marriage strain."

On her neck he fell oppress'd and panting;
Blent his lip in madness with her own:
Round his form she lock'd her arms enchanting;
Cold her arms as chiseled out of stone:
Droop'd his trembling head,
Sight and hearing fled,
And his soul dissolved in joys unknown.

When the sun threw from his burning quiver
Ray-like arrows beaming far and wide,
Stark and cold lay out the pallid lover,
Silent at the demon-maiden's side:
Death was on his brow,
Heaven had heard his vow,
And he was not parted from his bride.

THE HUSK AND THE GRAIN.

Found in a number of *Hood's Magazine*, where it appeare anonymously.

WEEP! woman, weep! drop thy tears of agony,
He whom thou mournest, lieth dead and cold;
Heave! woman, heave! the sigh that never cooleth,
Born of the misery that never waxeth old.

He, who at morning cheer'd and sustain'd thee,
With sweet words and tender, tender and sweet,
'Till earth, with her troubles, look'd fairer than heaver
Lies with the worms there—under thy feet.

Crawling, they suck the lips that gave thee pleasure;
Cruelly they pierce the eyes of love and light:
Feast on the neck on which thou lay'st enraptured,
Sweetly entranced through all the hours of night.

Rigid is the tongue on which thy soul linger'd;
Livid is the hand, once how delicate and fair;
Pulseless the heart; and colder than the damp-drops
Eating the gold in his bright yellow hair.

Weep! woman, weep! drop thy tears of agony,
He whom thou mournest lieth dead and cold!
Heave! woman, heave! the sigh that never cooleth,
Born of the misery that never waxeth old.

Hush! widow, hush! stay thy tears of agony,
He whom thou mournest never touch'd the sod;
Raise! widow, raise! the eye of faith and gladness,—
Behold, thou poor heart, the gentleness of God!

He, who at evening, sitting beside thee,
Open'd the Book of wisdom and of love,
Soothingly enjoin'd thee to lean upon its promises,
Trusts to thee now in a calmer world above.

ıter than stars is the light that pervades him,
'eeter than perfume his free and happy breath,
r than chastity the thoughts that engage him,
osen'd from the earth by the iron hand of death.

ıls have ask'd to be his dear companion,
.ll thou must have his watchfulness and care,
'here thou wilt, he shall follow and uphold thee,
ɔvering about thee—a Spirit of the Air!

THE WORLD IS FULL OF BEAUTY.

By Gerald Massey.

lives a voice within me, a guest-angel of my heart,
s sweet lispings win me, till the tears a-trembling start;
ɜrmore it springeth, like some magic melody,
'ermore it singeth this sweet song of songs to me—
orld is full of beauty, as other worlds above;
we did our duty, it might be full of love.

ɜ starry tendernesses dower with glory evermore,
ı budding, bright, melodious hour comes sweetly as of yore;
ıere be million hearts accurst, where no sweet sun-bursts shine,
here be million hearts athirst for Love's immortal wine.
'orld is full of beauty, as other worlds above;
f we did our duty, it might be full of love.

ı, and hope, and kindness pass'd, as coin, 'twixt heart and heart,
thro' the eye's tear-blindness, should the sudden soul upstart!
reary, dim, and desolate, should wear a sunny bloom,
ove should spring from buried Hate, like flowers o'er Winter's tomb.
'orld is full of beauty, as other worlds above;
f we did our duty, it might be full of love.

Were truth our uttered language, Angels migh
men,
And God-illumined earth should see the G
again;
The burthen'd heart should soar in Mirth like M
prophet-lark,
And Misery's last tear wept on earth, quench
cunning spark.
For this world is full of beauty, as other worlds a
And, if we did our duty, it might be full of love.

Lo! plenty ripens round us, yet awakes the cry f
The millions still are toiling, crusht, and clad in r
While sunny hills and valleys richly blush with
grain,
But the paupers in the palace rob their toiling fel
This world is full of beauty, as other worlds abov
And, if we did our duty, it might be full of love.

Dear God! what hosts are trampled 'mid this ki
for gold!
What noble hearts are sapp'd of love! what spirit
hold!
Yet a merry world it might be, opulent for all, an
With its lands that asks for labour, and its wealth t
away.
This world is full of beauty, as other worlds above
And, if we did our duty, it might be full of love.

The leaf-tongues of the forest, and the flow'r-li
sod—
The happy Birds that hymn their raptures in
God—
The summer wind that bringeth music over land a
Have each a voice that singeth this sweet song o
me—
This world is full of beauty, as other worlds above
And, if we did our duty, it might be full of love.

THE DEATH OF THE POET.

A passage in SHELLEY'S exquisite poem, *Alastor; or the Spirit of Solitude.*

WHEN on the threshold of the green recess
The wanderer's footsteps fell, he knew that death
Was on him. Yet a little, ere it fled,
Did he resign his high and holy soul
To images of the majestic past,
That paused within his passive being now,
Like winds that bear sweet music, when they breathe
Through some dim latticed chamber. He did place
His pale lean hand upon the rugged trunk
Of the old pine. Upon an ivied stone
Reclined his languid head, his limbs did rest,
Diffused and motionless, on the smooth brink
Of that obscurest chasm;—and thus he lay,
Surrendering to their final impulses
The hovering powers of life. Hope and despair,
The torturers, slept: no mortal pain or fear
Marred his repose, the influxes of sense,
And his own being unalloyed by pain,
Yet feebler and more feeble, calmly fed
The stream of thought, till he lay breathing there
At peace, and faintly smiling:—his last sight
Was the great moon, which o'er the western line
Of the wide world her mighty horn suspended,
With whose dun beams inwoven darkness seemed
To mingle. Now upon the jagged hills
It rests, and still as the divided frame
Of the vast meteor sunk, the Poet's blood,
That ever beat in mystic sympathy
With nature's ebb and flow, grew feebler still:
And when two lessening points of light alone
Gleamed through the darkness, the alternate gasp
Of his faint respiration scarce did stir
The stagnate night:—till the minutest ray
Was quenched, the pulse yet lingered in his heart.
It paused—it fluttered. But when heaven remained
Utterly black, the murky shades involved
An image, silent, cold, and motionless,
As their own voiceless earth and vacant air.

Even as a vapour fed with golden beams
That ministered on sunlight, ere the west
Eclipses it, was now that wondrous frame—
No sense, no motion, no divinity—
A fragile lute, on whose harmonious strings
The breath of heaven did wander—a bright stream
Once fed with many-voiced waves—a dream
Of youth, which night and time have quenched for e
Still, dark, and dry, and unremembered now.

O, for Medea's wondrous alchymy,
Which wheresoe'er it fell made the earth gleam
With bright flowers, and the wintry boughs exhale
From vernal blooms fresh fragrance! O, that God,
Profuse of poisons, would concede the chalice
Which but one living man has drained, who now,
Vessel of deathless wrath, a slave that feels
No proud exemption in the blighting curse
He bears, over the world wanders for ever,
Lone as incarnate death! O, that the dream
Of dark magician in his visioned cave,
Raking the cinders of a crucible
For life and power, even when his feeble hand
Shakes in its last decay, were the true law
Of this so lovely world! But thou art fled
Like some frail exhalation, which the dawn
Robes in its golden beams,—ah! thou hast fled!
The brave, the gentle, and the beautiful,
The child of grace and genius. Heartless things
Are done and said i' the world, and many worms
And beasts and men live on, and mighty Earth
From sea and mountain, city and wilderness,
In vesper low or joyous orison,
Lifts still its solemn voice:—but thou art fled—
Thou canst no longer know or love the shapes
Of this phantasmal scene who have to thee
Been purest ministers, who are, alas!
Now thou art not. Upon those pallid lips
So sweet even in their silence, on those eyes
That image sleep in death, upon that form
Yet safe from the worm's outrage, let no tear
Be shed—not even in thought. Nor, when those h
Are gone, and those divinest lineaments,

Worn by the senseless wind, shall live alone
In the frail pauses of this simple strain,
Let not high verse, mourning the memory
Of that which is no more, or painting's woe
Or sculpture, speak in feeble imagery
Their own cold powers. Art and eloquence,
And all the shows o' the world, are frail and vain
To weep a loss that turns their light to shade.
It is a woe "too deep for tears," when all
Is reft at once, when some surpassing Spirit,
Whose light adorned the world around it, leaves
Those who remain behind nor sobs nor groans,
The passionate tumult of a clinging hope;
But pale despair and cold tranquillity,
Nature's vast frame, the web of human things,
Birth and the grave, that are not as they were.

THE RITUAL OF NATURE.

By Ernest Jones, whose poetry is far better than his politics.

Loud the lofty belfry rung,
Wide the massy portal swung—
For Beldagon's Cathedral fane
A proud assembly sought again.
High the fields are waving;
Orchard fruit is blest—
Summer's merry saving
For Winter's happy rest.
O'er the clover lea
The blossom-loving bee,
Though 'tis Sunday morn,
Little Sabbath-breaker!
Winds her humming horn,
Where lily-bell and rose
No door denying close—
Asking neither price nor pay,
Wooing what might pass that way,
To be their sweets' partaker.

Bell and book unheeding,
The quiet kine are feeding,
The birds are on the wing,
The pebbled runnels ring,
The rivers still are flowing,
The graceful corn is growing,
The frolic wind is blowing—
And yet, the world caressing,
Unwrinkled by a frown,
The blue sky, sends a blessing
On all creation down.

——Come away awhile with me
To harvest field and clover lea;
Sit by nature's side, and pray,
And join her service for the day:
Every whispering leaf's a preacher,
Every daisy is a teacher,
Writing on the unsullied sod
Revelation straight from God.
Then, while yon solemn belfry swings,
List how Earth her matin sings,
And how the early morning rises,
Step by step, with glad surprises:
We shall return in time to hear
How saints adore and sinners fear.

Mistily, dreamily, steals a faint glimmer—
Hill-tops grow lighter, though stars grow dimmer:
First a streak of grey; then a line of green;
Then a sea of roses, with golden isles between.
All along the dawn-lit prairies
Stand the flowers, like tip-toe fairies
Waiting for the early dew.
Listening—
Glistening—
As the moning
Walks their airy muster through,
All the new-born blossoms christening
With a sacrament of dew.
And from them—a flower with wings—
Their angel that watch'd through the night—
The beautiful butterfly springs
To the light.

See! a shadow moves,
Down the mountain furl'd:
It is a thin grey shadow—
Yet it moves the world.
For, hist ye! list ye! what is gliding,
Where the trail is newly laid?
In the herbage hiding,
Through the bushes sliding,
With the moving shadow?
Crowds of timid things,
Paws, and feet, and wings,
All through the boughs and bushy glade,
And o'er the clover meadow.

And gaze aloft, where riven
Through the parted heaven,
Cleaves a snowy stream;
Between its cloudy shores
A towering eagle soars,
To bathe in the first sunbeam;
And comes back to the mountains dun,
To tell them he has seen the sun.

Then the skies grow bold,
Fast the day mounts higher,
Forth, in cloudless glory,
Bursts the flashing fire!
And where the warm rays quiver,
On pool, and rill, and river,
Whirling, twirling, upward curling,
Vapoury columns music-rife,
Meeting, parting, backward darting,
Swarms the merry insect life.

Lone, the chanticleer
Crew reveillée long;
'Tis now his turn to hear
The world awake to song.

The flower that sings, as the sunlight clings
On the petal with finger of gold;
And the forest—that harp of a million strings,
And æolian melodies old!

While the voice of the springs in the mountain rings
The great keynote of the main,
And the light cloud flings from its shadowy wings
The laugh of the dancing rain.

Then the birds all pause on the blossoming haws,
As the drop on the branch they hear,
And the thunder, that awes—like a giant's applause—
The song it was given to cheer.

But the lark carols high in the light of the sky,
Where the portals of paradise glow;
The angels allure him so far to fly,
For envy of man below.

And the musical wail of the nightingale
Confesses a heavenly birth;
The last of the seraphim, haunting the vale
For love of a daughter of earth.

And the labourer's lay is enlivening day,
And the shepherd boy answering wild;
And the young at their play in the new-mown hay,
And the mother's sweet song to her child;

As if nature, intent to surpass all she lent
In the breath of the rose and the coo of the dove
To crown the great hymn of the universe sent—
HUMAN LOVE.

And a spirit glides before me,
Pointing to the moral true:
O my God, how I adore thee
When I walk thy wonders through,
Learning Spring's romantic story,
Or the Summer's tale of glory,
Or the Autumn's legend hoary,
Old as earth, yet ever new!

Nor is it sadder when the Winter
Lays his hand, though wet and cold,
On bough and blossom, grass and mould,
Saying, in his breathings deep—
Mortal, rest; and Nature, sleep;
But unto nought that liveth, weep!

But ever the loving hand of Heaven
Heals the wound that man has given;
Reptile, bird, and beast of prey,
From half the world are swept away—
Those who took the taint decay.
And ever the stream of Truth is flowing
And ever the seed of Peace is growing;
And ever a voice is stealing,
The gospel of Love revealing;
Flower and mountain, wave and wind,
Say—God is good; and God is kind;
He frowns at fear, and grief, and care,
And man's worst blasphemy, despair.
For joy is praise, and peace is prayer,
And Heaven is near, and Earth is bright,
And God is Love, and Life, and Light.

A PAUSE OF THOUGHT.

From an extinct periodical, called *the Germ*, to which some of the st rising spirits of our time were contributors.

I LOOKED for that which is not, nor can be,
And hope deferr'd made my heart sick, in truth;
But years must pass before a hope of youth
Is resigned utterly.

I watch'd and waited with a steadfast will:
And, though the object seem'd to flee away
That I so long'd for, ever, day by day,
I watch'd and waited still.

Sometimes I said,—"This thing shall be no more;
My expectation wearies and shall cease;
I will resign it now, and be at peace:"—
Yet never gave it o'er.

Sometimes I said,—"It is an empty name
I long for: to a name why should I give
The peace of all the days I have to live?"
Yet gave it all the same.

Alas! thou foolish one,—alike unfit
For healthy joy and salutary pain,
Thou knowest the chase useless, and again
Turnest to follow it.

MEETING AGAIN.

By Owen Meredith.

Yes; I remember the white rose. And since then the young ivy has grown;
From your window we could not reach it, and now it is over the stone.
We did not part as we meet, dear. Well, Time hath its own stern cures!
And Alice's eyes are deeper, and her hair has grown like yours.

Is our greeting all so strange then? But there's something here amiss,
When it is not well to speak kindly. And the olives are ripe by this.
I had not thought you so alter'd. But all is changed, God knows!
Good-night. It is night so soon now. Look there! you have dropp'd your rose.

Nay, I have one that is wither'd and dearer to me, I came
To say good-night, little Alice. She does not remember my name.
It is but the damp that is making my head and my heart ache so.
I never was strong in the old time, as the others were, you know.

And you'll sleep well, will you not, darling? The old words sound so dear!
'Tis the last time I shall use them; you need show neither anger nor fear.
It is well that you look so cheerful. And is time to smooth with you?
How foolish I am! Good-night, dear. And bid Alice good-night too.

THE VOICE OF DEPARTED FRIENDSHIP.

By Professor WILSON.

I HAD a friend who died in early youth!
And often in those melancholy dreams,
When my soul travels through the umbrage deep
That shades the silent world of memory,
Methinks I hear his voice! sweet as the breath
Of balmy ground-flowers, stealing from some spot
Of sunshine sacred, in a gloomy wood,
To everlasting spring.

In the churchyard
Where now he sleeps—the day before he died,
Silent we sat together on a grave;
Till gently laying his pale hand on mine,
Pale in the moonlight that was coldly sleeping
On heaving sod and marble monument,—
This was the music of his last farewell!
"Weep not, my brother! though thou seest me led
By short and easy stages, day by day,
With motion almost imperceptible
Into the quiet grave. God's will be done.
Even when a boy, in doleful solitude
My soul oft sate within the shadow of death!
And when I look'd along the laughing earth,
Up the blue heavens, and through the middle air
Joyfully ringing with the skylark's song,
I wept! and thought how sad for one so young
To bid farewell to so much happiness.
But Christ hath called me from this lower world,
Delightful though it be—and when I gaze
On the green earth and all its happy hills,
'Tis with such feelings as a man beholds
A little farm which he is doom'd to leave
On an appointed day. Still more and more
He loves it as that mournful day draws near,
But hath prepared his heart—and is resigned."
—Then lifting up his radiant eyes to heaven,
He said with fervent voice—"O what were life
Even in the warm and summer-light of joy
Without those hopes, that, like refreshing gales
At evening from the sea, come o'er the soul
Breathed from the ocean of eternity.

—And oh! without them who could bear the sto
That fall in roaring blackness o'er the waters
Of agitated life! Then hopes arise
All round our sinking souls like those fair birds
O'er whose soft plumes the tempest hath no powe
Waving their snow-white wings amid the darknes
And wiling us with gentle motion, on
To some calm island! on whose silvery strand
Dropping at once, they fold their silent pinions,—
And as we touch the shores of paradise
In love and beauty walk around our feet!"

LITTLE LILYBELL.

A delicious lyric by GERALD MASSEY.

WHEN unseen fingers part the leaves,
  To show us beauty's face,
And earth her breast of glory heaves,
  And glows from Spring's embrace;
When flowers on green and golden wings
  Float up—Life's sea doth swell
And flush a world of vernal things;
  Came little Lilybell!

And like a blessed bird of calm,
  Our love's sweet wants she still'd;
Made passion's fiery wine run balm,
  Life's glory half fulfill'd.
From dappled dawn to twinkling dark,
  Our witching Ariel
Moves through our heaven! O, like a lark
  Sings little Lilybell!

And she is fair—O, very fair!
  With eyes so like the dove;
And lightly leans her world of care
  Upon our arms of love!
It cannot be that ye will break
  The promise-tale ye tell;
Ye will not make such fond hearts ache,
  Our little Lilybell!

As on Life's stream her leaflets spread,
  And tremble in its flow,
We shudder lest the awful dead
  Pluck at her from below!
Breathe faint and low, ye winds that start;
  O stream, but softly swell;
Your every motion smites the heart
  For little Lilybell!

We tremble lest the Angel Death,
  Who comes to gather flowers
For Paradise, at her sweet breath
  Should fall in love with ours!
O, many a year may come and go,
  Ere from Life's mystic well
Such stream shall flow, such flower shall blow,
  As little Lilybell!

Ah, when her dear heart fills with fears,
  And aches with Love's sweet pain,
And pale cheeks burn through happy tears,
  Like red rose in the rain!
I marvel, sweet, if we shall see
  The sight, and say 'tis well,
When the Beloved calls for thee,
  Our dainty Lilybell?

How rich love made the lowly sod,
  Where such a flower hath blown!
O love, we love, and think that God
  Is such a love full-grown!
Dear God! that gave the blessed trust,
  Be near, that all be well;
And morn and eve bedew our dust,
  For love of Lilybell!

HALLOWED GROUND.

By Thomas Campbell.

What's hallow'd ground? Has earth a clod
Its Maker meant not should be trod
By man, the image of his God
Erect and free,
Unscourged by Superstition's rod
To bow the knee?

That's hallow'd ground—where, mourn'd and miss'd
The lips repose our love has kiss'd;
But where's their memory's mansion? Is't
Yon churchyard's bowers?
No! in ourselves their souls exist,
A part of ours.

A kiss can consecrate the ground
Where mated hearts are mutual bound:
The spot where love's first links were wound,
That ne'er are riven,
Is hallow'd down to earth's profound,
And up to heaven!

For time makes all but true love old;
The burning thoughts that then were told
Run molten still in memory's mould;
And will not cool,
Until the heart itself be cold
In Lethe's pool.

What hallows ground where heroes sleep?
'Tis not the sculptured piles you heap!
In dews that heavens far distant weep
Their turf may bloom;
Or Genii twine beneath the deep
Their coral tomb:

But strew his ashes to the wind
Whose sword or voice has served mankind—
And is he dead whose glorious mind
Lifts thine on high?
To live in hearts we leave behind,
Is not to die.

Is't death to fall for Freedom's right?
He's dead alone that lacks her light!
And murder sullies in Heaven's sight
The sword he draws:
What can alone ennoble fight?
A noble cause!

Give that! and welcome War to brace
Her drums! and rend Heaven's reeking space!
The colours planted face to face,
The charging cheer,
Though death's pale horse lead on the chase,
Shall still be dear.

And place our trophies where men kneel
To Heaven! but Heaven rebukes my zeal!
The cause of Truth and human weal,
O God above!
Transfer it from the sword's appeal
To Peace and Love.

Peace, Love! the cherubim, that join
Their spread wings o'er Devotion's shrine,
Prayers sound in vain, and temples shine,
Where they are not—
The heart alone can make divine
Religion's spot.

To incantations dost thou trust,
And pompous rites in domes august?
See mouldering stones and metal's rust
Belie the vaunt,
That men can bless one pile of dust
With chime or chaunt.

The ticking wood-worm mocks thee, man!
Thy temples—creeds themselves grow wan!
But there's a dome of nobler span,
A temple given
Thy faith, that bigots dare not ban—
Its space is Heaven!

Its roof star-pictured Nature's ceiling,
Where trancing the rapt spirit's feeling,
And God himself to man revealing,
The harmonious spheres
Make music, though unheard their pealing
By mortal ears.

Fair stars! are not your beings pure?
Can sin, can death your worlds obscure?
Else why so swell the thoughts at your
Aspect above?
Ye must be Heavens that make us sure
Of heavenly love!

And in your harmony sublime
I read the doom of distant time;
That man's regenerate soul from crime
Shall yet be drawn,
And reason on his mortal clime
Immortal dawn.

What's hallowed ground? 'Tis what gives birth
To sacred thoughts in souls of worth!
Peace! Independence! Truth! go forth
Earth's compass round:
And your high priesthood shall make earth
ALL HALLOWED GROUND.

Brilliants.

STUDY.

A. If I do this what further can I do?
B. Why, more than ever. Every task thou dost
Brings strength and capability to act.
He who doth climb the difficult mountain's top,
Will the next day outstrip an idler man.
Dip thy young brain in wise men's deep discourse,—
In books, which though they freeze thy wit awhile,
Will knit thee, i' the end, with wisdom.

BARRY CORNWALL

BREAD-FRUIT TREE.

The bread-tree, which, without the ploughshare, yields
The unreap'd harvest of unfurrow'd fields,
And bakes its unadulterated loaves
Without a furnace in unpurchased groves,
And flings off famine from its fertile breast,
A priceless market for the gathering guest.

BYRON.

ADAM'S DESCRIPTION OF EVE.

When I approach
Her loveliness, so absolute she seems
And in herself complete, so well to know
Her own, that what she wills to do or say,
Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best,
All higher knowledge in her presence falls
Degraded, wisdom, in discourse with her
Loses discountenanced, and like folly shows;
Authority and reason on her wait,
As one intended first, not after made
Occasionally; and to consummate all,
Greatness of mind, and nobleness their seat
Build in her loveliest, and create an awe
About her, as a guard angelic placed.

MILTON.

PASSION.

Now, what a sullen-blooded fool was this,
At sulks with earth and Heaven! Could he not
Out-weep his passion like a blustering day,
And be clear-skied thereafter?

ALEXANDER SMITH.

THE LARK.

Light from the sod the lark exulting springs,
Joy tunes his voice and animates his wings:
Bard of the blushing dawn, to him are given
Earth's choicest verdure, and the midway heaven:
Hark! the glad strains that charm our wond'ring ears
As upward still the minstrel fearless steers,
'Till wide careering through the solar stream
A speck, he wanders on the morning beam.

CARRINGTON.

A DUTCH GIRL SKATING.

Now straight in course as star that shoots
By night down Autumn skies serene,
Now like a swallow at its play,

* * * * *

The maiden takes her homeward way.
Her young face glows, her eye is bright,
Her limbs are full of one delight;
From parted lips the happy breath
Before her floats in silvery wreath.
She meets the wind in joy and pride,
Like one that swims against the tide;
She meets the wind—abroad she flings
Her heart and soul upon its wings.

Mrs. HINXMA

MUSIC.

Now Music feedeth on the silent air,—
Like Ocean, who upon the moonlight shores
Of lone Sigæum, steals with murmuring noise,—
Devouring the bright sands and purple slopes,
And so, content, retires:—yet music leaves
Her soul upon the silence, and our hearts
Hear, and for ever hoard those golden sounds,
And reproduce them sweet in after hours.

BARRY CORNWAL

CHILDHOOD.

In my poor mind it is most sweet to muse
Upon the days gone by—to act in thought
Past seasons o'er, and be again a child.
To sit, in fancy, on the turf-clad slope,
Down which the child would roll,
To pluck gay flowers;—
Make posies in the sun, which the child's hand
(Childhood offended soon, soon reconcil'd)
Would throw away, and straight take up again,
Then fling them to the winds; and up the lawn
Bound, with so playful and so light a step,
That the press'd daisy scarce declined her head.

CHARLES LAMI

THE LOST WIFE.

By J. F. MURRAY, a name unknown to us, but worthy of being tter known.

LONE, by my solitary hearth,
Whence peace hath fled,
And home-like joys and innocent mirth
Are banished;
Silent and sad, I linger to recall
The memory of all
In thee, dear partner of my cares, I lost;
'ares, shared with thee, more sweet than joys the world
can boast.

My home—why did I say my home!
Now have I none,
Unless thou from the grave again couldst come,
Beloved one!
My home was in thy trusting heart,
Where'er thou wert;
My happy home in thy confiding breast,
Vhere my worn spirit refuge found and rest.

I know not if thou wast most fair
And best of womankind;
Or whether earth yet beareth fruits more rare
Of heart and mind;
To ME, I know, thou wert the fairest,
Kindest, dearest,
That heaven to man in mercy ever gave,
And more than man from heaven deserved to have.

Never from thee, sweet wife,
Came word or look awry,
Nor peacock pride, nor sullen fit, nor strife
For mastery:
Calm and controlled thy spirit was, and sure
So to endure:
My friend, protectress, guide, whose gentle will
Compelled my good, withholding from me ill.

No art of selfishness
Thy generous nature knew;
Thy life all love, thy bliss the power to bles
Constant and true,
Content, if to thy lot the world should brin
Enduring suffering;
Unhappy, if permitted but to share
Part of my griefs, wouldst both our burthens bear.

My joy, my solace, and my pride
I found thee still:
Whatever change our fortunes might betide
Of good or ill,
Worthier I was life's blessing to receive
While thou didst live;
All that I had of good in others' sight,
Reflected shone thy virtue's borrowed light.

The lute unstrung—the meals in silence ate
We wont to share;
The widowed bed—the chamber desolate,
Thou art not there;
The tear at parting, and the greeting kiss,
Who would not miss?
Endearments fond, and solaced hours, and
The important trivial things men comfort call.

Oh! mayst thou, if permitted, from above
The starry sphere,
Encompass me with ever-during love,
As thou didst here:
Still be my guardian spirit, lest I be
Unworthy thee;
Still, as on earth, thy grace celestial give,
So guide my life as thou wouldst have me live.

AN ENIGMA.

Another by W. M. PRAED—many having been already placed in his collection.

ALAS! for that forgotten day
  When Chivalry was nourish'd,
When none but friars learn'd to pray,
  And beef and beauty flourish'd!
And fraud in kings was held accurst,
  And falsehood sin was reckon'd,
And mighty chargers bore my first,
  And fat monks wore my second!

Oh, then I carried sword and shield,
  And casque with flaunting feather,
And earned my spurs in battle field,
  In winter and rough weather;
And polish'd many a sonnet up
  To ladies' eyes and tresses,
And learn'd to drain my father's cup,
  And loose my falcon's jesses:

But dim is now my grandeur's gleam;
  The mongrel mob grows prouder;
And everything is done by steam,
  And men are killed by powder;
And now I feel my swift decay,
  And give unheeded orders,
And rot in paltry state away,
  With sheriffs and recorders.

CHRISTABEL.

Dr. MAGINN was the author of this very clever parody on Coleridge's famous poem. It professes to be the continuation of that mystical fragment; the third part, for which the lovers of poetry have sighed. It was published in *Blackwood's Magazine*, and well deserves place here.

INTRODUCTION.

LISTEN! ye know that I am mad,
  And ye will listen!—wizard dreams
  Were with me!—all is true that seems!—
From dreams alone can truth be had—

In dreams divinest lore is taught,
For the eye, no more distraught,
Rests most calmly, and the ear,
  Of sound unconscious, may apply
Its attributes unknown, to hear
    The music of philosophy;
Thus am I wisest in my sleep,
For thoughts and things, which daylight brings,
  Come to the spirit sad and single,
But verse and prose, and joys and woes,
    Inextricably mingle
When the hush'd frame is silent in repose!
Twilight and moonlight, mist and storm,
Black night, and fire-eyed hurricane,
And crested lightning, and the snows
That mock the sunbeam, and the rain .
Which bounds on earth with big drops warm,
All are round me while I spell
The legend of sweet Christabel!

CHRISTABEL.—PART THIRD.

Nine moons have wax'd, and the tenth, in its wane,
Sees Christabel struggle in unknown pain!
——For many moons was her eye less bright,
For many moons was her vest more tight.
And her cheek was pale, save when, with a start,
The life-blood came from the panting heart,
And fluttering, o'er that thin fair face
Past with a rapid nameless pace,
And at moments a big tear fill'd the eye,
And at moments a short and smother'd sigh
Swell'd her breast with sudden strain,
Breathed half in grief, and half in pain,
For her's are pangs, on the rack that wind
The outward frame and the inward mind.
——And when at night she did visit the oak,
She wore the Baron's scarlet cloak
(That cloak which, happy to hear and to tell,
Was lined with the fur of the leopard well),
And as she wander'd down the dell
None said 'twas the lady Christabel.—
Some thought 'twas a weird and ugsome elf,
Some deem'd 'twas the sick old Baron himself

Who wander'd beneath the snowy lift
To count his beads in solemn shrift—
(For his shape below was wide to see
All bloated with the hydropsie).
Oh! had her old father the secret known,
He had stood as stark as the statue of stone
That stands so silent, and white, and tall,
At the upper end of his banquet hall!

Am I aleep or am I awake?
In very truth I oft mistake,
As the stories of old come over my brain,
And I build in spirit the mystic strain:—
Ah! would to the Virgin that I were asleep!
But I must wake, and I must weep!
Sweet Christabel, it is not well
That a lady pure as the sunless snow
That lies so oft on the mountain's brow,
That a maiden of sinless chastity
In childbirth pangs should be doom'd to die!
Or live with a name of sorrow and shame,
And hear the words of blemish and blame!
——For the world that smiles at the guilt of man,
Places woman beneath its ban;
Alas, that scandal thus should wreak
Its vengeance on the warm and weak,
That the arrows of the cold and dull
Should wound the breast of the beautiful!

Of the things that be, did we know but half,
Many, and many would weep, who laugh!
Tears would darken many an eye,
Or that deeper grief (when its orb is dry,
When it cannot dare the eye of day),
O'er the clouded heart would stray
Till it crumbled like desert dust away!
But here we meet with grief and grudge,
And they who cannot know us, judge!
Thus souls on whom good angels smile,
Are scoff'd at in our world of guile—
Let this, ladie, thy comfort be;
Man knows not us, good angels know
The things that pass in the world below;

And scarce, methinks, it seems unjust,
That the world should view thee with mistrust,
For who that saw that child of thine,
Pale Christabel, who could divine
That its sire was the Ladie Geraldine?

But in I rush, with too swift a gale,
Into the ocean of my tale!
Not yet, young Christabel, I ween,
Of her babe hath lighter been.
—'Tis the month of the snow and the blast,
And the days of Christmas mirth are past,
When the oak-roots heap'd on the hearth blazed bri
Casting a broad and dusky light
On the shadowy forms of the warriors old,
Who stared from the wall, most grim to behold—
On shields where the spider his tapestry weaves,
On the holly boughs and the ivy leaves,
The few green glories that still remain
To mock the storm and welcome the rain,
Brighter and livelier, 'mid tempest and shower,
Like a hero in the battle hour!—
Brave emblems o'er the winter hearth,
They cheer'd our fathers' hours of mirth!—

Twelve solar months complete and clear
The magic circle of the year!
Each (the ancient riddle saith)
Children, two times thirty, hath!
Three times ten are fair and white,
Three times ten are black as night,
Three times ten hath Hecaté,
Three times ten the God of day;
Thus spoke the old hierophant
(I saw her big breast swelling pant),
What time I dream'd in ghostly wise
Of Eleusinian mysteries,
For I am the hierarch
Of the mystical and dark—
And now, if I rightly do spell
Of the Lady Christabel,
She hates the three times ten so white,
And sickens in their searching light,

And woe is hers—alas! alack!
She hates the three times ten so black,
As a mastiff bitch doth bark,
I hear her moaning in the dark!

'Tis the month of January,
Why, lovely maiden, light and airy,
While the moon can scarcely glow,
Thro' the plumes of falling snow,
While the moss upon the bark
Is wither'd all, and damp, and dark,
While cold above the stars in doubt
Look dull, and scarcely will stay out,
While the snow is heavy on beechen bower
And hides its namesake, the snow-drop flower,
Why walk forth thus mysteriously!
Dear girl, I ask thee seriously.
Thy cheek is pale, thy looks are wild—
Ah, think, how big thou art with child!
Tho' the baron's red cloak thro' the land hath no fellow,
Thou should'st not thus venture without an umbrella!

Dost thou wander to the field of graves
Where the elder its spectral branches weaves;
And will thy hurried footsteps halt
Where thy mother sleeps in the silent vault?
Where the stranger pauses long to explore
The emblems quaint of heraldic lore,
Where, though the lines are tarnish'd and dim,
Thy mother's features stare gaunt and grim,
And grinning skull, and transverse bone,
And the names of warriors dead and gone,
Mark Sir Leoline's burial stone;
Thither go not, or I deem almost
That thou wilt frighten thy mother's ghost!
Or wilt thou wend to the huge oak-tree,
And, kneeling down upon thy knee,
Number the beads of thy rosary?
Nine beads of gold and a tenth of pearl,
And a prayer with each, my lovely girl,
Nine, and one, shalt thou record,
Nine to the Virgin and one to the Lord!
The pearls are ten times one to behold,
And ten times nine are the beads of gold,

Methinks 'tis hard of the friar to ask
On a night like this so weary a task!
'Tis pleasant—'tis pleasant, in summer time,
In the greenwood to spell the storied rhyme,
When the light winds above 'mong the light leaves
singing,
And the song of the birds through your heart is ringi
'Tis pleasant—'tis pleasant, when happily humming
To the flowers below the blithe bee is coming!—
When the rivulet coy, and ashamed to be seen,
Is heard where it hides 'mong the grass blades green,
When the light of the moon and each sweet starry isl
Gives a charm more divine to the long summer twilig
When the breeze o'er the blossomy hawthorn co
cheerful,
'Tis pleasant—with heart—ah, how happy!—tho
fearful,
With heaven-beaming eyes, where tears come while su
glisten
To the lover's low vows in the silence to listen!
'Tis pleasant too, on a fine spring day
(A month before the month of May)
To pray for a lover that's far away!
But, Christabel, I cannot see
The powerful cause that sways with thee
Thus, with a face all waxen white
To wander forth on a winter night.

The snow hath ceased, dear lady meek,
But the night is chill and bleak!—
And clouds are passing swift away
Below the moon so old and gray—
The crescent moon, like a bark of pearl,
That lies so calm on the billowy whirl;—
Rapidly—rapidly
With the blast,
Clouds of ebony
Wander fast,
And one the maiden hath fix'd her eyes on,
Hath pass'd o'er the moon and is near the horizon!
Ah, Christabel, I dread it, I dread it,
That the clouds of shame
Will darken and gather
O'er the maiden's name,

Who chances unwedded
To give birth to a child, and knows not its father!
One—two—three—four—five—six—seven—eight—nine
—ten—eleven!—
Tempest or calm—moonshine or shower,
The castle clock still tolls the hour,
And the cock awakens, and echoes the sound,
And is answer'd by the owls around—
And at every measured tone
You may hear the old Baron grunt and groan;
'Tis a thing of wonder, of fright, and fear,
The mastiff bitches' moans to hear—
And the aged cow in her stall that stands
And is milk'd each morning by female hands.
(That the Baron's breakfast of milk and bread
May be brought betimes to the old man's bed,
Who often gives, while he is dressing,
His Christabel a father's blessing.)
That aged cow, as each stroke sounds slow,
Answers it with a plaintive low!
And the Baron old, who is ill at rest,
Curses the favourite cat for a pest—
For let him pray, or let him weep,
She mews through all the hours of sleep—
Till morning comes with its pleasant beams,
And the cat is at rest and the Baron dreams.
Let it rain however fast,
Rest from rain will come at last,
And the blaze that strongest flashes
Sinks at last, and ends in ashes!
But sorrow from the human heart
And mists of care, will they depart?
I know not, and I cannot tell,
Saith the Lady Christabel—
But I feel my bosom swell!
In my spirit I behold
A lady—call her firm not bold—
Standing lonely by the burn;
Strange feelings through her breast and brain
Shoot with a sense of madness and pain.
Ah, Christabel, return, return,
Let me not call on thee in vain!
Think, lady dear, if thou art drown'd
That thy body will be *found*,

What anguish will thy spirit feel,
When it must to all reveal
What the spell binds thee to conceal!
How the Baron's heart will knock 'gainst his chest
When the stake is driven into thy breast,
When thy body to dust shall be carelessly flung,
And over the dead no dirge be sung,
No friend in mourning vesture dight,
No lykewake sad—no taper'd rite!—

Return, return, thy home to bless,
Daughter of good Sir Leoline;
In that chamber a recess
Known to no other eye than thine,
Contains the powerful wild-flower wine
That often cheer'd thy mother's heart;
Lady, lovely as thou art,
Return, and ere thou dost undress
And lie down in thy nakedness,
Repair to thy secret and favourite haunt
And drink the wine as thou art wont!
Hard to uncork and bright to decant.

My merry girl—she drinks—she drinks,
Faster she drinks, and faster;
My brain reels round as I see her whirl,
She hath turn'd on her heel with a sudden twirl;
Wine, wine, is a cure for every disaster,
For when sorrow wets the eye
Yet the heart within is dry,
Sweet maid upon the bed she sinks—
May her dreams be light, and her rest be deep,
Good angels guard her in her sleep!

LONGING.

From *Poems* by A. (query, Matthew Arnold?) published by Fell

Come to me in my dreams, and then
By day I shall be well again:
For then the night will more than pay
The hopeless longing of the day.

Come, as thou cam'st a thousand times,
A messenger from radiant climes,
And smile on thy new world, and be
As kind to all the rest as me.

Or as thou never canst in sooth
Come now, and let me dream it truth,
And part my hair, and kiss my brow,
And say—my love! why sufferest thou?

Come to me in my dreams, and then
By day I shall be well again:
For then the night will more than pay
The hopeless longing of the day.

THE FALLING STARS.

One of BERANGER's beautiful Songs very neatly translated by Mr. Friswell.

SHEPHERD! thou sayest each has a star
  Which guides our lives and lights the skies.
Yes, child, but in its sable veil
  The night obscures them from our eyes.
Since, shepherd, of that sky serene,
  To read the secrets, thee 'tis given,
What is that star which brightly shines,
  Then falls for ever from the heaven?

My child! a mortal being expires,
  His course the star is downward winging;
'Midst friends, whom mirth and wine inspires,
  He died; whilst gaily singing,
He drank his fill, and soundly sleeps,
  And in this world will waken never.
——"Again another star outshines,
  Sparkles and shines, and falls for ever."

My child! this one, so pure, and bright,
  Watch'd o'er a being as pure and fair,
Good daughter, constant mistress she,
  And blest with lover true and rare;

Sweet nuptial-flowers her brow entwine,
  From all she is about to sever.
——"Again another star outshines,
  Sparkles and shines, and falls for ever."

My child! the course of this is short,
  Some haughty lordling newly-born,
The empty cradle which he leaves
  With gold and purple they adorn;
The flattering lie, the abject whine,
  The food on which he'd fatten ever.
——"Again another star outshines,
  Sparkles and shines, and drops for ever."

Yes, child, and what a lurid light!
  A minister who thought it great,
When favourite of a king, to laugh
  At the sore evils of the State;
His portrait even now they hide,
  Poor fragile god! 'gain thought of never!
——"Again another star outshines,
  Sparkles and shines, and drops for ever."

My child! hot tears should stain our cheek;
  One rich, who loved his poorer brothers,
Now dies. Want there full harvest made,
  Yet glean'd but scantily with others;
Sure of a home, this very eve
  A poor man sought the generous giver.
——"Again another star outshines,
  Sparkles and shines, then drops for ever."

Some mighty monarch leaves his land;
  Go, son, your innocence preserve,
So that if neither bright nor grand
  Your star, from virtue you ne'er swerve,
If else, you uselessly but shine;
  And when thou diest, though great, rich, clever,
They'll say 'twas but a falling star,
  Which sparkled, shone, and fell for ever!

THE DESERTED CASTLE.

A passage in LONGFELLOW'S *Golden Legend.*

How sad the grim old castle looks!
O'erhead, the unmolested rooks,
Upon the turret's windy top,
Sit, talking of the farmer's crop;
Here in the court-yard springs the grass,
So few are now the feet that pass;
The stately peacocks, bolder grown,
Come hopping down the steps of stone,
As if the castle were their own;
And I, the poor old seneschal,
Haunt, like a ghost, the banquet-hall.

Alas! the merry guests no more
Crowd through the hospitable door;
No eyes with youth and passion shine;
No cheeks grow redder than the wine;
No song, no laugh, no jovial dim
Of drinking wassail to the pin;
But all is silent, sad and drear,
And now the only sounds I hear
Are the hoarse rooks upon the walls,
And horses stamping in their stalls.

TO MARGUERITE.

From *Poems*, by A. (Fellowes.)

YES; in the sea of life enisled,
With echoing straits between us thrown,
Dotting the shoreless watery wild
We mortal millions live alone,
The islands feel the enclasping flow,
And then their endless bounds they know.

But when the moon their hollows lights,
And they are swept by balms of spring,
And in their glens, on starry nights,
The nightingales divinely sing;
And lovely notes, from shore to shore,
Across the sounds and channels pour;

Oh! then a longing like despair
  Is to their farthest caverns sent;
For surely once, they feel we were
  Parts of a single continent.
Now round us spread the watery plain—
Oh! might our marges meet again!

Who order'd that their longing's fire
  Should be, as soon as kindled, cool'd?
Who renders vain their deep desire?
  A God, a God, their severance ruled:
And bade betwixt their shores to be
The unplumb'd, salt, estranging sea.

ELEGY ON WILLIAM COBBETT.

By Ebenezer Elliott.

Oh, bear him where the rain can fall,
  And where the winds can blow!
And let the sun weep o'er his pall,
  As to the grave ye go.

And in some little lone churchyard,
  Beside the growing corn,
Lay gentle Nature's stern prose-bard,
  Her mightiest peasant-born!

Yes, let the wild flower wed his grave,
  That bees may murmur near,
When o'er his last home bend the brave,
  And say, "A man lies here."

For Briton's honour Cobbett's name,
  Though rashly oft he spoke;
And none can scorn, and few will blame,
  The low-laid heart of oak.

See, o'er his prostrate branches, see,
  E'en factious hate consents
To reverence, in the fallen tree,
  His British lineaments!

Though gnarl'd the storm-toss'd boughs that braved
  The thunder's gather'd scowl,
Not always through his darkness raved
  The storm-winds of the soul.

Oh, no! in hours of golden calm,
  Morn met his forehead bold;
And breezy evening sung her psalm
  Beneath his dew-dropp'd gold.

The wren its crest of fibred fire
  With his rich bronze compared,
While many a youngling's songful sire
  His acorn twiglets shared.

The lark above sweet tribute paid,
  Where clouds with light were riven;
And true love sought his blue-belled shade,
  "To bless the hour of heaven."

E'en when his stormy voice was loud,
  And guilt quaked at the sound,
Beneath the frown that shook the proud,
  The poor a shelter found.

Dead oak, thou liv'st! Thy smitten hands,
  The thunder of thy brow,
Speak, with strange tongues, in many lands,
  And tyrants hear thee now!

Beneath the shadow of thy name,
  Inspired by thy renown,
Shall future patriots rise to fame,
  And many a sun go down.

OCTOBER.

Taken from *The Farmer's Almanac*, where it appeared anonyr

THE wind it singeth loudly,
  The wind it singeth long,
Of the far away blue mountain,
  And the storm-cloud in its song.

It telleth of the ice and snow
  On Hecla's rugged mound,
It boasteth of the wave it raised,
  As it sped the wide world round.

Where it listeth, there it bloweth,
  The wilful, wayward wind:
Whence it cometh, where it goeth,
  And its dwelling who shall find?

It whistleth, it crieth,
  As begging it would say,
"Oh! let me in to rest my wing
  Ere I haste upon my way."

"Away! I cannot let thee in,
  Thou weary, wailing child;
Seek thy father, seek thy mother,
  Seek thy home upon the wild."

"I have no home, I have no sire,
  I am a lonely thing;
Let me in, I'll rouse your drowsy fire,
  Or strike your wild harp string."

"No, no! the night is dark and cold,
  The snow-drift's at the door;
Away, away! thou art too bold,
  Go chase the wide world o'er."

Where it listeth, there it bloweth,
  The wilful, wayward wind;
Whence it cometh, where it goeth,
  And its dwelling who shall find?

MARCUS CURTIUS, THE HONEST LAWYER.

A LAY OF ANCIENT ROME.

r this exquisite bit of humour, we are indebted to the *Salem ld*, an American newspaper, where it appeared signed, "Edgar ." Can it be the production of Edgar Allan Poe? if so, it forms king contrast to "The Raven."

r hear how Marcus Curtius, that lawyer true and bold,
l bravely for his country in the brave days of old?
r by Justinian's Institutes and his green baize bag he swore,
; the only honest lawyer could live in Rome no more?
none could be more honest, in life and death, than he
› cheated but the sexton, and saved the burial fee.

lawyers in the Forum are squabbling loud and long,
the wonder of their clients, confounding right and wrong;
›wned, bewigged, bewildered, each judge the clamour hears,
Justice, blind already, would fain have stopp'd her ears.

ow the wordy contest grew hotter still and hotter,
desks, the books, the benches, began to quake and totter;
they heard a sound like thunder, a horrid, dreary sound,
hough all the powers of evil danced the polka under ground.

lawyers through their spectacles look'd with a stony glare,
the crier stammer'd out, "O yes!" and whisper'd through a prayer.
e of the judges fainted, and there for dead they lay;
the jury snatch'd their solidi, and fleetly ran away.

now—O sight of wonder!—with a stifling smell of sulph-
n the middle Forum, there gaped a hideous gulf:
ılf as black as midnight, or "best Japan," I trow,
a voice came howling, hissing up, like a thousand whirlwinds now:

"This gulf will close—no never! till in Rom
thing,
The rarest and most wondrous, a sacrifice you b

O! great was the lamenting when these fearful
known,
The mothers weep and wring their hands, the
groan, "Ochone;"
And the little boys no longer their flying hoops
Nor chaunt of "Ole Virginny," as they were w

And the men in moody silence pace slowly to ar
With pallid lip, and frowning brow, and cou
woe;
And the Fathers of the City—the Aldermen an
Are met in solemn council, with a grave and pu

Then uprises Lucius Cimber, a grocer proud wa
Who traded first with China, in Twankay and I
And in accents slow and solemn, thus the
advised—
"Let's try and fill the hole up with stones maca

And they listen'd to his counsel, and with shov
spade,
They adjourn'd unto the Forum, and aside thei
And then all in their shirt-sleeves they work'd
and main—
Patrician and Plebeian alike they work'd in vai
For though a thousand cart-loads into the gulf
Instead of getting shallower it deep and deeper

And now a frenzied client who had lost his all t
Seized "Selwyn's Nisi Prius" from the book-
it lay:
And in the hole he dash'd it, with a howl of ma
And wish'd all law and lawyers at the bottom of
And, fired by his example, the crowd seized, on
On "Chitty," and on "Starky," and on "Cok
ton."
On Bacon's whole Abridgment, with tooth an
fell,
And where they wish'd those authors, 'twere n
tell.

In vain the poor librarian, while tears ran down his cheek,
Strove to bend them from their purpose—not a word they'd
hear him speak.
And the ven'rable Chief Justice, like Lord Mansfield at the
fire,
Not caring to remonstrate, thought it prudent to retire.
So they rifled all the library of ev'ry book they saw,
Yet the gulf but yawned the wider for all that dose of
law.

Then from that mix'd assembly a seedy-looking gent
(He pays not much for mending, who cannot pay his *rent*),
With an old coat all in tatters, and a hat without a brim,
Stalk'd proudly from the multitude, who, curious, gazed on
him.

"My name is Marcus Curtius! a Roman knight am I,—
And eke a learned counsellor, but, alas! I cannot lie!
I've gone upon the Circuit,—there came no briefs to me;
I ne'er address'd a jury, ne'er pocketed a fee.
Alas! mistaken parents, to bind me to the law!
I have no natural cunning to make or find a flaw.
He who'd sit upon a woolsack must be ne'er with conscience
cursed,
And for *wool* to fill the cushion, he must take to *fleecing*
first.
Then behold in me, O Romans! what the oracle demands,
The thing in Rome that's rarest, a lawyer with clean hands.
A truly honest lawyer, with a feeling tender soul,
Which, witness this my garment—a tongue's in ev'ry hole.
For the good of thee, my country, I die a true-blue Tory,
For 'Dulce et decorum, est pro patria mori!'"
He said, and on the lawyers he turn'd a kindling eye,
As away on all sides slinking, not one dared make reply.
Then smiling sad but calmly, he cried, "Good Charon,
hark!
I'm too poor to pay the obolus for crossing in your bark;
But I know that you will trust me; so now, my friends,
'good bye,'
I'll trouble not the coroner, a natural death I die;
A natural death for Curtius, who might have been so
rich,
But he was an *honest* lawyer, so he perish'd in a ditch."

He said, and threw a summerset into that dreary vat—
Head-foremost, like a thunder-bolt down went the bri
hat;
Down went the brimless beaver full many a fathom de
And the women took hysterics, and the men bega
weep.
When they dash'd away the tear-drops, and look'd al
again,
Where that gulf had late been yawning, there lay a
plain.

And they rear'd a marble tombstone on the spot whe
had died,
And, in letters carved and gilded, was inscribed on e
side,—

Here . Marcus . Curtius . lyes .
Ye . onlye . honeste . Lawyerre . hee .
Who . neverre . pocketedde . a . fee .
Anno . aetatis . xxxiii .
Hee . telle . with . muche . philosophye .
Forre . Rome . a . sacrifice .

And with weeping and lamenting still is the story told,
How Curtius kick'd the bucket in the brave days of ol

THE PEN AND THE PRESS.

By John C. Prince, the Artizan poet.

Young genius walk'd out by the mountains and stream
Entranced by the power of his own pleasant dreams,
Till the silent, the wayward, the wandering thing,
Found a plume that had fallen from a passing bird's wi
Exulting and proud, like a boy at his play,
He bore the new prize to his dwelling away;
He gazed for awhile on its beauties, and then
He cut it, and shaped it, and call'd it a pen.

s magical use he discover'd not yet,
e dipp'd its bright lips in a fountain of jet;
oh! what a glorious thing it became,
; spoke to the world in a language of flame;
; its master wrote on like a being inspired,
ıe hearts of the millions were melted or fired;
ne as a boon and a blessing to men,
eaceful, the pure, the victorious pen!

g genius went forth on his rambles once more,
ast sunless caverns of earth to explore;
arch'd the rude rock, and with rapture he found
stance unknown, which he brought from the ground;
sed it with fire, and rejoiced at the change,
moulded the ore into characters strange,
is thoughts and his efforts were crown'd with success,
n engine uprose, and he call'd it the press.

en and the press, blest alliance! combined
ften the heart and enlighten the mind;
ıat to the treasures of knowledge gave birth,
his sent them forth to the ends of the earth;
battles for truth were triumphant indeed,
he rod of the tyrant was snapp'd like a reed;
were made to exalt us, to teach us, to bless,
invincible brothers, the pen and the press!

THE WINNOWER.

By Thomas Buchanan Read, a poet of America.

Sings a maiden by a river,
Sings and sighs alternately;
In my heart shall flow for ever,
Like a stream, her melody.
'Midst her hair of flaxen hue
Tend'rest buds and blossoms teem;
And her beauty glows as through
Hazy splendours of a dream.
Like her melody's rich bars,
Or a golden flood of stars,

Rustling like a summer rain,
Through her fingers falls the grain;
Swells her voice in such sweet measure
I must join for very pleasure;
But my lay shall be of her,
Bright and lovely Winnower!

When her song to laughter merges,
  Melts the music of her tongue,
Like the voice of silver surges
  Over golden pebbles flung.
From her hands the grainless chaff
  On the light wind dances free;
But a sigh will check her laugh,—
  "So much worthlessness, ah me,
Mingles with the good!" saith she.
Yet the grain is fair to see.
Laughter, like some sweet surprise,
Lights again her dewy eyes,
And her song hath drown'd her sighs;
Therefore will I sing of her,
Bright and lovely Winnower!

Down beside as fair a river
  Sings the maiden, Poesy,
In my heart shall flow for ever
  Her undying melody.
Through her rosy fingers fall
  Golden grains of richest thought;
But the grainless chaff is all
  By the scatt'ring breezes caught:
"So much worthlessness, ah me,
Mingles with the good!" saith she.
Yet the grain is bright to see,
Therefore laughs she merrily—
Laughs and sings in such sweet measure,
I must join for very pleasure;
While my heart keeps time with her,
I will praise the Winnower!

NORWAY.

A famous Norwegian ballad, admirably translated by EDWARD ENEALEY.

NORWAY lies high in the north,
  Full of bears, and white with snow,
Its mountains rise aloft from the earth,
  And from their peaks the eagles go.
Wildly whistle the northern blasts,
  Through the fir-tree tops so brown,
And from the giant cliffs on high,
  Tumble the boiling torrents down.

Norway is a glorious land,
  Full of honour, and full of might,
Freedom the badge of its ruling men,
  The laws its people all unite:
No cheats are there, no sneaking knaves,
  Nor slothful drones, but earnest bands,
Firm as the mountain oak in heart,
  True as the steel that arms their hands.

Norway is a glorious ground;—
  We dream of our olden men of might,
We think of the wondrous antique days,
  When the stars and our fires are bright.
Saga high the heroic lays
  Of knight, and dame, and champion, tells;
And oh! what old ancestral pride,
  The valiant Northmen's bosom swells.

Norway lies high in the north,
  Yet fair and fresh its roses glow;
And over its green and healthy soil,
  The sweetest winds of heaven blow,
Its silver brooks in beauty play,
  Through forest and grassy mead and dale,
Its corn fields wave, its jocund herds
  Wander at will o'er hill and vale.

But it is not the beautiful only lives
  In this happy land, but the wild sublime,
Torrent, and chasm, and mountains hoar,
  Are there from the oldest olden time;—

Old free Norway! hail, oh, hail!
  Hail in the South, and hail in the North,
In mighty mount, and in humble vale,
  Our Norsemen—sons of truth and worth.

JOURNEY TO CALIFORNIA.

From a volume entitled *Reverberations*, published anonymously.

So now the Golden Age is come,
  The golden country lies before us,
We leave the plough, we quit the loom,
  And merrily we chant in chorus,
  "The golden country lies before us."

Away! away! across the sea,
  Through forests vast and wild Savannah,
With fearless heart and footsteps free,
  And fed with joy's celestial manna,
  We cross the lone and wild Savannah.

Away! away! our hope burns bright,
  The golden country lies before us,
Nor rest by day, nor sleep by night,
  But forward still and chant in chorus,
  "The golden country lies before us."

We travel through a lordly land,
  A land of Dream, a realm of Fairy,
Here shine white lakes, and near them stand
  Tall trees of graceful shape and airy,
  All mirror'd in those lakes of Fairy.

A marble city rises here,
  A golden country gleams before us,
Soft lawns, delicious shades appear—
  Yet linger not, but chant in chorus,
  "The golden country lies before us."

Nay! in this world of rich romance,
  One minute, but one minute linger,
See sunny domes and columns glance,
  Beneath the morning's rosy finger,
  They fade—but yet one moment linger.

Ah no! ah no! we may not stay,
  A golden country lies before us,
This fairy dreamwork fades away,
  Like youth and love—then chant in chorus,
  "The golden country lies before us."

Yes, we have left the enchanted ground
  Of dream and delicate illusion,
But see what flowers are blooming round,
  And wooing us with bright profusion.
  One moment stay—'tis no illusion.

O never care for idle flowers,
  The golden country lies before us;
Leave poetry for boys, be ours
  The truth of life; and chant in chorus,
  "The golden country lies before us."

We leave the sunflower with the sun,
  The torch-flower burning by the river,
The trumpet-flower to wear alone
  His blue and scarlet robe for ever,
  We cross the plain, we ford the river.

Ah now! ah now! the mountains rise,
  The golden country gleams before us,
The wealthy man alone is wise,
  Is king of men—then chant in chorus,
  "The golden country lies before us."

Ah stay! behold those seven small lakes,
  Beneath enamour'd woodlands shining,
Mid rustling leaves the breeze awakes,
  The bright moss, with an emerald lining,
  Clothes pine and cedar, rustling, shining.

The hills—the lakes—the flowers are gone,
  The golden country gleams before us,
Youth's visions faded one by one,
  The man is wise; and thus, in chorus,
  We chant the golden land before us.

Is this your promised land? Is this
  The wealth, the wisdom that you proffer?
Is this your sober, waking bliss?
  Is this the sceptre that you offer?
  Take hence the throne—the crown ye proffer

Amid red rock and desert sand,
  The golden country lies before us,
Famine and hunger hand in hand,
  Behind us death, the judgment o'er us,
  The golden country gleams before us.

We left the still pure land of dreams,
  The fairy world of art and beauty,
Of love and faith, where sunny gleams,
  Colour and warm the waste of duty,
  And half transfigure it with beauty.

Ah! this is not the world we sought,
  No golden country gleams before us,
O give us back our lofty thought,
  Our faith, our God, our heaven restore us—
  There gleams no golden land before us.

But courage! let us love the true,
  Accept as God's best gift the real,
Not only should we think, but do;
  Life blossoms now with the ideal,
  And our romance shall be the real.

Ah yes! ah yes! we see it all,
  A golden country gleams before us,
God still is God, whate'er befall,
  Flowers bloom below, stars radiate o'er us,
  There gleams a golden land before us.

Above the mist, above the cloud,
  Above the darkness and the thunder,
While storms are roaring, wild and loud,
  Calm shines a world of awe and wonder,
  And there is silence o'er the thunder.

Then, O my brothers, trust and love,
A golden country lies before us,
With man around us, God above,
And truth and beauty doming o'er us,
A golden country gleams before us.

CURIOSITY.

From *Pride shall have a Fall*, a Comedy, by the Rev. Dr. CROLY.

CURIOSITY!
True, lady, by the roses on those lips,
Both man and woman would find life a waste
But for the cunning of—CURIOSITY!
She's the world's witch, and through the world she runs,
The merriest masker underneath the moon!
To beauties, languid from the last night's rout,
She comes with tresses loose, and shoulders wrapt
In morning shawls; and by their pillow sits
Telling delicious tales of—lovers lost,
Fair rivals jilted, scandals, smuggled lace!
And then *they* smile, and turn their eyes, and yawn,
And wonder what's o'clock, then sink again;
And thus she sends the pretty fools to sleep.

She comes to ancient dames—and stiff as steel,
In hood and stomacher, with snuff in hand,
She makes their rigid muscles gay with news
Of Doctors' Commons, matches broken off,
Blue-stocking frailties, cards and ratafia;
And thus she gives *them* prattle for the day.

She sits by ancient politicians, bowed
As if a hundred years were on her back;
Then peering through her spectacles, she reads
A seeming journal stuff'd with monstrous tales
Of Turks and Tartars; deep conspiracies
(Born in the writer's brain); of spots in the sun,
Pregnant with fearful wars. And so *they* shake,
And hope they'll find the world all safe by morn.
And thus we make the world, both young and old,
Bow down to sovereign—CURIOSITY!

DOWN INTO THE GRAVE.

By Ebenezer Elliott.

Drop, drop into the grave, Old Leaf,
  Drop, drop into the grave;
Thy acorn's grown, thy acorn's sown—
  Drop, drop into the grave.
December's tempests rave, Old Leaf!
Above thy forest-grave, Old Leaf!
  Drop, drop into the grave!

The birds in spring will sweetly sing,
  That death alone is sad;
The grass will grow, the primrose show
  That death alone is sad;
Lament above thy grave, Old Leaf!
For what has life to do with grief?
  'Tis death alone that's sad.

What then? We two have both lived throug
  The sunshine and the rain;
And bless'd be he, to me and thee,
  Who sent his sun and rain!
We've had our sun and rain, Old Leaf,
And God will send again, Old Leaf,
  The sunshine and the rain.

Race after race of leaves and men
  Bloom, wither, and are gone;
As winds and waters rise and fall,
  So life and death roll on;
And long as ocean heaves, Old Leaf,
And bud and fade the leaves, Old Leaf,
  Will life and death roll on.

How like am I to thee, Old Leaf!
  We'll drop together down;
How like art thou to me, Old Leaf!
  We'll drop together down.
I'm grey and thou art brown, Old Leaf!
We'll drop together down, Old Leaf!
  We'll drop together down!

Drop, drop into the grave, Old Leaf,
  Drop, drop into the grave:
Thy acorn's grown, thy acorn's sown—
  Drop, drop into the grave.
December's tempests rave, Old Leaf,
Above thy forest-grave, Old Leaf:
  Drop, drop into the grave!

THE TAPESTRIED CHAMBER.

Published anonymously in one of the Magazines.

When the pine tree wears a deeper gloom,
  And the twilight shadows fall,
I would not enter the tapestried room,
  O' the lonely haunted hall.
Certes! a spell the spot is o'er,
  For the faintest footsteps tread,
As it echoes o'er its oaken floor,
  Seems a voice from the shrouded dead.

Gaunt grim heads from the corbels stare,
  With fix'd unearthly look,
And a picture is there of a ladye fair,
  With her eyne on an ancient book;
Seems it some tome of romances old—
  And the peasants say, I trow,
A form like hers, at the midnight cold,
  There wandereth to and fro!

Like the limner's sketch she, I ween, is dress'd,
  And she conneth her book alway;
Ye the rustling may hear of her broidered vest,
  And her robe o' the russet grey!
Oh! if met, when the spectral moonbeams smile,
  By one of that feudal race,
Tolls the bell of yon pile, and the dim church aisle
  Is the doom'd one's resting place.

When the fire burns bright on the winter night,
  And the crackling faggots blaze,
And the villagers pore on the legends hoar
  That live in the minstrel lays;

Then a tale of the dead is sung and said,
  That, gentle dames, I may not tell,—
For, hark! 'tis the time o' the midnight chime,
  —— May the good saints shield us well!

THE CORNER.

By Charles Mackay.

The seat in the corner—
  What comfort we see
In that type of affection,
  Where love bends the knee;
When the prayers of our childhood
  We learn'd to repeat,
And the lips of a mother
  Made holiness sweet.

The name of a corner
  Has something still dear,
That tells us of pleasures
  Ne'er bought with a tear:
Of loved ones remember'd,
  Of faces, once gay,
That have fled like a dream,
  Like a vision away.

In our letters, full often,
  Kind sayings abound;
But still in the corner
  The kindest is found;
We look to the postscript,
  And there, written small,
We find in the corner
  Words dearer than all!

Our heart receives many
  We love with good will,
But who gets the corner
  Is loved the best still:
For the heart hath its corner,
  And dear is the one
Who remains its possessor
  Till life's love is gone.

Brilliants.

LONG LIFE.

Count not thy life by calendars; for years
Shall pass thee by unheeded, whilst an hour,
Some little fleeting hour, too quickly past,
May stamp itself so deeply on thy brain,
Thy latest years shall live upon its joy.
His life is longest;—not whose boneless gums,
Sunk eyes, wan cheeks, and snow-white hairs bespeak
Life's limits; no! but he whose memory
Is thickest set with those delicious scenes
'Tis sweet to ponder o'er when even falls.

KENNEDY.

OCTOBER.

Cold grew the foggy morn, the day was brief,
Loose on the berry hung the crimson leaf;
The dew dwelt ever in the herb; the woods
Roar'd with strong blasts, with mighty showers the floods:
All grief was vanish'd, save of pine and yew,
That still display'd their melancholy hue;
Save the green holly, with its berries red,
And the green moss that o'er the gravel spread.

CRABBE.

MUSIC.

There's music in the sighing of a reed:
There's music in the gushing of a rill:
There's music in all things, if men had ears:
Their earth is but an echo of the spheres.

BYRON.

AUTUMN.

But see the fading many-colour'd woods,
Shade deep'ning over shade, the country round
Imbrown; a crowded umbrage dusk and dim
Of every hue, from wan declining green
To sooty dark. These now the lonesome muse,
Low whispering, lead into their leaf-strewn walks,
And give the season in its latest view.

THOMSON.

DESPONDENCY.

The thoughts that rain their steady glow
  Like stars on life's cold sea,
Which others know, or say they know—
  They never shone for me.
Thoughts light, like gleams, my spirit's sky,
  But they will not remain:
They light me once, they hurry by,
  And never come again.

AN(

TIME.

Time has laid his hand
Upon my head gently, not smiting it,
But as a harper lays his open palm
Upon his harp to deaden its vibrations!

LONGFELL(

MOONRISE.

A mighty purpose rises large and slow
From out the fluctuations of my soul,
As, ghost-like, from the dim and tumbling sea
Starts the completed moon.

ALEXANDER SMI1

THE LOT OF LOVE.

Oh! was there ever tale of human love,
Which was not also tale of human tears?
Died not sweet Desdemona? sorrow'd not
Fair, patient Imogen? and she whose name
Lives among lovers, Sappho silver-voiced,
Was not the wailing of her passionate lyre
Ended for ever in the dull deaf sea?
Must it be thus? oh! must the cup that holds
The sweetest vintage of the vine of life
Taste bitter at the dregs? Is there no story,
No legend, no love passage, which shall end
Even as the bow that God hath bent in heaven,
O'er the sad waste of mortal histories,
Promising respite to the rain of tears?

MATTHEW ARNO:

THE HAUNTED PALACE.

By Edgar A. Poe.

In the greenest of our valleys
  By good angels tenanted,
Once a fair and stately palace—
  Radiant palace—rear'd its head.
In the monarch Thought's dominion—
  It stood there!
Never seraph spread a pinion
  Over fabric half so fair!

Banners yellow, glorious, golden,
  On its roof did float and flow,
(This—all this—was in the olden
  Time long ago,)
And every gentle air that dallied,
  In that sweet day,
Along the ramparts plumed and pallid,
  A wingéd odour went away.

Wanderers in that happy valley,
  Through two luminous windows, saw
Spirits moving musically,
  To a lute's well tunéd law,
Round about a throne where, sitting
  (Porphyrogene!)
In state his glory well befitting,
  The ruler of the realm was seen.

And all with pearl and ruby glowing
  Was the fair palace door,
Through which came flowing, flowing, flowing,
  And sparkling evermore,
A troop of Echoes, whose sweet duty
  Was but to sing,
In voices of surpassing beauty,
  The wit and wisdom of their king.

But evil things, in robes of sorrow,
  Assailed the monarch's high estate,
(Ah, let us mourn!—for never sorrow
  Shall dawn upon him desolate!)

And round about his home the glory
  That blush'd and bloom'd,
Is but a dim-remembered story
  Of the old time entombed.

And travellers, now, within that valley,
  Through the red-litten windows see
Vast forms, that move fantastically
  To a discordant melody,
While, like a ghastly rapid river,
  Through the pale door
A hideous throng rush out for ever
  And laugh—but smile no more.

GOVERN YOUR TEMPER.

By Charles Swain.

Oh, govern your temper! for music the sweetest
  Was never so sweet—nor one half so divine—
As a heart kept in tune, which the moment thou gree
  Breathes harmony dearer than notes can combine.
Never say it is nature, and may not be cured;
  One tithe of the time which to music we yield,
Would render the conquest of temper insured,
  And bring us more music than song e'er reveal'd.

Oh, govern your temper! for roses the fairest
  Were never so fair, nor so rich in perfume,
As the flowers which e'en thou, chilly Winter, yet spar
  The flowers of the heart, which unchangingly bloo
Never say it is nature,—for oh, if it were,
  The sooner the spirit of nature is shown
That the spirit of heaven is higher than her,
  The sooner—the longer—will love be our own.

THE MOTHER'S BROKEN IDOL.

By Gerald Massey.

All in a marriage garden
  Grew smiling up to God,
A bonnier flower than ever
  Suck'd the green warmth of the sod.
O beautiful unfathomably
  Its little life unfurl'd,
Life's crown of sweetness was our wee
  White Rose of all the world.

From out a gracious bosom
  Our bud of beauty grew;
It fed on smiles for sunshine,
  And tears for dainties dew.
Aye nestling warm and tenderly
  On leaves of love were curl'd,
So close and close about our wee
  White Rose of all the world.

Two flowers of glorious crimson
  Grew with our Rose of light;
Still kept the sweet heaven grafted slip
  Her whiteness saintly white:
I' the wind of life they danced with glee,
  And redden'd as they whirled;
White, white, and wondrous grew our wee
  White Rose of all the world.

With mystical faint fragrance,
  Our house of life she fill'd,
Reveal'd each hour some fairy tower
  Where wing'd hopes might build.
We saw—though none like us might see
  Such precious promise pearl'd
Upon the petals of our wee
  White Rose of all the world.

But evermore the halo
  Of angel-light increased,
Like the mystery of Moonlight
  That folds some fairy feast,

Snow-white, snow-frost, snow-silently,
  Our darling bird up curl'd,
And dropt i' the grave—God's lap—our wee
  White Rose of all the world.

Our Rose was but in blossom—
  Our life was but in spring;
When down the solemn midnight
  We heard the spirit's ring.
"Another bud of infancy,
  With holy dews impearl'd;"
And in their hands they bore our wee
  White Rose of all the world.

You scarce could think so small a thing
  Could leave a loss so large:
Her little light such shadow fling
  From dawn to sunset's marge.
In other springs our life may be
  In banner'd bloom unfurl'd;
But, never, never match our wee
  White Rose of all the world.

CONSOLATION.

A passage from a poem found in a recently published volume, entitled *First Fruits*, by E. H. R. There is true poetry in it.

The torrent of the world is rough and strong,
  No eyes with loving tendernesses glisten,
I cannot sing a truth-inspiring song
  If none on earth will listen.

The angel answer'd: Wherefore dost thou sigh?
  The courser faints not ere his race be run—
The meanest blossom may not, cannot die
  Before its work be done.

The prayer-bells in thy heart should summon still
  The world all day, at noon, at eve, at dawning,
And not like yonder church upon the hill,
  Only on Sunday morning.

The belfry-ropes have hung a long, long time,
  But only midnight breezes make them quiver.
Let thy heart ring, like some cathedral chime,
                For ever and for ever.

If there be none to hearken to thy song—
  No ears to heed—no loving eyes to glisten—
God's little wood-birds sing the whole day long,
                And care not who will listen.

Then let the roses of thy fancy peep
  Within the love-lit cottage of thy heart;
And, like a consecrated treasure, keep
                The knowledge of thine art.

And lift thy trusting eyes unto the sky,
  For Heaven—not earth—shall give thy words a hearing.
Speak truth undauntedly, and live and die
                Life loving, death unfearing.

Scorn not thy life—it is the gift of God;
  Scorn not thy kind—they are His children too.
The dark-blue violet rises from the sod
                All the long winter through.

It throws a smile upon each winter day—
  A fragrance o'er the frosty atmosphere.
Thou hast had many winters; I will stay
                With thee another year.

NEVER RAIL AT THE WORLD.

By Charles Swain.

Never rail at the world—it is just as we make it,—
  We see not the flower if we sow not the seed;
And as for ill luck, why it's just as we take it,—
  The heart that's in earnest no bars can impede.
You question the justice which governs man's breast,
  And say that the search for true friendship is vain;
But remember, this world, though it be not the best,
  Is the next to the best we shall ever attain.

Never rail at the world, nor attempt to exalt
  That feeling which questions society's claim;
For often poor Friendship is less in the fault,
  Less changeable oft, than the selfish who blame.
Then ne'er by the changes of Fate be deprest,
  Nor wear, like a fetter, Time's sorrowful chain;
But believe that this world, though it be not the best
  Is the next to the best we shall ever attain.

OLD CHURCH BELLS.

From the *Dublin University Magazine.*

Ring out merrily,
Loudly, cheerily,
Blithe old bells from the steeple tower.
Hopefully, fearfully,
Joyfully, tearfully,
Moveth the bride from her maiden bower.
Cloud there is none in the bright summer sky,
Sunshine flings benison down from on high;
Children sing loud, as the train moves along,
"Happy the bride that the sun shineth on."

Knell out drearily,
Measured out wearily,
Sad old bells from the steeple gray,
Priests chanting slowly,
Solemnly, slowly,
Passeth the corpse from the portal to-day.
Drops from the laden clouds heavily fall
Drippingly over the plume and the pall;
Murmur old folk, as the train moves along,
"Happy the dead that the rain raineth on."

Toll at the hour of prime,
Matin, and vesper chime,
Loved old bells from the steeple high;
Rolling, like holy waves,
Over the lowly graves,
Floating up, prayer-fraught, into the sky.

Solemn the lesson your lightest notes teach;
Stern is the preaching your iron tongues preach;
Ringing in life from the bud to the bloom,
Ringing the dead to their rest in the tomb.

Peal out evermore—
Peal as ye peal'd of yore,
Brave old bells, on each Sabbath-day.
In sunshine and gladness,
Through clouds and through sadness,
Bridal and burial have both pass'd away.

Tell us life's pleasures with death are still rife:
Tell us that death ever leadeth to life;
Life is our labour, and death is our rest:
If happy the living, the dead are the blest.

THE MAYS OF OLD.

By Mrs. Hervey.

Self-lost in wonder of the May,
We stood where woods and waters meet,
The bounding wave and dashing spray
Had rein'd our eager feet;
Eve's dying breeze swept dale and hill,
And, with the breeze, our souls grew still.

In thought we leap'd yon gulf of time
Between us and our childhood roll'd;
Once more the hawthorn boughs we climb
In those lost Mays of old.
Each leaf had then some truth to teach,
And life no flower beyond our reach.

O dawn that had so swift a flight!
O dreamless night! O blessed day!
No winter then—no loss of light;
The hollies bloom'd like May.
Fresh currents 'neath the ice did glide,
And Spring was in the Brumal tide.

Behold a change! Those years are fled:
  May-blossoms by an altar stand;
Our feet o'er scatter'd garlands tread—
  I lead thee by the hand:
Around, white-wing'd, the angels play;
God is our guide, and heaven our way.

Life passes—not as seasons pass:
  The leaves fell from us, not the flowers.
The days of earth died down like grass,
  There dropp'd no blight on ours.
Back—back to God, like martyrs, flew
The years that died to prove us true.

Together mark'd we sets of sun,
  Together watch'd the stars upwaking;
Each, among mortals, saw but one:
  O vow, that knew no breaking!
While yet our souls hold fast their May,
Earth is no older—not a day.

Our path a new-spun web hath cross'd;
  New life a newer impulse craves:
Old thoughts are dead, old feelings lost,—
  We walk among their graves.
O we are old! No beauty lives
Save that the immortal spirit gives.

The same rath leaves are o'er us bending;
  Once more the hawthorn on the bough
Through all her blooms a voice is sending:—
  "True souls, how fare ye now?
Are all life's joys, of May-time born,
Lost in the piercings of the thorn?"

Companion of this new-born Spring—
  O darling of each lost dead May!
Is joy struck dumb? Hath love took wing?
  Or hath our hope grown gray?
Not so! not so! All, all are here,
Fresh as the childhood of the year!

Thou world of beauty and delight!
  Than ours no younger souls shall soar
Up from thy sod, till day turn night,
  And moons wax great no more.
Come, frost of age—come, withering blast,
We do defy ye—to the last!

Time cannot touch us, dear, nor take
  From our strung hearts one chord away,
Which, struck by Love's strong hand, doth make
  The music of the May!
Each tone still speaks its heavenly birth,
God's echo on this lower earth.

O blessed are the young in heart!
  They whom no mortal winter's chill,
In heaven's sight shall walk apart
  Though earth with darkness fill;
And, by the light of lost Spring days,
Find God among the silent ways!

LINES WRITTEN ON SUNDAY MORNING.

By Robert Southey.

Go thou and seek the house of prayer!
  I to the woodlands wend, and there,
In lovely nature see the God of Love.
    The swelling organ's peal
    Wakes not my soul to zeal,
Like the sweet music of the vernal grove.
The gorgeous altar and the mystic vest
Excite not such devotion in my breast,
    As where the noontide beam
    Flash'd from some broken stream,
Vibrates on the dazzled sight;
Or where the cloud suspended rain
Sweeps in shadows o'er the plain;
Or when reclining on the cliff's huge height
I mark the billows burst in silver light.

Go thou and seek the house of prayer!
I to the woodlands shall repair,
Feed with all nature's charms mine eyes
And hear all nature's melodies.
The primrose bank will there dispense
Faint fragrance to the awaken'd sense!
The morning beams that life and joy impart,
Will with their influence warm my heart,
And the full tear that down my cheek will stea
Will speak the prayer of praise I feel.

Go thou and seek the house of prayer!
I to the woodlands wend my way
And meet religion there,
She needs not the high arch'd dome to pray,
Where storied windows dim the doubtful day;
At liberty she loves to rove,
Wide o'er the heathy hill or cowslip dale;
Or seek the shelter of the embowering grov
Or with the streamlet wind along the vale.
Sweet are these scenes to her; and when the n
Pours in the north her silver streams of light,
She woos reflection in the silent gloom,
And ponders on the world to come.

I DARE NOT SCORN.

By Robert Nicoll.

I may not scorn the meanest thing
That on the earth doth crawl,
The slave who dares not burst his chain,
The tyrant in his hall.

The vile oppressor who hath made
The widow'd mother mourn,
Though worthless, soulless he may stand,
I cannot, dare not, scorn.

The darkest night that shrouds the sky
Of beauty hath a share;
The blackest heart hath signs to tell
That God still lingers there.

I pity all that evil are—
  I pity and I mourn;
But the Supreme hath fashion'd all
  And, oh! I dare not scorn.

BRIDAL BALLAD.

By Edgar A. Poe.

The ring is on my hand,
  And the wreath is on my brow;
Satins and jewels grand
Are all at my command,
  And I am happy now.

And my lord he loves me well;
  But, when first he breathed his vow,
I felt my bosom swell—
For the words rang as a knell,
And the voice seem'd his who fell
In the battle down the dell,
  And who is happy now.

But he spoke to reassure me,
  And he kiss'd my pallid brow,
While a reverie came o'er me,
And to the churchyard bore me,
And I sigh'd to him before me,
Thinking him dead D'Elormie,
  "Oh, I am happy now!"

And thus the words were spoken,
  And this the plighted vow,
And, though my faith be broken,
And, though my heart be broken,
Behold the golden token
  That proves me happy now!

Would God I could awaken!
  For I dream I know not how,
And my soul is sorely shaken
Lest an evil step be taken,—
Lest the dead who is forsaken
  May not be happy now.

THE DEATH OF BALDER.

A fine passage in Professor ARNOLD's epic entitled *Balder*.

WHEN the gods heard, they straight arose, and took
Their horses, and rode forth through all the world,
North, south, east, west, they struck and roam'd the wc
Entreating all things to weep Balder's death:
And all that lived, and all without life, wept,
And as in winter, when the frost breaks up,
At winter's end, before the spring begins,
And a warm west-wind blows, and thaw sets in—
After an hour a dripping sound is heard,
In all the forests, and the soft-strewn snow
Under the trees is dibbled thick with hole,
And from the boughs the snow-loads shuffle down;
And in fields, sloping to the south, dark plots
Of grass peep out amid surrounding snow,
And widen, and the peasant's heart is glad—
So through the world was heard a dripping noise
Of all things weeping to bring Balder back;
And there fell joy upon the gods to hear.

A VIRTUOUS WOMAN. PROVERBS xii. 4.

By WILLIAM KNOX.

THOU askest what hath changed my heart,
  And where hath fled my youthful folly?
I tell thee Tamar's virtuous art
  Hath made my spirit holy.

Her eye—as soft and blue as even
  When day and night are calmly meeting—
Beams on my heart like light from heaven,
  And purifies its beating.

The accents fall from Tamar's lip,
  Like dewdrops from the rose-leaf dripping,
When honey-bees all crowd to sip,
  And cannot cease their sipping.

The shadowy blush that tints her cheek,
  For ever coming, ever going,
May well the spotless fount bespeak
  That sets the stream a-flowing.

Her song comes o'er my thrilling breast,
  E'en like the harpstring's holiest measures,
When dreams the soul of lands of rest
  And everlasting pleasures.

Then ask not what hath changed my heart,
  Or where hath fled my youthful folly?
I tell thee Tamar's virtuous art
  Hath made my spirit holy.

THE ALMA.

The following lines appeared in *The Times* newspaper, under the signature R. C. T.

Though till now ungraced in story, scant although thy waters be,
Alma, roll those waters proudly, roll them proudly to the sea.
Yesterday unnamed, unhonoured, but to wandering Tartar known,
Now thou art a voice for ever to the world's four corners blown.
In two nations' annals written, thou art now a deathless name,
And a star for ever shining in their firmament of fame.
Many a great and ancient river, crowned with city, tower, and shrine,
Little streamlet, knows no magic, has no potency like thine;
Cannot shed the light thou sheddest around many a living head,
Cannot lend the light thou lendest to the memories of the dead;
Yea, nor all unsoothed their sorrow, who can, proudly mourning, say—
When the first strong burst of anguish shall have wept itself away—

"He has passed from us, the loved one: but he sleep
them that died
By the Alma, at the winning of that terrible hill side.
Yes, and in the days far onward, when we all are c
those
Who beneath thy vines and willows on their hero
repose,
Thou, on England's banner blazoned, with the famous
of old,
Shalt where other fields are winning, wave above the
and bold:
And our sons unborn shall nerve them for some grea
to be done
By that twentieth of September, when the Alma's h
were won.
Oh! thou river, dear for ever to the gallant, to the fr
Alma, roll thy waters proudly, roll them proudly to th

FOR MUSIC.

By Barry Cornwall.

Now whilst he dreams, O Muses, wind him round
Send down thy silver words, O murmuring Rain
Haunt him, sweet Music! Fall, with gentlest sou
Like dew, like night, upon his weary brain!
Come, Odours of the rose and violet,—bear
Into his charmed sleep all visions fair!
So may the lost be found,
So may his thoughts by tender Love be crowned,
And Hope come shining like a vernal morn,
And with its beams adorn,
The Future, till he breathes diviner air,
In some soft Heaven of joy, beyond the range of

A SONG.

By Ben Jonson.

Slow, slow, fresh fount, keep time with my salt tears:
Yet slower, yet: O faintly gentle springs!
List to the heavy part the music bears,
Woe weep out her diversion, where she sings.
Droop herb and flowers,
Fall grief in showers,
Our beauties are not ours:
O, I could still,
Like melting snow upon some craggy hill,
Drop, drop, drop, drop,
Since nature's pride is now a wither'd daffodil.

WHAT IS THAT MOTHER?

By Doane, an American poet.

What is that, mother?
The lark, my child;
The morn has but just look'd out and smiled,
When he starts from his humble, grassy nest,
And is up and away with the dew on his breast,
And a hymn in his heart, to yon pure bright sphere,
To warble it out in his Maker's ear.
Ever, my child, be thy morn's first lays
Tuned, like the lark's, to thy Maker's praise.

What is that, mother?
The dove, my son;
And that low, sweet voice, like a widow's moan,
Is flowing out from her gentle breast,
Constant and pure by that lonely nest,
As the wave is pour'd from some crystal urn,
For her distant dear one's quick return—
Ever my son, be thou like the dove,—
In friendship as faithful, as constant in love.

What is that, mother?
The swan, my love;
He is floating down from his native grove.
No loved one now, no nestling nigh;
He is floating down by himself to die,
Death darkens his eye, and unplumes his wings,
Yet the sweetest song is the last he sings.—
Live so, my love, that when death shall come,
Swan-like and sweet, it may waft thee home.

What is that, mother?—
The eagle, boy!—
Proudly careering his course of joy,
Firm, on his own mountain vigour relying.
Breasting the dark storms, the red bolt defying;
His wing on the wind, and his eye on the sun,
He swerves not a hair, but bears onward, right on.
Boy, may the eagle's flight ever be thine,
Onward, and upward, and true to the line.

THE WIDOW.

Another of the very powerful descriptive passages foun POLLOK'S *Course of Time.*

AMONG the tombs she walks at noon of night,
In miserable garb of widowhood.
Observe her yonder, sickly, pale, and sad,
Bending her wasted body o'er the grave
Of him who was the husband of her youth.
The moonbeams trembling through these ancient ye
That stand like ranks of mourners round the bed
Of death, fall dismally upon her face,
Her little, hollow, wither'd face, almost
Invisible, so worn away with wo.
The tread of hasty foot, passing so late,
Disturbs her not; nor yet the roar of mirth,
From neighbouring revelry ascending loud.
She hears, sees nought, fears nought. One thought
Fills all her heart and soul, half hoping, half
Remembering, sad, unutterable thought!
Utter'd by silence and by tears alone.

Sweet tears! the awful language eloquent
Of infinite affection, far too big
For words. She sheds not many now. That grass,
Which springs so rankly o'er the dead, has drunk
Already many showers of grief; a drop
Or two are all that now remain behind,
And, from her eye that darts strange fiery beams,
At dreary intervals, drip down her cheek,
Falling most mournfully from bone to bone.
But yet she wants not tears. That babe, that hangs
Upon her breast, that babe that never saw
Its father—he was dead before its birth—
Helps her to weep, weeping before its time,
Taught sorrow by the mother's melting voice,
Repeating oft the father's sacred name.
Be not surprised at this expense of woe!
The man she mourns was all she call'd her own,
The music of her ear, light of her eye,
Desire of all her heart, her hope, her fear,
The element in which her passions lived,
Dead now, or dying all: nor long shall she
Visit that place of skulls. Night after night,
She wears herself away. The moonbeam now,
That falls upon her unsubstantial frame,
Scarce finds obstruction; and upon her bones,
Barren as leafless boughs in winter-time,
Her infant fastens his little hands, as oft,
Forgetful, she leaves him awhile unheld.
But look, she passes not away in gloom.
A light from far illumes her face, a light
That comes beyond the moon, beyond the sun—
The light of truth divine, the glorious hope
Of resurrection at the promised morn,
An meetings then which ne'er shall part again.

ESCAPE FROM WINTER.

By Percival, an American poet.

O had I the wings of a swallow, I'd fly
Where the roses are blossoming all the year long;
Where the landscape is always a feast to the eye,
And the bills of the warblers are ever in song;

O then I would fly from the cold and the snow,
And hie to the land of the orange and vine,
And carol the winter away in the glow
That rolls o'er the evergreen bowers of the line.

Indeed, I should gloomily steal o'er the deep,
Like the storm-loving petrel, that skims there alone;
I would take me a dear little martin to keep
A sociable flight to the tropical zone;
How cheerily, wing by wing o'er the sea,
We would fly from the dark clouds of winter away!
And for ever our song and our twitter should be,
"To the land where the year is eternally gay."

We would nestle awhile in the jessamine bowers,
And take up our lodge in the crown of the palm,
And live, like the bee, on its fruit and its flowers,
That always are flowing with honey and balm;
And there we would stay till the winter is o'er,
And April is chequer'd with sunshine and rain—
O then we would fly from that far-distant shore,
Over island and wave, to our country again.

How light we would skim, where the billows are roll'd
Through clusters that bend with the cane and the lime,
And break on the beaches in surges of gold,
When morning comes forth in her loveliest prime!
We would touch for a while, as we traversed the ocean,
At the islands that echoed to Waller and Moore,
And winnow our wings, with an easier motion,
Through the breath of the cedar that blows from the shore.

And when we had rested our wings, and had fed
On the sweetness that comes from the juniper groves,
By the spirit of home and of infancy led,
We would hurry again to the land of our loves;
And when from the breast of the ocean would spring,
Far off in the distance that dear native shore,
In the joy of our hearts we would cheerily sing,
"No land is so lovely, when winter is o'er."

THE CYPRESS.

By Miss LANDON.

THOU graceful tree,
With thy green branches drooping,
As to yon blue heaven stooping,
In meek humility.

Like one who patient grieves,
When winds are o'er thee sweeping,
Thou answerest but by weeping;
While tear-like fall thy leaves.

When summer flowers have birth,
And the sun is o'er thee shining;
Yet with thy slight boughs declining,
Still thou seek'st the earth.

Thy leaves are ever green:
When other trees are changing,
With the seasons o'er them ranging;
Thou art still as thou hast been.

It is not just to thee,
For painter or bard to borrow
Thy emblem as that of Sorrow;
Thou art more like Piety.

Thou wert made to wave,
Patient when Winter winds rave o'er thee,
Lowly when Summer suns restore thee,
Upon the martyr's grave.

Like that martyr thou hast given
A lesson of faith and meekness,
Of patient strength in thy weakness,
And trust in Heaven!

BELPHŒBE, A HUNTRESS.

A splendid passage from SPENSER'S *Fairy Queen.*

EFTSOON there steppèd forth
A goodly lady clad in hunter's weed,
That seemed to be a woman of great worth,
And by her stately portance born of heavenly birth.

Her face so fair as flesh it seemèd not,
But heavenly portrait of bright angel's hue,
Clear as the sky, withouten blame or blot,
Through goodly mixture of complexions due;
And in her cheeks the vermeil red did shew
Like roses in a bed of lilies shed,
The which ambrosial odours from them threw,
And gazer's sense with double pleasure fed,
Able to heal the sick, and to revive the dead.

In her fair eyes two living lamps did flame,
Kindled above at the heavenly Maker's light,
And darted fiery beams out of the same
So passing perceant and so wondrous bright,
That quite bereaved the rash beholder's sight:
In them the blinded god his lustful fire
To kindle oft assayed, but had no might;
For with dread majesty, and awful ire,
She broke his wanton darts, and quenchèd base desire

Her ivory forehead, full of bounty brave,
Like a broad table did itself dispread,
For love his lofty triumphs to engrave,
And write the battles of his great godhead;
All good and honour might therein be read,
For there their dwelling was; and when she spake,
Sweet words, like dropping honey, she did shed,
And twixt the pearls and rubies softly brake
A silver sound, that heavenly music seemed to make.

Upon her eyelids many Graces sate,
Under the shadow of her even brows
Working bellegardes and amorous rétraite,
And every one her with a grace endows,

And every one with meekness to her bows:
So glorious mirror of celestial grace,
And sovereign monument of mortal vows,
How shall frail pen describe her heavenly face,
For fear, through want of skill, her beauty to disgrace?

So fair, and thousand thousand times more fair,
She seem'd, when she presented was to sight,
And was yclad, for heat of scorching air,
All in a silken camus lily white.
Purfled upon with many a folded plite,
Which all above besprinkled was throughout
With golden aigulets that glistered bright,
Like twinkling stars, and all the skirt about
Was hemmed with golden fringe.

And in her hand a sharp bow spear she held,
And at her back a bow and quiver gay,
Stuff'd with steel-headed darts, wherewith she quell'd
The savage beasts in her victorious play,
Knit with a golden baldrick, which forelay
Athwart her snowy breast, and did divide
Her dainty paps; which like young fruit in May
Now little 'gan to swell, and being tied,
Through her thin weed their places only signified.

Her yellow locks crisped like golden wire,
About her shoulders weren loosely shed,
And when the wind amongst them did enspire,
They waved like a pennon wide disspread,
And low behind her back were scattered;
And whether art it were or heedless hap,
As through the flowering forest rash she fled,
In her rude hairs sweet flowers themselves did lap,
And flourishing fresh leaves and blossoms did enwrap.

AN APOLOGY FOR HAVING LOVED BEFORE.

By WALLER.

THEY that never had the use
Of the grape's surprising juice,
To the first delicious cup
All their reason render up;
Neither do, nor care to know
Whether it be best or no.

So they that are to love inclined,
Sway'd by chance, not choice, or art,
To the first that's fair or kind,
Make a present of their heart:
It is not she that first we love
But whom dying we approve.

To man, that as in th' evening made,
Stars gave the first delight,
Admiring in the gloomy shade
Those little drops of light:
Then at Aurora, whose fair hand
Removed them from the skies,
He gazing toward the east did stand,
She entertain'd his eyes.

But when the bright sun did appear,
All those he 'gan despise;
His wonder was determined there,
And could no higher rise.
He neither might nor wished to know
A more refulgent light:
For that (as mine your beauties now)
Employed his utmost sight.

THE NAMELESS MOUNTAIN STREAM.

By CHARLES MACKAY.

UP from the shore of the placid lake
Wherein thou tumblest, murmuring low,
Over the meadow and through the brake,
And over the moor where the rushes grow,

I've traced thy course, thou gentle brook:—
I've seen thy life in all thy moods;
I've seen thee lingering in the nook
Of the shady, fragrant, pine-tree woods;
I've seen thee starting and leaping down
The smooth high rocks and boulders brown;
I've track'd thee upwards, upwards still,
From the spot where the lonely birch-tree stands,
Low adown amid shingle and sands,
Over the brow of the ferny hill,
Over the moorland, purple dyed,
Over the rifts of granite grey,
Up to thy source on the mountain side,
Far away—oh, far away.

Beautiful stream! By rock and dell,
There's not an inch in all thy course
I have not tracked. I know thee well;
I know where blossóms the yellow gorse,
I know where waves the pale blue-bell,
And where the hidden violets dwell.
I know where the foxglove rears its head,
And where the heather tufts are spread;
I know where the meadow-sweets exhale,
And the white valerians load the gale.
I know the spot where the bees love best,
And where the linnet has built her nest.
I know the bushes the grouse frequent,
And the nooks where the shy deer browse the bent.
I know each tree to thy fountain head—
The lady-birches, slim and fair:
The feathery larch, the rowans red,
The brambles trailing their tangled hair.
And each is linked to my waking thought
By some remembrance fancy-fraught.

I know the pools where the trout are found,
The happy trout, untouch'd by me.
I know the basins, smooth and round,
Worn by thy ceaseless industry,
Out of the hard and stubborn stone—
Fair clear basins where nymphs might float;
And where in the noon-time all alone
The *brisk bold robin* cleans his coat.

I know thy voice: I've heard thee sing
Many a soft and plaintive tune,
Like a lover's song in life's young spring,
Or Endymion's to the moon.
I've heard it deepen to a roar
When thou wert swollen by Autumn rains,
And rush'd from the hill-tops to the plains,
A loud and passionate orator.
I've spoken to thee—and thou to me—
At morn, or noon, or closing night!
And ever the voice of thy minstrelsy
Has been companion of delight.

Yet, lovely stream, unknown to fame,
Thou hast oozed, and flow'd, and leap'd, and run,
Ever, since Time its course begun,
Without a record, without a name.
I ask'd the shepherd on the hill—
He knew thee but as a common rill;
I ask'd the farmer's blue-eyed daughter—
She knew thee but as a running water;
I ask'd the boatman on the shore,
He was never ask'd to tell before—
Thou wert a brook, and nothing more.

Yet, stream so dear to me alone,
I prize and cherish thee none the less
That thou flow'st unseen, unpraised, unknown,
In the unfrequented wilderness.
Though none admire and lay to heart
How good and beautiful thou art,
Thy flowerets bloom, thy waters run,
And the free birds chant thy benison.
Beauty is beauty, though unseen;
And those who live it all their days,
Find meet reward in their soul serene,
And the inner voice of prayer and praise.

Like thee, fair streamlet, undefiled,
Many a human virtue dwells,
Unknown of men in the distant dells,
Or hides in the coverts of the wild.
Many a mind of richest worth,
Whether of high or of low estate,

Illumes the by-ways of the earth,
Unseen, but good; unknown, but great.
Many a happy and lovely soul
Lives beauty in the fields afar,
Or, 'mid the city's human shoal,
Shines like a solitary star.

ADDRESS TO LIGHT.

From MILTON'S *Paradise Lost.*

HAIL holy Light, offspring of Heaven first-born,
Or of th' Eternal co-eternal beam
May I express thee unblamed? since God is light,
And never but in unapproached light
Dwelt from Eternity, dwelt then in thee,
Bright effluence of bright essence increate.
Or hearest thou rather, pure ethereal stream,
Whose fountain who shall tell? Before the sun,
Before the heavens thou wert, and at the voice
Of God as with a mantle didst invest
The rising world of waters dark and deep,
Won from the void and formless infinite.
Thee I revisit now with bolder wing,
Escaped the Stygian pool, though long detained
In that obscure sojourn, while in my flight
Through utter and through middle darkness borne,
With other notes than to th' Orphean lyre
I sung of Chaos and eternal Night,
Taught by the heavenly Muse to venture down
The dark descent, and up to reascend,
Though hard and rare: thee I revisit safe,
And feel thy sovran vital lamp; but thou
Revisitest not these eyes, that roll in vain
To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn;
So thick a drop serene hath quench'd their orbs,
Or dim suffusion veiled. Yet not the more
Cease I to wander where the Muses haunt,
Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill,
Smit with the love of sacred song; but chief
Thee, Sion, and the flowery brooks beneath
That *wash thy hallow'd* feet, and warbling flow,

Nightly I visit: nor sometimes forget
Those other two equall'd with me in fate,
So were I equall'd with them in renown,
Blind Thamyris and Blind Mœonides,
And Tiresias and Phineus, prophets old:
Then feed on thoughts that voluntary move
Harmonious numbers; as the wakeful bird
Sings darkling, and in shadiest covert hid
Tunes her nocturnal note. Thus with the year
Seasons return, but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
But cloud instead, and ever-during dark
Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair
Presented with a universal blank
Of Nature's works to me expunged and rased,
And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out
So much the rather, thou, celestial light,
Shine inward, and the mind through all her pores
Irradiate, there plant eyes, all mist from thence
Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell
Of things invisible to mortal sight.

THE PALE QUEEN.

By Barry Cornwall.

I am the Queen anointed,—crowned!
My forehead is all with roses bound,
But pale, all pale!
With rosemary boughs and slips of yew,
With violets shrunk, and lilies, too,
But pale, still pale!
I am the Bride whose arms are wound
About my lover without a sound;
I whisper soft,
And he flies aloft,
But pale, all pale!
Whatever I will—whate'er I say,
Wherever I look—all things obey:
From the iron clown to the kings of clay,
My words ne'er fail:

I wither the bud, and the passion bloom;
I strip the rose of her young perfume;
I breathe—and the flower doth bear no fruit;
I come—and the singer's voice is mute;
The harp unstrung, and lost the lute:
And trumpets wail
My coming, although no battle's near,
And burst on the self-slain soldier's bier,
And hill and dale
And fountains lone, and the running river,
Sea and sea-shore,
Hard rocks, and mountains cold and hoar
From all their echoing peaks cry out for ever,
"Hail! hail! hail!"

And now, pale youth, I come to thee,
Whose home is under the willow tree,
And thou may'st dream
Where it dips its hair in the fond fond stream:
But, arise! arise!
What can come of human sighs,
Lover's sorrow—weeping eyes—
When all that cometh quickly flies?
Arise, and leave thy buried bride,
And come with me to the water's side,
Where lilies gay
Lie sleeping on the shining tide,
Which flies away
Unto the ocean far and wide,
Day after day!
The weeping stars will be ever o'er thee,
And she thou lov'st is gone before thee,
So, ne'er delay:
The Past is lost, the Present lone,
So we will fly to a world unknown;
And be as thou wishest, sad or gay,
Thro' summer and spring, and winter day:—
Come on! We will seek thy wasted bride:
Behold,—I am Death, the amorous-eyed,
Who reign for aye!

ENDYMION.

By Longfellow.

The rising moon has hid the stars;
Her level rays, like golden bars,
Lie on the landscape green,
With shadows brown between.

And silver white the river gleams,
As if Diana, in her dreams,
Had dropt her silver bow
Upon the meadows low.

On such a tranquil night as this,
She woke Endymion with a kiss,
When, sleeping in the grove,
He dream'd not of her love.

Like Dian's kiss, unask'd, unsought,
Love gives itself, but is not bought;
Nor voice, nor sound betrays
Its deep, impassion'd gaze.

It comes, the beautiful, the free,
The crown of all humanity,—
In silence and alone,
To seek the elected one.

It lifts the boughs, whose shadows deep
Are Life's oblivion, the soul's sleep,
And kisses the closed eyes
Of him who slumbering lies.

O weary hearts! O slumbering eyes!
O drooping souls, whose destinies
Are fraught with fear and pain,
Ye shall be loved again!

No one is so accursed by fate,
No one so utter desolate,
But some heart, though unknown,
Responds unto his own.

Responds,—as if, with unseen wings,
An angel touch'd its quivering strings;
And whispers, in its song,
"Where hast thou stay'd so long?"

THE QUESTION.

By Shelley.

I dream'd that, as I wander'd by the way,
Bare winter suddenly was changed to spring,
And gentle odours led my steps astray,
Mix'd with a sound of waters murmuring
Along a shelving bank of turf, which lay
Under a copse, and hardly dared to fling
Its green arms round the bosom of the stream,
But kiss'd it and then fled, as thou mightest in a dream.

There grew pied wind-flowers and violets,
Daisies, those pearl'd arcturi of the earth,
The constellated flower that never sets;
Faint oxlips; tender blue bells, at whose birth
The sod scarce heaved; and that tall flower that wets
Its mother's face with heaven-collected tears,
When the low wind, its playmate's voice, it hears.

And in the warm hedge grew lush eglantine,
Green cow-bind, and the moonlight-colour'd May,
And cherry blossoms, and white cups, whose wine
Was the bright dew yet drain'd not by the day;
And wild roses, and ivy serpentine,
With its dark buds and leaves, wandering astray;
And flowers azure, black, and streak'd with gold,
Fairer than any waken'd eyes behold.

And nearer to the river's trembling edge
There grew broad flag-flowers, purple prankt with white,
And starry river buds among the sedge,
And floating water-lilies, broad and bright,
Which lit the oak that overhung the hedge
With moonlight beams of their own watery light;
And bulrushes, and reeds of such deep green
As soothed the *dazzled* eye with sober sheen.

Methought that of these visionary flowers
  I made a nosegay, bound in such a way
That the same hues, which in their natural bowers
  Were mingled or opposed, the like array
Kept these imprison'd children of the Hours
  Within my hand,—and then, elate and gay,
I hasten'd to the spot whence I had come,
That I might there present it—oh! to whom?

THE DIAL OF FLOWERS.

By Mrs. Hemans.

'Twas a lovely thought to mark the hours
  As they floated in light away,
By the opening and the folding flowers
  That laugh to the summer's day.

Thus had each moment its own rich hue,
  And its graceful cup or bell,
In whose colour'd vase might sleep the dew,
  Like a pearl in an ocean-shell.

To such sweet signs might the time have flow'd
  In a golden current on,
Ere from the garden, man's first abode,
  The glorious guests were gone.

So might the days have been brightly told—
  Those days of song and dreams—
When shepherds gather'd their flocks of old,
  By the blue Arcadian streams.

So in those isles of delight, that rest
  Far off in a breezeless main,
Which many a bark with a weary guest
  Hath sought, but still in vain.

Yet is not life, in its real flight,
  Mark'd thus—even thus—on earth,
By the closing of one hope's delight,
  And another's gentle birth?

Oh! let us live, so that flower by flower,
  Shutting in turn, may leave
A lingerer still for the sun-set hour,
  A charm for the shaded eve.

Brilliants.

MEMORY.

Through the shadowy past,
  Like a tomb-searcher, Memory ran,
  Lifting each shroud that time had cast
    O'er buried hopes.

MOORE.

AN UTILITARIAN.

He is a slave to science. He would pull
Great Heaven to pieces; and anatomize
Each fragment of its crystal battlements:
Weigh out its hymns, divide its light, and class
The radiant feathers of archangels' wings.
Do we not know,—doth he not know, that still
Mysterious wonder aye must reign above us,
Struggle howe'er we may? Doth he not know,
That adoration and great wonder (like
Good deeds which bless the giver) ever lift
The soul above the dust, and strengthen us.

BARRY CORNWALL.

STARS.

'Tis midnight: on the mountain's brown
The cold round moon shines deeply down;
Blue roll the waters, blue the sky
Spreads like an ocean hung on high,
Bespangled with those isles of light,
So wildly, spiritually bright:
Who ever gazed upon them shining,
And turn'd to earth without repining,
Nor wish'd for wings to flee away,
And mix with their eternal ray.

BYRON.

TRUE NOBILITY.

The nobly born are not the only noble,
There is a line more royal, more majestic,
Than is the sceptred line of mighty crowns;
An ancestry so bright with glorious names,
That he who truly feels himself akin to such,
May stand before the throne, noble
Amidst the noblest, kingly amid kings.
He that inherits Honour, Virtue, Truth,
Springs from a lineage next the divine,
For these were heirs of God; and we, their heirs
Prove nearest God, when we stand next to them
Man heir to these is rich,—and wealth may bow
To greatness it can cherish,—not create.

CHARLES SWAIN

EPITAPH ON A CHILD.

Here a pretty baby lies
Sung asleep with lullabies;
Pray be silent, and not stir
The easy earth that covers her.

HERRICK

DUTY.

Not once or twice in our rough island story
The path of duty was the way to glory.
He that walks it only thirsting
For the right, and learns to deaden
Love of self before his journey closes,
He shall find the stubborn thistle bursting
Into glossy purples, which outredden
All voluptuous garden roses.
Not once or twice in our fair island story
The path of duty was the way to glory.
He that ever following her commands,
Or with toil of heart, and knees, and hands,
Through the long gorge to the far light, has wor
His path upward and prevail'd,
Shall find the toppling crags of Duty scaled
Are close upon the shining table lands
To which our God himself is moon and sun.

ALFRED TENNYSON

THE MOWER'S MAIDEN.

Translated from the German of UHLAND.

"GOOD morrow to thee, Mary, right early art thou laden!
Love hath not made thee slothful, thou true and steadfast maiden!
Ay, if in three brief days, methinks, thy task of work be done,
I shall no longer have the heart to part thee from my son."

It was a wealthy farmer spake, it was a maiden listened—
Oh, how her loving bosom swelled, and how her full eye glistened!
New life is in her limbs, her hand outdoes her comrades all;
See how she wields the scythe, and see how fast the full crops fall!

And when the noon grows sultry, and the weary peasants wend
To sleep in pleasant thickets and o'er cooling streams to bend;
Still are the humming-bees at work beneath that burning sky,
And Mary, diligent as they, works on unceasingly.

The sun hath sunk, the evening bell gives gentle summons home;
"Enough," her neighbours cry, "enough! come, Mary, prithee come!"
Shepherds, and flocks, and husbandmen, pass homeward through the dew,
But Mary only whets her scythe, and goes to work anew.

And now the dews are thickening, the moon and stars are bright;
Sweet are the new-mown furrows, and sweet the songs of night;
But Mary lies not down to rest, and stands not still to hear;
The rustling of her ceaseless scythe is music to her ear.

Even thus from morn till evening, even thus from eve to morn,
She toils, by strong love nourish'd, by happy hope upborne;
Till when the third day's sun arose, the labour was complete,
And there stood Mary weeping, for joy so strange and sweet.

"Good morrow to thee, Mary! How now?—the task is done!
Lo, for such matchless industry, rich guerdon shall be won;
But for the wedding—nay, indeed—my words were only jest,
How foolish and how credulous we find a lover's breast!"

He spake and went his way, and there the hapless maid stood still,
Her weary limbs they shook, they sank, her heart grew stiff and chill;
Speech, sense, and feeling, like a cloud, did from her spirit pass,
And there they found her lying upon the new-mown grass!

And thus a dumb and death-like life for years the maiden led—
A drop of fragrant honey was all her daily bread.
Oh, make her grave in pleasant shades, where softest flow'rets grow,
For such a loving heart as hers is seldom found below!

A HILL-SIDE WOOD.

From *Arnold*, a Drama, by CRADDOCK NEWTON.

LOOK, what a light of flowers is on the earth,
As if the proud, voluptuous blood of June
Blush'd out in roses. Let us take this wood,
Whose pleasant shade amid the sunshine lies
Like the great calm of thought above the stir
And strife of action. From this cool green rest
See how the young grain bendeth to the breeze,

And shadows of swift sailing birds o'erskim
The sunny grass. The mellow distance through
Winds the bright river like a vein of light,
And in a soul of beauty swathed, the fields
Out to the melting bound of hills do lie;
Earth putteth on the borrow'd robes of heaven,
And sitteth in a sabbath of still rest;
And silence swells into a dreamy sound,
That sinks again to silence. The woods drone
A drowsy song, that in its utterance dies;
And the dim voice of indolent herds floats by,
With slow, luxurious calm. The runnel hath
Its tune beneath the trees. The insect throng,
Drunk with the wine of summer, dart and dance
In mazy play; and through the woodlands swell
The tender trembles of the ringdove's dole;
And here and there, from clustering groups of trees,
Rise hamlet spires and gables grey, half hid
With green profusion—quaint manorial homes,
Whose quiet household smoke seems motionless
And pictured on the blue. In those old days,
When rill and woodland were the haunt of shapes
Born of their fairness and as fair, in each
Naiad or dryad dwelt retired, and made
Beautiful awe with her sweet presence, here
Some sun-toil'd nymph might choose her couch of rest,
Sink her soft limbs in a delicious depth
Of flowers, and from the mingled harmony
Of all these low and musical voices take
Divine repose.

SONNET.

From the Italian of Giacomo Sanazzaro. By Marie J. Ewen.

For many a year I dwelt with thee below,
My heart's dear lord, in love and calm delight;
Death closed, at length, mine eyes in endless night,
And bore me from this scene of earthly woe.
And now I rest in joy where glories glow
In rich effulgence of celestial light;
Death had no startling terrors to affright,
Save thoughts of thee and of thy sorrow's flow.

A ray of mercy lingers from above
  To guide thee to the end of mortal sighs;
Nor yet so fearful will that passage prove,—
  I will be there—then dry thy weeping eyes;
Think of the glorious home enwreath'd with love,
  Where we shall reign, enthron'd in the skies.

WHAT IS DEATH?

A passage in LONGFELLOW's *Golden Legend.*

'TIS the cessation of our breath.
Silent and motionless we lie:
And no one knoweth more than this.
I saw our little Gertrude die;
She left off breathing, and no more
I smooth'd the pillow beneath her head.
She was more beautiful than before.
Like violets faded were her eyes;
By this we knew that she was dead.
Through the open window look'd the skies
Into the chamber where she lay,
And the wind was like the sound of wings,
As if angels came to bear her away.
Ah! when I saw and felt these things,
I found it difficult to stay:
I longed to die as she had died,
And go forth with her, side by side.
The Saints are dead, the Martyrs dead,
And Mary, and Our Lord; and I
Would follow in humility
The way by them illuminéd!

HOPE DEFERRED.

By Thomas Davis.

'Tis long since we were forced to part, at least it seems so to my grief,
For sorrow wearies us like time, but ah! it brings not time's relief;
As in our days of tenderness, before me still she seems to glide;
And though my arms are wide as then, yet she will not abide.

The daylight and the starlight shine, as if her eyes were in their light,
And whispering in the panting breeze, her love-songs come at lonely night;
While, far away with those less dear, she tries to hide her grief in vain,
For, kind to all while true to me, it pains her to give pain.

I know she never spoke her love, she never breathed a single vow,
And yet I'm sure she loved me then, and still doats on me now;
For, when we met, her eyes grew glad, and heavy when I left her side,
And oft she said she'd be most happy as a poor man's bride.

I toil'd to win a pleasant home, and make it ready by the spring;
The spring is past—what season now my girl unto our home will bring?
I'm sick and weary, very weary—watching, morning, night, and noon;
How long you're coming—I am dying—will you not come soon?

MONT BLANC.

A fine passage from a poem so named, by SHELLEY.

FAR, far above, piercing the infinite sky,
Mont Blanc appears,—still, snowy, and serene—
Its subject mountains their unearthly forms
Pile round it, ice and rock; broad vales between
Of frozen floods, unfathomable deeps,
Blue as the overhanging heaven, that spread
And wind among the accumulated steeps;
A desert peopled by the storms alone,
Save when the eagle brings some hunter's bone,
And the wolf tracks her there—how hideously
Its shapes are heaped around! rude, bare, and high,
Ghastly, and scarred, and riven. Is this the scene
Where the old Earthquake-demon taught her young
Ruin? Were these their toys? or did a sea
Of fire envelop once this silent snow?
None can reply—all seems eternal now.
The wilderness has a mysterious tongue
Which teaches awful doubt, or faith so mild,
So solemn, so serene, that man may be
But for such faith with nature reconciled;
Thou hast a voice, great Mountain, to repeal
Large codes of fraud and woe; not understood
By all, but which the wise, and great, and good,
Interpret or make felt, or deeply feel.

The fields, the lakes, the forests, and the streams,
Ocean, and all the living things that dwell
Within the dædal earth; lightning, and rain,
Earthquake, and fiery flood, and hurricane,
The torpor of the year when feeble dreams
Visit the hidden buds, or dreamless sleep
Holds every future leaf and flower,—the bound
With which from that detested trance they leap;
The works and ways of man, their death and birth,
And that of him, and all that his may be!
All things that move and breathe with toil and sound
Are born and die, revolve, subside, and swell.
Power dwells apart in its tranquillity,
Remote, serene, and inaccessible:
And this, the naked countenance of earth,

On which I gaze, even these primæval mountains,
Teach the adverting mind. The glaicers creep,
Like snakes that watch their prey, from their far fountains,
Slow rolling on; there, many a precipice
Frost and the Sun in scorn of mortal power
Have piled—dome, pyramid, and pinnacle,
A city of death distinct with many a tower
And wall impregnable of beaming ice.
Yet not a city, but a flood of ruin
Is there, that from the boundaries of the sky
Rolls its perpetual stream; vast pines are strewing
Its destined path, or in the mangled soil
Branchless and shattered stand; the rocks, drawn down
From yon remotest waste, have overthrown
The limits of the dead and living world.
Never to be reclaimed. The dwelling-place
Of insects, beasts and birds, becomes its spoil;
Their food and their retreat for ever gone,
So much of life and joy is lost. The race
Of man flies far in dread; his work and dwelling
Vanish, like smoke before the tempest's stream,
And their place is not known. Below, vast caves
Shine in the rushing torrent's restless gleam,
Which from those secret chasms in tumult welling
Meet in the Vale, and one majestic River,
The breath and blood of distant lands, for ever
Rolls its loud waters to the ocean waves,
Breathes its swift vapours to the circling air.

Mont Blanc yet gleams on high: the power is there,
The still and solemn power of many sights
And many sounds, and much of life and death.
In the calm darkness of the moonless nights,
In the lone glare of day, the snows descend
Upon that mountain; none beholds them there,
Nor when the flakes burn in the sinking sun,
Or the star-beams dart through them:—Winds contend
Silently there, and heap the snow, with breath
Rapid and strong, but silently! its home
The voiceless lightning in these solitudes
Keeps innocently, and like vapour broods
Over the snow. The secret strength of things,
Which governs thought, and to the infinite dome
Of heaven is as a law, inhabits thee!

And what wert thou, and earth, and stars and sea,
If to the human mind's imaginings
Silence and solitude were vacancy?

A REVERIE.

Translated from the French of *Saint Beuve*. By W. R. Evans.

'Tis night; on her mysterious throne
The moon is sitting far on high;
The stars around in silence roll;
As in a calm wide lake the sky
Is mirror'd in my pensive soul.

There, in the waveless flood of thought,
In that clear lake with golden shore,
The vaulted firmament now lies,
With hues yet softer shaded o'er,
Depicted to my wond'ring eyes.

At first, in admiration wrapt,
That scene I leisurely enjoy:
But soon desire yet more demands;
With the wild rapture of a boy,
I strive to grasp it with my hands.

But now to starry dome adieu,
To sky so pure, and orbs so bright!
Within my troubled soul from view
Now veil'd is trembling Cynthia's light;
The scene hath lost its heavenly hue.

Veil not, O Cynthia, thy fair face!
For now the wild desire hath flown.
At length the billows cease to rise;
Again my soul, unruffled grown,
Becomes the mirror of the skies.

Shall I, to seize that lovely scene,
Disturb anew the tranquil lake?
Ah, no! reclining on the shore,
Now that no clouds the azure break,
I'd dream and dream for evermore!

ROME.

From ROGERS'S *Italy*.

THE city that so long
Reigned absolute, the mistress of the world;
The mighty vision that the prophets saw,
And trembled; that from nothing, from the least,
The lowliest village. (What but here and there
A red-roofed cabin by a river side?)
Grew into everything; and, year by year,
Patiently, fearlessly, working her way
O'er brook and field, o'er continent and sea,
Not like the merchant with his merchandise,
Or traveller with staff and scrip exploring,
But hand to hand and foot to foot, thro' hosts,
Thro' nations numberless in battle-array,
Each behind each, each, when the other fell,
Up and in arms, at length subdued them all.
The city, where the Gauls,
Entering at sunrise through her open gates,
And, thro' her streets silent and desolate,
Marching to slay, thought they saw gods, not men;
The city that by temperance, fortitude,
And love of glory, tower'd above the clouds,
Then fell—but, falling, kept the highest seat,
And in her loneliness, her pomp of woe,
Where now she dwells, withdrawn into the wild,
Still o'er the mind maintains, from age to age,
Her empire undiminish'd. There, as though
Grandeur attracted grandeur, are beheld
All things that strike, ennoble—from the depths
Of Egypt, from the classic fields of Greece,
Her groves, her temples—all things that inspire
Wonder, delight! Who would not say the forms
Most perfect, most divine, had by consent,
Flock'd thither to abide eternally,
Within those silent chambers where they dwell,
In happy intercourse?

TO THE OCEAN.

By Malcolm.

Endless, ever-sounding sea,
Image of Eternity!
Troubled, with unconscious breast,
Like the dead without their rest;
Deaf unto thy own wild roar,
Heard at once on every shore;
Stretching on from pole to pole,
Far as suns and seasons roll,
Far as reign of night and day,—
Sounding on, away—away!

Oh! what precious things there be,
Shrined and sepulchred in thee!
Gems and gold from every eye,
Hid within thy bosom lie:
Many a treasure-laden bark
Rests within thy caverns dark;
And where towers and temples rose,
Buried continents repose:
Giant secrets of thy breast,
With their thousand isles of rest—
With their brave and beauteous forms,
Undisturb'd beneath thy storms;
In a safe and peaceful home,
Where the mourner may not come,
Nor the stranger rudely tread
O'er their calm and coral bed.
Where the ocean buried lies,
May no monuments arise,
For thy bosom bears no trace
Of our evanescent race:
On thy wild and wandering wave,
Bloom no laurels for the grave;
O'er thy dread, unfathom'd gloom,
Tower no trophies for the tomb.
But there comes a day of dread,
To reclaim thy thousand dead;
Bursting from thy dark control,
While in fire thy billows roll,
Shall that countless multitude

Soar from out thy shrinking flood,
Thy mistress moon be changed to blood!
And the sun, with aspect drear,
Look upon this parting sphere,
At once his startled orb look wan,
On His cross who died for man:
Then shall the archangel stand,
One foot on sea, and one on shore,
And swear with an uplifted hand—
That time shall be no more!
And while Heaven's last thunders roll,
Sounding nature's parting knoll,
Like a burning, blackening scroll,
Reeling from the face of day,
Earth and sea shall flee away!

EDEN.

From Milton's *Paradise Lost.*

Eden, where delicious Paradise,
earer, crowns with her enclosure green,
h a rural mound the champaign head
teep wilderness, whose hairy sides
thicket overgrown, grotesque and wild,
denied; and overhead up grew
rable height of loftiest shade,
and pine, and fir, and branching palm,
an scene, and as the ranks ascend
above shade, a woody theatre
teliest view. Yet higher than their tops
rdurous wall of Paradise upsprung:
to our general sire gave prospect large
nether empire neighbouring round.
her than that wall a circling row
liest trees loaden with fairest fruit,
s and fruits at once a golden hue
d, with gay enamelled colours mixt:
h the sun more glad impress'd his beams
fair evening cloud, or humid bow,
od hath shower'd the earth; so lovely seem'd
dscape. And of pure now purer air

Meets his approach, and to the heart inspires
Vernal delight and joy, able to drive
All sadness but despair: now gentle gales
Fanning their odoriferous wings, dispense
Native perfumes, and whisper whence they stole
Those balmy spoils. As when to them who sail
Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now are past
Mozambique, off at sea North-east winds blow
Sabæan odours from the spicy shore
Of Araby the blest, with such delay
Well pleased their course, and many a league
Cheer'd with the grateful smell old Ocean smiles.

MY SISTER'S SLEEP.

From a periodical called *The Germ*, which lived only a few weeks, but counted among its contributors an extraordinary amount of real genius. This beautiful poem appears anonymously.

She fell asleep on Christmas Eve.
Upon her eyes most patient calms
The lids were shut; her uplaid arms
Cover'd her bosom I believe.

Our mother who had lean'd all day
Over the bed from chime to chime,
Then raised herself for the first time,
And as she sat her down, did pray.

Her little work-table was spread
With work to finish. For the glare
Made by her candle, she had care
To work some distance from the bed.

Without, there was a good moon up,
Which left its shadows far within;
The depth of light that it was in
Seem'd hollow like an altar-cup.

Through the small room, with subtle sound
Of flame, by vents the fireshine drove
And redden'd. In its dim alcove
The mirror shed a clearness round.

I had been sitting up some nights,
  And my tired mind felt weak and blank;
  Like a sharp strengthening wine, it drank
The stillness and the broken lights.

Silence was speaking at my side
  With an exceedingly clear voice:
  I knew the calm as of a choice
Made in God for me to abide.

I said, "Full knowledge does not grieve:
  This which upon my spirit dwells
  Perhaps would have been sorrow else:
But I am glad 'tis Christmas Eve."

Twelve struck. That sound, which all the years
  Hear in each hour, crept off; and then
  The ruffled silence spread again,
Like water that a pebble stirs.

Our mother rose from where she sat.
  Her needles, as she laid them down,
  Met lightly, and her silken gown
Settled: no other noise than that.

"Glory unto the Newly-Born!"
  So, as said angels, she did say;
  Because we were in Christmas-day,
Though it would still be long till dawn.

She stood a moment with her hands
  Kept in each other, praying much;
  A moment that the soul may touch
But the heart only understands.

Almost unwittingly, my mind
  Repeated her words after her;
  Perhaps though my lips did not stir;
It was scarce thought, or cause assign'd.

Just then in the room over us
  There was a pushing back of chairs
  As some who had sat unawares
So late, now heard the hour, and rose.

Anxious, with softly stepping haste,
  Our mother went where Margaret lay,
  Fearing the sounds o'erhead—should they
Have broken her long-watch'd for rest!

She stoop'd an instant, calm, and turn'd;
  But suddenly turn'd back again;
  And all her features seem'd in pain
With woe, and her eyes gazed and yearn'd.

For my part, I but hid my face,
  And held my breath, and spake no word:
  There was none spoken; but I heard
The silence for a little space.

Our mother bow'd herself and wept.
  And both my arms fell, and I said:
  "God knows I knew that she was dead."
And there, all white, my sister slept.

Then kneeling, upon Christmas morn
  A little after twelve o'clock,
  We said, ere the first quarter struck,
"Christ's blessing on the newly born!"

TO A CANARY BIRD.

By Mary Ann Browne.

Sing, little bird with the silken wing,
And tell us where thou hast learn'd to sing.

Thou wast not nursed in the greenwood free,
Thy birthplace was not in the rustling tree,
Where the leafy whispers around thy nest
Might fill the dreams of thine infant breast;
No echo of the wandering rill
Hath taught thee that melodious thrill,
Yet sweetly and gladly it flows along,
Even as the wild bird's happiest song.

Nor hast thou caught the spring's first breath,
And the summer's smiles on the open heath;
That chirp so clear thou didst not learn
From the grasshopper amidst the fern,
Nor hast thou soar'd aloft to mark
The rising morn, like the happy lark,
Whose notes of triumph overflow
The heavens above and the earth below.

Sing, little bird, fold thy silken wing,
And tell us where thou hast learnt to sing.

'Tis not the memory of hills or woods,
Nor the sounding voice of remember'd floods,
'Tis not the sweeping of the wind
That hath left its thrill on thy heart behind;
Ever hath been thy doom
A narrow cage and a prisoning room,
Yet dost thou pour forth melody
As sweet as the songs of liberty.

There's a spirit within that heart of thine
That sends a spell through its feeble shrine,
At the tone of love that heart can bound,
And echo back its blessed sound,
And day by day that song hath power
To lighten many a lonely hour;

God is thy teacher, the God of love
Who rules the choiring hosts above;
Perhaps thy voice is as dear to him
As the songs of the holy cherubim,
It may be he hears its gladsome tone
Through the musical thunders around his throne.

Sing, little bird, rejoice and sing,
Thy songs arise from a heavenly spring.

THE PRAIRIE.

A passage in LONGFELLOW'S *Evangeline.*

"FAR in the West there lies a desert land wh
mountains
Lift, through perpetual snows, their lofty and lı
summits,
Down from their desolate, deep ravines, where the
like a gateway,
Opens a passage rude to the wheels of the em
waggon,
Westward the Oregon flows the Walleway and the Ov
Eastward, with devious course, among the Wir
Mountains,
Through the Sweet-water Valley precipitate les
Nebraska;
And to the south, from Fontaine-qui-bout and the
sierras,
Fretted with sands and rocks, and swept by the wind
desert,
Numberless torrents, with ceaseless sound descend
ocean,
Like the great chords of a harp, in loud and solemn
tions.
Spreading between these streams are the wondrous b
prairies.
Billowy bays of grass ever rolling in shadow and sun
Bright with luxuriant clusters of roses and purple am
Over them wander the buffalo herds, and the elk, a
roebuck;
Over them wander the wolves, and herds of riderless
Fires that blast and blight, and winds that are wear
travel;
Over them wander the scatter'd tribes of Ishmael's cl
Staining the desert with blood; and above their
war-trails
Circles and sails aloft, on pinions majestic, the vultu
Like the implacable soul of a chieftain slaughter'd in
By invisible stairs ascending and scaling the heavens.
Here and there rise smoke from the camps of these
marauders;
Here and there rise groves from the margins of swi
ning rivers;

nd the grim, taciturn bear, the anchorite monk of the desert,
limbs down their dark ravines to dig for roots by the brook-side,
nd over all this is the sky, the clear and crystalline heaven,
ke the protecting hand of God inverted above it.

TO A FRIEND WHO HAD SENT ME SOME ROSES.

A Sonnet, by KEATS.

As late I rambled in the happy fields,
What time the skylark shakes the tremulous dew
From his lush clover covert;—when anew
Adventurous knights take up their dinted shields;
I saw the sweetest flower wild nature yields,
A fresh-blown musk-rose; 'twas the first that threw
Its sweets upon the summer: graceful it grew
As is the wand that queen Titania wields.
And, as I feasted on its fragrancy,
I thought the garden-rose it far excel'd;
But when, O Wells! thy roses came to me,
My sense with their deliciousness was spell'd:
Soft voices had they, that with tender plea
Whisper'd of peace, and truth, and friendliness unquell'd.

THE FIVE CHILDREN.

A Ballad by S. M., author of *Lays from English History*, &c. The ident is founded on a narrative in the newspapers. It is taken from *Forget me Not*, an annual of the year 1847. It well deserves a ce here.

OH, gently sways the rocking boat
Upon the sleepy seas;
Far and few, through fields of blue,
Milk-white cloudlets slowly float;
And the murmuring breeze

Doth a measured softness keep,
Like a breathing babe asleep.

Five children, blithe as summer, were
  Disporting in that bark,
Their gushing laughter thrill'd the air,
  Like the carol of a lark;
They stoop'd to see each face of glee
  Peep from the waters gray,
And shouted when their plashing hands
  Had startled it away:

An idle stripling saunter'd past,
  And, with unthinking hand,
He loosed the guardian rope, and cast
  The shallop from the sand;
But, careless still, the children play'd,
Too innocent to be afraid.

Oh, lightly springs the dancing bark
  Upon the bounding waves!
Thick and fast, along the blast,
Ride the storm-clouds, gathering dark;
  And, from distant caves
Rise wind-murmurs, hoarse and deep,
Like a lion roused from sleep.

Remembering every tale of wreck
  That they have ever heard,
Each child clings to another's neck,
  And cowers like a wounded bird:
Fear, in those stainless hearts, woke Love,
  And Love did comfort Fear,
And vague, sweet faith in One above
  Kept back the rising tear.

But still the lessening shore grew pale,
  Dark grew the widening sea,
That boat so frail, beneath the gale,
  Writhed as in agony,
And infant sob and faint lament
Were with the night-wind's music blent.

Like the slow ooze of dropping rain,
  Two heavy days went by;
The mother sate all desolate,
The father ranged the seas in vain,
  And gazed, with straining eye,
On the gray vacancy of tide,
Till his sick heart within him died.

'Twas the third morn—upon the line
  Of wan and watery light,
Which separates the sky and brine,
  Gilding the skirts of night,
He sees a moving thing—apart
  From cloud, or foam, or shore—
Not faster beats his faltering heart
  Than works his hurrying oar.
Nearer!—It is—an empty boat,
  Wherewith the slow wave plays!
Christ, pity him! his eyes wax dim—
  He stands—he gasps—one gaze—
What sight hath made him start and weep?
Five helpless children fast asleep!

Opening each blue and wondering eye,
  They greet him wistfully—
"Oh, father, nought but sea and sky,
  Nothing but sky and sea!
Take, take us home!—'Tis lonely here,
  And we are faint and cold;
I strove the little ones to cheer,
  For I am eight years old!
So I took the baby on my knee,
  And cradled her to sleep,
And hid my face, lest they should see
  When I was forced to weep:
And when I felt the most afraid,
I lifted up my hands and pray'd.

"The stars came out and gazed on us,
  And the white clouds went past—
Their silver wings, like living things,
  Did rock upon the blast;

And we would fain have shelter'd us
  Where the soft moonlight lay;
But waters dark were round our bark,
  Still sweeping it away.
At last there came an edge of flame,
  Far off as far could be,
And we knew the sun was rising,
  And we all stood up to see.
Like a fired torch the heavens unblaze,
  The waves are liquid light;
We shade our eyes, and gaze—and gaze—
  There is no land in sight!

"I cannot tell what next befell—
  It seem'd a blank despair;
Our spirits had no strength for hope,
  Our lips no voice for prayer;
A sleep of sorrow wrapp'd us then,
  Such as, in God's own word,
Fell heavily on holy men
  Who watch'd their praying Lord:
We thought to wake in heaven—but see,
Father, God gives us back to thee!"

Weeping, the sire stretch'd forth his hands,
  And sank upon his knees—
"O! Man," he saith, "if faint thy faith,
No stronger medicine it demands
  Than what it hears and sees:
God's love so walls us round about,
How is it possible to doubt?"

THE PARTING.

A fine passage in a poem entitled *The Parting of Launcelot and Guenevere*, by OWEN MEREDITH.

As o'er the hungering heart of some deep sea,
That swells against the planets and the moon
With sad continual strife and vain unrest,
In silence rise and roll the labouring clouds
That bind the thunder o'er the heaving heart

Of Guenevere all sorrows fraught with love,
All stormy sorrows in that silence pass'd.
And like a star in that tumultuous night
Love wax'd and waned, and came and went, changed hue,
And was and was not: till the cloud came down,
And all her soul dissolved in showers: and love
Rose through the broken storm: and, with a cry
Of passion sheath'd in sharpest pain she stretch'd
Wide her warm arms: she rose, she reel'd and fell
(All her great heart unqueen'd) upon the breast
Of Launcelot; and lifting up her voice,
She wept aloud "Unhappy that I am,"
She wept, "Unhappy! Would that I had died
Long since, long ere I loved thee, Launcelot!
Would I had died long since! ere I had known
This pain, which hath become my punishment,
To have thirsted for the sea: to have received
A drop no bigger than a drop of dew!
I have done ill," she wept, "I am forlorn,
Forlorn! I falter where I stood secure:
The tower I built is fall'n, is fall'n: the staff
I lean'd upon hath broken in my hand,
And I, disrobed, dethroned, discrown'd, and all undone,
Survive my kingdom, widow'd of all rule,
And men shall mock me for a foolish queen,
For now I see thy love for me is dead,
Dead that brief love which was the light of life,
And all is dark: and I have lived too long.
For how henceforth, unhappy, shall I bear
To dwell among these halls where we have been?
How keep these chambers emptied of thy voice?
The walks where we have linger'd long ago,
The gardens and the places of our love,
Which shall recall the days that come no more,
And all the joy which has been?"

Thus o'erthrown,
And on the breast of Launcelot weeping wild—
Weeping and murmuring—hung queen Guenevere.
But, while she wept, upon her brows and lips
Warm kisses fell, warm kisses wet with tears.
For all his mind was melted with remorse,
And all his scorn was kill'd, and all his heart

Gave way in that caress, and all the love
Of happier years roll'd down upon his soul
Redoubled; and he bow'd his head, and cried,

"Though thou be variable as the waves,
More sharp than winds among the Hebrides
That shut the frozen spring in stormy clouds,
As wayward as a child, and all unjust,
Yet must I love thee in despite of pain,
Thou peerless queen of perfect love! Thou star
That draw'st all tides! Thou goddess far above
My heart's weak worship! so adored thou art,
And I so irretrievably all thine!
But now I will arise, as thou hast said,
And join the king: and these thine enemies
Shall know thee not defenceless any more.
For, either, living, I yet hold my life
To arm for thine, or, dying, by my death
Will steep love's injured honour in such blood
Shall wash out every stain! And so farewell
Beloved. Forget me not when I am far,
But in thy prayers and in thine evening thoughts
Remember me: as I, when sundown crowns
The distant hills, and Ave-Mary rings,
Shall pine for thee on ways where thou art not."

So these two lovers in one long embrace,
An agony of reconcilement, hung
Blinded in tears and kisses, lip to lip,
And tranced from past and future, time and space.

But by this time, the beam of the slope day,
Edging blue mountain glooms with sullen gold,
A dying fire, fell mournfully athwart
The purple chambers. In the courts below
The shadow of the keep from wall to wall
Shook his dark skirt: great chimes began to sound,
And swing, and rock in glimmering heights, and roll
A reeling music down: but ere it fell
Faint bells in misty spires adown the vale
Caught it, and bore it floating on to night.

So from that long love-trance the envious time

Reclaim'd them. Then with a great pang he rose,
Like one that pluck'd his heart out from his breast,
And, bitterly unwinding her white arms
From the warm circle of their amorous fold,
Left living on her lips the lingering heat
Of one long kiss: and, gathering strongly back
His pour'd out anguish to his soul, he went.

And the sun set.

Long while she sat alone,
Searching the silence with her fixéd eyes,
While far and farther off o'er distant floors
The intervals of brazen echoes fell.
A changeful light, from varying passions caught,
Flush'd all her stately cheek from white to red
In doubtful alternation, as some star
Changes his fiery beauty: for her blood
Set headlong to all wayward moods of sense,
Stirr'd with swift ebb and flow: till suddenly all
The frozen heights of grief fell loosed, fast, fast,
In cataract over cataract, on her soul.
Then at the last she rose, a reeling shape
That like a shadow sway'd against the wall,
Her slight hand held upon her bosom, and fell
Before the Virgin Mother on her knees.
There, in a halo of the silver shrine,
That touch'd and turn'd to starlight her slow tears,
Below the feet of the pale pictured saint
She lay, pour'd out in prayer.

Meanwhile, without,
A sighing rain from a low fringe of cloud
Whisper'd among the melancholy hills.
The night's dark limits widen'd: far above
The crystal sky lay open: and the star
Of eve, his rosy circlet trembling clear,
Grew large and bright, and in the silver moats,
Between the accumulated terraces,
Tangled a trail of fire: and all was still.

A PRAYER.

By JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, an American poet.

GOD! do not let my loved-one die,
  But rather wait until the time
That I am grown in purity
  Enough to enter thy pure clime,
Then take me, I will gladly go,
So that my love remain below!

O, let her stay! She is by birth
  What I through death must learn to be,
We need her more on our poor earth,
  Than thou canst need in heaven with thee:
She hath her wings already, I
Must burst this earth-shell ere I fly.

Then, God, take me! We shall be near,
  More near than ever, each to each:
Her angel ears will find more clear
  My heavenly than my earthly speech:
And still as I draw nigh to thee,
Her soul and mine shall closer be.

CUI BONO?

This admirable satire on the spirit as well as the style of Byron in his gloomiest mood, is one of *The Rejected Addresses*, lished by JAMES and HORACE SMITH, on the re-erection of Drur Theatre after its destruction by fire, in 1812. We have already some of these clever parodies.

SATED with home, of wife, of children tired,
The restless soul is driven abroad to roam;
Sated abroad, all seen, yet nought admired,
The restless soul is driven to ramble home;
Sated with both, beneath new Drury's dome
The fiend Ennui awhile consents to pine,
There growls and curses like a deadly gnome,
  Scorning to view fantastic Columbine,
Viewing with scorn and hate the nonsense of the Nin

Ye reckless dupes, who hither wend your way
To gaze on puppets in a painted dome,
Pursuing pastimes glittering to betray,
Like falling stars in life's eternal gloom,
What seek ye here? Joy's evanescent bloom?
Woe's me! the brightest wreaths she ever gave
Are but as flowers that decorate a tomb.
Man's heart, the mournful urn o'er which they wave,
Is sacred to despair, its pedestal the grave.

Has life so little store of real woes,
That here ye wend to taste fictitious grief?
Or is it that from truth such anguish flows,
Ye court the lying drama for relief?
Long shall ye find the pang, the respite brief:
Or if one tolerable page appears
In folly's volume, 'tis the actor's leaf,
Who dries his own by drawing others' tears,
And, raising present mirth, makes glad his future years.

Albeit, how like young Betty doth he flee!
Light as the mote that danceth in the beam,
He liveth only in man's present e'e,
His life a flash, his memory a dream,
Oblivious down he drops in Lethe's stream.
Yet what are they, the learned and the great?
Awhile of longer wonderment the theme!
Who shall presume to prophesy their date,
Where nought is certain, save the uncertainty of fate?

This goodly pile, upheaved by Wyatt's toil,
Perchance than Holland's edifice more fleet,
Again red Lemnos' artisan may spoil;
The fire-alarm and midnight drum may beat,
And all be strew'd ysmoking at your feet!
Start ye? perchance Death's angel may be sent,
Ere from the flaming temple ye retreat;
And ye who met on revel idlesse bent,
May find, in pleasure's fane, your grave and monument.

Your debts mount high—ye plunge in deeper waste;
The tradesman duns—no warning voice ye hear;
The plaintiff sues—to public shows ye haste;
The bailiff threats—ye feel no idle fear.

Who can arrest your prodigal career?
Who can keep down the levity of youth?
What sound can startle age's stubborn ear?
Who can redeem from wretchedness and ruth
Men true to falsehood's voice, false to the voice of trut

To thee, bless'd saint! who doff'd thy skin to make
The Smithfield rabble leap from theirs with joy,
We dedicate the pile—arise! awake!—
Knock down the Muses, wit and sense destroy,
Clear our new stage from reason's dull alloy,
Charm hobbling age, and tickle capering youth
With cleaver, marrow-bone, and Tunbridge toy;
While, vibrating in unbelieving tooth,
Harps twang in Drury's walls, and make her board
booth.

For what is Hamlet, but a hare in March?
And what is Brutus, but a croaking owl?
And what is Rolla? Cupid steep'd in starch,
Orlando's helmet in Augustin's cowl.
Shakspere, how true thine adage, "fair is foul!"
To him whose soul is with fruition fraught,
The song of Braham is an Irish howl,
Thinking is but an idle waste of thought,
And nought is everything, and everything is nought.

Sons of Parnassus! whom I view above,
Not laurel-crown'd, but clad in rusty black;
Not spurring Pegasus through Tempè's grove,
But pacing Grub-street on a jaded hack:
What reams of foolscap, while your brains ye rack,
Ye mar to make again! for sure, ere long,
Condemn'd to tread the bard's time-sanction'd track
Ye all shall join the bailiff-haunted throng,
And reproduce, in rags, the rags ye blot in song.

So fares the follower in the Muse's train;
He toils to starve, and only lives in death;
We slight him, till our patronage is vain,
Then round his skeleton a garland wreathe,

And o'er his bones an empty requiem breathe—
Oh! with what tragic horror would he start,
(Could he be conjured from the grave beneath)
To find the stage again a Thespian cart,
And elephants and colts down trampling Shakspere's art.

Hence, pedant Nature! with thy Grecian rules!
Centaurs (not fabulous) those rules efface;
Back, sister Muses, to your native schools;
Here booted grooms usurp Apollo's place,
Hoofs shame the boards that Garrick used to grace,
The play of limbs succeeds the play of wit,
Man yields the drama to the Hou'yn'm race,
His prompter spurs, his licenser the bit,
The stage a stable-yard, a jockey-club the pit.

Is it for these ye rear this proud abode?
Is it for these your superstition seeks
To build a temple worthy of a god,
To laud a monkey, or to worship leeks?
Then be the stage, to recompense your freaks,
A motley chaos, jumbling age and ranks,
Where Punch, the lignum-vitæ Roscius, squeaks,
And Wisdom weeps, and Folly plays her pranks,
And moody madness laughs and hugs the chain he clanks.

A SONG OF OTHER DAYS.

By O. W. Holmes, the American poet.

As o'er the glacier's frozen sheet
Breathes soft the Alpine rose,
So through life's desert springing sweet,
The flower of friendship grows;
And as, where'er the roses grow,
Some rain or dew descends,
'Tis nature's law that wine should flow
To wet the lips of friends.

Then once again, before we part,
  My empty glass shall ring;
And he that has the warmest heart
  Shall loudest laugh and sing.

They say we were not born to eat;
  But gray-hair'd sages think
It means,—Be moderate in your meat,
  And partly live to drink;
For baser tribes the rivers flow
  That know not wine or song;
Man wants but little drink below,
  But wants that little strong.

Then once again, &c.

If one bright drop is like the gem
  That decks a monarch's crown,
One goblet holds a diadem
  Of rubies melted down!
A fig for Cæsar's blazing brow,
  But, like the Egyptian queen,
Bid each dissolving jewel glow
  My thirsty lips between.

Then once again, &c.

The Grecian's mound, the Roman's urn,
  Are silent when we call,
Yet still the purple grapes return
  To cluster on the wall;
It was a bright immortal's head
  They circled with the vine,
And o'er their best and bravest dead
  They pour'd the dark-red wine.

Then once again, &c.

Methinks o'er every sparkling glass
  Young Eros waves his wings,
And echoes o'er its dimples pass
  From dead Anacreon's strings;

And, tossing round its beaded brim
  Their locks of floating gold,
With bacchant dance and choral hymn
  Return the nymphs of old.

Then once again, &c.

A welcome then to joy and mirth,
  From hearts as fresh ours,
To scatter o'er the dust of earth
  Their sweetly mingled flowers;
'Tis Wisdom's self the cup that fills,
  In spite of Folly's frown,
And Nature from her vine-clad hills,
  That rains her life-blood down!

Then once again, &c.

THE RIVULET.

By W. C. Bryant.

This little rill, that from the springs
Of yonder grove its current brings,
Plays on the slope awhile, and then
Goes prattling into groves again,
Oft to its warbling waters drew
My little feet, when life was new,
When woods in early green were dress'd,
And from the chambers of the west
The warmer breezes, travelling out,
Breathed the new scent of flowers about
My truant steps from home would stray,
Upon its grassy side to play,
List the brown thrasher's vernal hymn,
And crop the violet on its brim,
With blooming cheek and open brow,
As young and gay, sweet rill, as thou.

And when the days of boyhood came,
And I had grown in love with fame,
Duly I sought thy banks and tried
My first rude numbers by thy side.

Words cannot tell how bright and gay
The scenes of life before me lay.
Then glorious hopes, that now to speak
Would bring the blood into my cheek,
Pass'd o'er me; and I wrote on high,
A name I deem'd should never die.

Years change thee not. Upon yon hill
The tall old maples, verdant still,
Yet tell in grandeur of decay,
How swift the years have pass'd away,
Since first, a child, and half afraid,
I wander'd in the forest shade.
Thou ever joyous rivulet,
Dost dimple, leap and prattle yet;
And sporting with the sands that pave
The windings of thy silver wave,
And dancing to thy own wild chime,
Thou laughest at the lapse of time.
The same sweet sounds are in my ear
My early childhood loved to hear;
As pure thy limpid waters run,
As bright they sparkle to the sun;
As fresh and thick the bending ranks
Of herbs that line thy oozy banks;
The violet there, in soft May dew,
Comes up as modest and as blue;
As green amid thy current's stress,
Floats the scarce rooted watercress;
And the brown ground-bird, in thy glen,
Still chirps as merrily as then.

Thou changest not—but I am changed,
Since first thy pleasant banks I ranged;
And the grave stranger, come to see
The play-place of his infancy,
Has scarce a single trace of him
Who sported once upon thy brim.
The visions of my youth are past—
Too bright, too beautiful to last.
I've tried the world—it wears no more
The colouring of romance it wore.
Yet well has Nature kept the truth
She promised to my earliest youth.

The radiant beauty shed abroad
On all the glorious works of God,
Shows freshly, to my sober'd eye,
Each charm it wore in days gone by.

A few brief years shall pass away,
And I, all trembling, weak, and gray,
Bow'd to the earth, which waits to fold
My ashes in the embracing mould
(If haply the dark will of fate
Indulge my life so long a date),
May come for the last time to look
Upon my childhood's favourite brook.
Then dimly on my eye shall gleam
The sparkle of thy dancing stream;
And faintly on my ear shall fall
Thy prattling current's merry call;
Yet shalt thou flow as glad and bright
As when thou met'st my infant sight.

And I shall sleep—and on thy side,
As ages after ages glide,
Children their early sports shall try,
And pass to hoary age and die.
But thou, unchanged from year to year,
Gaily shalt play and glitter here;
Amid young flowers and tender grass
Thy endless infancy shalt pass;
And, singing down thy narrow glen,
Shalt mock the fading race of men.

Brilliants.

IMMORTALITY.

Thought
Alone, and its quick elements—will, passion,
Reason, imagination—cannot die.
What has thought
To do with time or place or circumstance?

SHELLEY.

A LOFTY NATURE.

Lofty and passionless as date-palms wide,
High on the upmost summits of his soul—
Wrought of the elemental light of heaven,
And pure and plastic flame that soul could show,
Whose nature like the perfume of a flower
Enrich'd with aromatic sun-dust, charms
All, and with all ingratiates itself,
Sat dazzling purity; for loftiest things,
Snow-like, are purest.

BAILEY.

A COUNTRY LANE—TWILIGHT.

How calm a silence steals upon the earth—
A reverent hush of nature's sounds, as though
God, walking in vast solitudes of thought,
Went by.

CRADDOCK NEWTON.

MORNING AND EVENING.

When the fast ushering star of morning comes
O'er-riding the gray hills with golden scarf;
Or when the cowl'd and dusky-sandall'd eve,
In mourning weeds, from out the western gate,
Departs with silent pace!

LONGFELLOW.

HOW TO ATTAIN JOY.

Go, fix some weighty truth;
Chain down some passion; do some generous deed;
Teach ignorance to see, or grief to smile;
Correct thy friend, befriend thy greatest foe;
Or, with warm heart, and confidence divine,
Spring up, and lay strong hold on Him who made the

YOUNG.

THE LAW OF THE WORLD.

Those that are up themselves keep others low;
Those that are low themselves hold others hard,
Ne suffer them to rise, or greater grow;
And every one doth strive his fellow down to throw

THOMSON.

THE MOTHER.

By Patten.

"She sleeps! how long she sleeps! the sun hath sunk beneath the west,
And risen twice, yet still she keeps that deep and placid rest.
Why do they pass before me thus, her slumbering form to view?
Come hither, brother, thou and I will gaze upon her too;
But stay! we will not look there yet, but let us wait until
The midnight stars are beaming bright, and all around is still,
Save when the moaning winds sweep by in whispers low and deep,
And then together we will go and view her in her sleep."

"Stster! tread softly! hark! that sound! 'twas but the midnight hour
Tolling so harsh and heavily from yonder distant tower;
Come, sister, tremble not, 'tis true the time is lone and drear,
And dimly burns the taper dark that sits beside the bier;
But thou didst breathe a prayer to me, a whisper'd prayer but now,
To come at midnight hour and gaze upon thy mother's brow.
This is the hour, and we have pass'd along the silent hall,
And thus, as by the dead we stand, I take away the pall—
And here the coffin's lid I move—and here I raise the veil—
Turn, gentle sister, turn and look upon her features pale;
Stoop down and kiss her pallid cheek—though cold and damp it be,
It is the same which in thy mirth so oft was press'd by thee.
And clasp in thine the lifeless hand that lies upon her breast,
Where pillow'd in thine infant years thou oft hast sunk to rest."

"My eyes grow dim!—sweet brother, haste! and come wi
me away!
Is this the form which once I loved! this ghastly thing
clay?

They told me that she only slept—and that she still was fai
As when upon her brow I used to part her raven hair.
Is this my mother?—No, oh! no,—not this on which I'
gazed,
Her eyes were bright like angel's eyes, but these are fix
and glazed,
Her lips were smiling like the sky that never knew a cloud
But these are silent, closed and pale—pale as the windi
shroud.
My eyes grow dim, sweet brother, haste and come with n
away—
No, this is not the form I loved—this ghastly thing of clay

THE BRIDAL.

Another of the marvellously luxurious descriptions by KEATS; wealth of words without rival in English poetry.

HE was a poet, sure a lover too,
Who stood on Latmus' top, what time there blew
Soft breezes from the myrtle vale below;
And brought, in faintness solemn, sweet, and slow,
A hymn from Dian's temple; while upswelling,
The incense went to her own starry dwelling.
But though her face was clear as infants' eyes,
Though she stood smiling o'er the sacrifice,
The poet wept at her so piteous fate,
Wept that such beauty should be desolate:
So in fine wrath some golden sounds he won,
And gave meek Cynthia her Endymion.

Queen of the wide air; thou most lovely queen
Of all the brightness that mine eyes have seen!
As thou exceedest all things in thy shine,
So every tale does this sweet tale of thine.
O for three words of honey, that I might
Tell but one wonder of thy bridal night!

Where distant ships do seem to show their keels,
Phœbus awhile delay'd his mighty wheels,
And turn'd to smile upon thy bashful eyes,
Ere he his unseen pomp would solemnize.
The evening weather was so bright, and clear,
That men of health were of unusual cheer;
Stepping like Homer at the trumpet's call,
Or young Apollo on the pedestal:
And lovely women were as fair and warm,
As Venus looking sideways in alarm.
The breezes were ethereal, and pure,
And crept through half-closed lattices to cure
The languid sick; it cool'd their fever'd sleep,
And sooth'd them into slumbers full and deep.
Soon they awoke clear-eyed: nor burn'd with thirsting,
Nor with hot fingers, nor with temples bursting:
And springing up, they met the wondering sight
Of their dear friends, nigh foolish with delight;
Who feel their arms, and breasts, and kiss and stare,
And on their placid foreheads part the hair.
Young men and maidens at each other gazed,
With hands held back, and motionless, amazed
To see the brightness in each other's eyes;
And so they stood, fill'd with a sweet surprise,
Until their tongues were loosed in poesy.
Therefore no lover did of anguish die:
But the soft numbers, in that moment spoken,
Made silken ties, that never may be broken.
Cynthia! I cannot tell the greater blisses
That follow'd thine, and thy dear shepherd's kisses:
Was there a poet born?—But now no more—
My wandering spirit must no farther soar.

MUSIC IN A CHURCH.

This fine passage is from a poem by JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, entitled "*A Legend of Brittany.*"

THEN swell'd the organ: up through choir and nave
  The music trembled with an inward thrill
Of bliss at its own grandeur: wave on wave
  Its flood of mellow thunder rose, until
The hush'd air shiver'd with the throb it gave,
  Then, poising for a moment, it stood still,

And sank and rose again, to burst in spray
That wander'd into silence far away.

Like to a mighty heart the music seem'd,
  That yearns with melodies it cannot speak,
Until, in grand despair of what it dream'd,
  In the agony of effort it doth break,
Yet triumphs breaking; on it rush'd and stream'd
  And wanton'd in its might, as when a lake,
Long pent among the mountains, bursts its walls
And in one crowding gush leaps forth and falls.

Deeper and deeper shudders shook the air,
  As the huge bass kept gathering heavily,
Like thunder when it rouses in its lair,
  And with its hoarse growl shakes the low-hung sky
It grew up like a darkness everywhere,
  Filling the vast cathedral;—suddenly,
From the dense mass a boy's clear treble broke
Like lightning, and the full-toned choir awoke.

Through gorgeous windows shone the sun aslant,
  Brimming the church with gold and purple mist,
Meet atmosphere to bosom that rich chant,
  Where fifty voices in one strand did twist
Their varicolour'd tones, and left no want
  To the delighted soul, which sank abyss'd
In the warm music cloud, while, far below,
The organ heaved its surges to and fro.

ART.

By Sprague.

When from the sacred garden driven,
Man fled before his Maker's wrath,
An angel left her place in heaven,
And cross'd the wanderer's sunless path.
'Twas Art! sweet Art! new radiance broke,
Where her light foot flew o'er the ground;
And thus with seraph voice she spoke,
"The curse a blessing shall be found."

She led him through the trackless wild,
Where noontide sunbeam never blazed :—
The thistle shrunk—the harvest smiled,
And nature gladden'd as she gazed.
Earth's thousand tribes of living things,
At Art's command to him are given,
The village grows, the city springs,
And point their spires of faith to heaven.

He rends the oak—and bids it ride,
To guard the shores its beauty graced ;
He smites the rock—upheaved in pride,
See towers of strength, and domes of taste.
Earth's teaming caves their wealth reveal,
Fire bears his banner on the wave,
He bids the mortal poison heal,
And leaps triumphant o'er the grave.

He plucks the pearls that stud the deep,
Admiring beauty's lap to fill :
He breaks the stubborn marble's sleep,
And mocks his own Creator's skill.
With thoughts that swell his glowing soul,
He bids the ore illume the page,
And proudly scorning time's control,
Commerces with an unborn age.

In fields of air he writes his name,
And treads the chambers of the sky ;
He reads the stars, and grasps the flame,
That quivers round the throne on high.
In war renown'd, in peace sublime,
He moves in greatness and in grace ;
His power subduing space and time,
Links realm to realm, and race to race.

A LOVER DROPPING ASLEEP IN THE MIDST OF HAP THOUGHTS.

A passage in COVENTRY PATMORE'S *Angel in the House.*

'TIS sweeter than all else below,
  The daylight and its duties done,
To fold the arms for rest and so
  Relinquish all regards but one:
To see her features in the dark:
  To lie and meditate once more
Some grace he did not fully mark,
  Some tone he had not heard before:
Then from beneath his head to take
  Her notes, her picture, and her glove,
Put there for joy when he shall wake,
  And press them to the heart of love:
And then to whisper "wife," and pray
  To live so long as not to miss
That unimaginable day
  Which farther seems the nearer 'tis:
And still from joy's unfathom'd well
  To drink in sleep, while on her brow
Of innocence ineffable
  The laughing bridal roses blow.

A SCENE.

By J. STANYAN BIGG.

FLORA AND CAROLINE.

Caroline.—Flora, my dear, why do you look so sad
Is not the night most lovely, with her locks
Dark as the raven's wing—and all around
A very picture of repose and peace—
Bathed in the luxuries of tranquil bliss:
Steep'd to the very lips in ecstacy,
Too deep and long-sustain'd for utterance:
Too passionate for words, like the sweet moments
When the eye only speaks th' unsyllabled words
Of the o'erbrimming heart, and the soul spills

The overflowing fulness of its joy
In the sweet eloquence of silence. Hark!
The only voices that disturb the night,
Or rather mingle with its solemn hush,
Are two, save ours: that of the restless wind
Gliding about among the trees, as if
The Angel of the Earth was passing o'er
The velvet carpet of her palace home,
From chamber unto chamber, just to see,
With all the yearning of a mother's heart,
That all her loved ones were asleep and well,
And look her last on them for this one night,
And take their happy dreams with her to Heaven,—
And that the motion which we hear was but
The rustle of her garments; and the other
Is the soft silver-tinkled splash of yonder
Moss-covered fountain. How I love the sound
Of falling water. It hath something in it
Which speaks of the long past—of infancy
And the bright pearl-like days of childhood; and
I fancy that I hear it murmuring
Stories of red-ripe berries; and with glee,
And with an innocent cunning, telling of
Those secret nooks where thickest hang the nuts
From their o'erladen branches: oh! it speaks,
In tones we cannot help but understand,
Of those far distant times when all things were
Treasures and joys, not to be bought with worlds;
When a new pleasure was a pleasure, just
Because that it was new: and all things seem'd
As pretty playthings to the new-born soul,
Constructed for its use and sole amusement;
But why art thou so sad?

Flora.—Nay, Caroline,
Not sad! No, not quite that—and yet—ah well
The night is lovely, and I love her with
A passionate devotion, for she stirs
Feelings too deep for utterance within me.
She thrills me with an influence and a power
A sadden'd kind of joy I cannot name—
So that I meet her brightest smile with tears,
She seemeth like a prophetess, too wise,
Knowing ah! all too much for happiness:

As though she had tried all things, and had found
All vain and wanting, and was henceforth steep'd
Up to the very dark, tear-lidded eyes
In a mysterious gloom, a holy calm!

* * * * * *

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Oh yes! I love the night, whoever standeth
With her gemm'd finger on her rich ripe lip,
As if in attitude of deep attention,
Catching the mighty echoes of the words
Which God had utter'd ere the earth was form'd,
Or e'er yon Infinite blush'd like a bride
With all her jewels; and I love the flowers,
And their soft slumber as they lie around
In the sweet starlight, bathed in lovelike dew,
And looking like young sisters, orphans too,
Left to our watchful care and guardianship,
To keep them from the rough-voiced, burly winds,
And see that nought invades their soul-like sleep.
Thou cans't not tell me what I do not love
In all this dark-robed family of peace:—
The temporary hush of the low winds,
And their uprising wail: the shadows there,
Cast from the long dark shrubberies, that move
And rest again on the green sward, and nod
Their hearse-like plumage to the passing winds:
The deep, unclouded light, half glow, half gloom,
Dark, and yet lustrous, gleaming with a fire
Whose sources seem unfathomable: love
Even the very grass beneath our feet,
Whose graceful blades I almost fear to tread on,
Because when I have passed, they raise themselve
Again half in reproach, so quietly
Turning themselves once more unto the heaven
That cherishes and feeds them—I could weep
That I had crushed them underneath my foot:
Even yon tree, standing so lonely there,
As if it dreamt of all the breezes, which
In times long past it clasp'd within its arms
All wither'd now, and of the music which
Its branches used to hold when in their prime,
Ere it became a thing unsightly on

The bosom of the living world—a limb
Effete and worthless to the moving mass,—
And yet I love it too—grim ancient thing.
All, all, oh! yes, I dearly love them all!

SUMMER.

By James Cochrane.

Now to the uplands gentle Spring withdraws;
And ardent Summer, with a youthful band
Of sylvan nymphs, by soft Favonius fann'd,
Comes on reluctant, making frequent pause.
Attired in robes of gossamer-like gauze,
Holding a snow-white lily in her hand,
Slowly she comes, with which as with a wand
The ruffian winds afar she charms or awes.
Chaplets of roses round her head are wreathed,
And softest airs by tuneful flutes are breathed;
Smiling she comes with all her sylvan charge,
Graceful and girlish, yet mature the while—
Like Cleopatra in her gorgeous barge
Skimming the dreamy waters of the Nile.

TO NELLIE.

By Emily C. Huntington; taken from *Knickerbocker*, an ıerican Magazine.

I am sitting alone with the night, Nellie,
  Alone with the beautiful night,
And whether awake or a-dreaming,
  I never can tell aright;
But my heart is as glad as a fountain
  That leaps in the flashing light.

The stars are mounting on high, Nellie,
  And the old moon sinking a-low,
And over the fields of the barley
  The night winds merrily blow,
And in at my window lightly
  In ripples of coolness flow.

The night is thrilling with sounds, Nellie,
  Low tones with a cadence sweet,
The murmur of winds is waking,
  And the whisper of leaves that meet,
With the chime and the tinkle of water,
  In a musical rhyme complete.

My soul is fill'd with the moonlight,
  And my heart with the summer dew,
And the skies that bend over my spirit
  To-night are of cloudless blue,
And a thousand hopes like planets,
  Shine out with a glory new.

HOME VOICES.

An anonymous poem in a recent American Journal.

I AM so home-sick in this summer weather!
  Where is my home upon this weary earth?
The maple trees are bursting into freshness
  Around the pleasant place that gave me birth.

But dearer far, a grave for me is waiting,
  Far up among the pine trees greener shade:
The willow boughs the hand of love has planted
  Wave o'er the hillock where my dead are laid.

Why go without me, O ye loved and loving?
  What has earth left of happiness or peace?
Let me come to you where the heart grows calmer,
  Let me lie down where life's wild strugglings cease.

Earth has no home for hearts so worn and weary,
  Life has no second spring for such a year!
Oh! for the day that bids me come to meet you
  And life in gladness in that summons hear!

MONUMENT MOUNTAIN.

By WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, the poet of America. Professor Wilson considered this to be one of his finest compositions.

THOU who wouldst see the lovely and the wild
Mingled in harmony on Nature's face,
Ascend our rocky mountains. Let thy foot
Fail not with weariness, for on their tops
The beauty and the majesty of earth,
Spread wide beneath, shall make thee to forget
The steep and toilsome way. There as thou stand'st,
The haunts of men below thee and around
The mountain summits, thy expanding heart
Shall feel a kindred with that loftier world
To which thou art translated, and partake
The enlargement of thy vision. Thou shalt look
Upon the green and rolling forest tops,
And down into the secrets of the glens
And streams that with their bordering thickets strive
To hide their windings. Thou shalt gaze, at once,
Here on white villages, and tilth, and herds,
And swarming roads, and there on solitudes
That only hear the torrent, and the wind,
And eagle's shriek. There is a precipice
That seems a fragment of some mighty wall,
Built by the hand that fashion'd the old world,
To separate its nations, and thrown down
When the flood drown'd them. To the north, a path
Conducts you up the narrow battlement.
Steep is the western side, shaggy and wild
With mossy trees, and pinnacles of flint,
And many a hanging crag. But, to the east,
Sheer to the vale go down the bare old cliffs,—
Huge pillars, that in middle heaven upbear
Their weather-beaten capitals, here dark
With the thick moss of centuries, and there
Of chalky whiteness where the thunderbolt
Has splinter'd them. It is a fearful thing
To stand upon the beetling verge, and see
Where storm and lightning, from that huge gray wall,
Have tumbled down vast blocks, and at the base
Dash'd them in fragments, and to lay thine ear
Over the dizzy depth, and hear the sound

Of winds that struggle with the woods below,
Come up like ocean murmurs. But the scene
Is lovely round; a beautiful river there
Wanders amid the fresh and fertile meads,
The paradise he made unto himself,
Mining the soil for ages. On each side
The fields swell upward to the hills; beyond
Above the hills, in the blue distance, rise
The mighty columns with which earth props heaven

There is a tale about these reverend rocks,
A sad tradition of unhappy love,
And sorrows borne and ended, long ago,
When over these fair vales the savage sought
His game in the thick woods. There was a maid,
The fairest of the Indian maids, bright-eyed,
With wealth of raven tresses, a light form,
And a gay heart. About her cabin-door
The wide old woods resounded with her song
And fairy laughter all the summer day.
She loved her cousin; such a love was deemed,
By the morality of those stern tribes,
Incestuous, and she struggled hard and long
Against her love, and reason'd with her heart,
As simple Indian maiden might. In vain.
Then her eye lost its lustre, and her step
Its lightness, and the gray-hair'd men that pass'd
Her dwelling wonder'd that they heard no more
The accustom'd song and laugh of her, whose looks
Were like the cheerful smile of Spring, they said,
Upon the winter of their age. She went
To weep where no eye saw, and was not found
When all the merry girls were met to dance,
And all the hunters of the tribe were out:
Nor when they gather'd from the rustling husk
The shining ear; nor when, by the river's side,
They pull'd the grape and startled the wild shades
With sounds of mirth. The keen-eyed Indian dames
Would whisper to each other, as they saw
Her wasting form, and say "the girl will die."

One day into the bosom of a friend,
A playmate of her young and innocent years,

She pour'd her griefs. "Thou know'st, and thou alone."
She said, "for I have told thee, all my love,
And guilt, and sorrow. I am sick of life.
All night I weep in darkness, and the morn
Glares on me, as upon a thing accursed,
That has no business on the earth. I hate
The pastimes and the pleasant toils that once
I loved; the cheerful voices of my friends
Have an unnatural horror in my ear.
In dreams my mother, from the land of souls,
Calls me and chides me. All that look on me
Do seem to know my shame; I cannot bear
Their eyes; I cannot from my heart root out
The love that wrings it so, and I must die."

It was a summer morning and they went
To this old precipice. About the cliffs
Lay garlands, ears of maize, and shaggy skins
Of wolf and bear, the offerings of the tribe
Here made to the Great Spirit, for they deem'd,
Like worshippers of the elder time, that God
Doth walk on the high places and affect
The earth-o'erlooking mountains. She had on
The ornaments with which her father loved
To deck the beauty of his bright-eyed girl,
And bade her wear when stranger warriors came
To be his guests. Here the friends sat them down,
And sang, all day, old songs of love and death,
And deck'd the poor wan victim's hair with flowers,
And pray'd that safe and swift might be her way
To the calm world of sunshine, where no grief
Makes the heart heavy and the eyelids red.
Beautiful lay the region of her tribe
Below her—waters resting in the embrace
Of the wide forest, and maize-planted glades
Opening amid the leafy wilderness.
She gazed upon it long, and at the sight
Of her own village peeping through the trees,
And her own dwelling, and the cabin roof
Of him she loved with an unlawful love,
And came to die for, a warm gush of tears
Ran from her eyes. But when the sun grew low
And the hill shadows long, she threw herself

From the steep rock and perish'd. There was scooped
Upon the mountain's southern slope a grave:
And there they laid her, in the very garb
With which the maiden deck'd herself for death,
With the same withering wild flowers in her hair.
And o'er the mould that cover'd her, the tribe
Built up a simple monument, a cone
Of small loose stones. Thenceforward all who pass'd,
Hunter, and dame, and virgin, laid a stone
In silence on the pile. It stands there yet.
And Indians from the distant west, who come
To visit where their father's bones are laid,
Yet tell the sorrowful tale, and to this day
The mountain where the hapless maiden died
Is call'd the Mountain of the Monument.

TO ONE IN PARADISE.

By Edgar A. Poe.

Thou wast all that to me, love,
  For which my soul did pine—
A green isle in the sea, love,
  A fountain and a shrine,
All wreath'd with fairy fruits and flowers,
  And all the flowers were mine.

Ah, dream too bright to last!
  Ah, starry hope! that didst arise
But to be overcast!
  A voice from out the future cries,
"On! on!"—but o'er the Past
  (Dim gulf!) my spirit hovering lies
Mute, motionless, aghast!

For, alas! alas! with me
  The light of life is o'er!
No more—no more—no more—
  (Such language holds the solemn sea
  To the sands upon the shore)
Shall bloom the thunder-blasted tree,
  Or the stricken eagle soar.

And all my days are trances,
  And all my nightly dreams
And were thy dark eye glances,
  And where thy footstep gleams—
In what ethereal dances,
  By what eternal streams.

A DEAD PAST.

Extracted from a recent number of *Household Words*, where it ›pears anonymously.

SPARE her at least; look, you have taken from me
The present, and I murmur not, nor moan;
The future, too, with all her glorious promise;
But do not leave me utterly alone.

Spare me the Past—for, see, she cannot harm you,
She lies so white and cold, wrapp'd in her shroud,
All, all my own! and trust me I will hide her
Within my soul, nor speak to her aloud.

I folded her soft hands upon her bosom
And strew'd my flowers upon her—they still live—
Sometimes I like to kiss her closed white eyelids,
And think of all the joy she used to give.

Cruel indeed it were to take her from me;
She sleeps, she will not wake—no fear—again.
And so I laid her, such a gentle burthen,
Quietly on my heart to still its pain.

I do not think the rosy smiling present,
Or the vague future, spite of all her charms,
Could ever rival her. You know you laid her,
Long years ago, then living, in my arms.

Leave *her* at least—while my tears fall upon her,
I dream she smiles, just as she did of yore;
As dear as ever to me—nay, it may be,
Even dearer still—since I have nothing more.

THE FROZEN BROOK.

This exquisite description is taken from a poem by R. LOWELL, an American poet, entitled the *The Vision of Sir L*

DOWN swept the chill wind from the mountain p
From the snow five thousand summers old;
On open wold and hill-top bleak
It had gather'd all the cold,
And whirl'd it like sleet on the wanderer's cheek
It carried a shiver everywhere
From the unleaf'd boughs and pastures bare;
The little brook heard it and built a roof
'Neath which he could house him, winter-proof;
All night by the white stars' frosty gleams
He groin'd his arches and match'd his beams;
Slender and clear were his crystal spars
As the lashes of light that trim the stars;
He sculptured every summer delight
In his halls and chambers out of sight;
Sometimes his tinkling waters slipt
Down through a frost-leaved, forest-crypt,
Long, sparkling aisles of steel-stemm'd trees
Bending to counterfeit a breeze;
Sometimes the roof no fretwork knew
But silvery mosses that downward grew;
Sometimes it was carved in sharp relief
With quaint arabesques of ice-fern leaf;
Sometimes it was simply smooth and clear
For the gladness of heaven to shine through, and
He had caught the nodding bulrush tops
And hung them thickly with diamond drops,
Which crystall'd the beams of moon and sun,
And made a star of every one:
No mortal builder's most rare device
Could match this winter-palace of ice:
'Twas as if every image that mirror'd lay
In his depths serene through the summer day,
Each flitting shadow of earth and sky,
Lest the happy model should be lost,
Had been mimicked in fairy masonry
By the elfin builders of the frost.

A COMMON THOUGHT.

By Barry Cornwall.

All faces melt in smiles and tears,
  Stirr'd up by many a passion strange,
(Likings, loathings, wishes, fears,)
  Till death :—then ends all change.
Then king and peasant, bride and nun,
Wear but one!

Spring, all beauty, aye laughs loud;
  Summers smile, and autumns rave;
But winter puts on his white shroud,
  And lies down in his grave;
And when the next soft season nears,
He disappears!

Merry spring for childish face;
  Summer for young manhood bold;
Autumn for a graver race;
  Winter for the old!
After that,—what seasons run?
Alas! not one!

Then all the changing passions fade;
  Then all the seasons strange have pass'd;
And overspreads one boundless shade,
  Which must for ever last:
Then life's uncounted sands are run,
And—all is done!

HIS AND MINE.

By Rowland Brown.

ıer be his in the hours of pride, of pomp and revelry;
er be his in courtly crowds of young frivolity;
st the blaze of the banquet lights, in the halls of dance
  and song;
› her not for the admiring gaze of a gay and thought-
  less throng.

Let her be his when exultant scorn shall beam from her
eyes o' blue;
Let her be his when her warm cheek glows with a strange
unnatural hue;
Let her be his when thoughtless words from thoughtless
lips may fall;
Let her be his when folly's lamps are alight in Vanity Hall.

Let her be his; aye let him caress with pride her jewell'd
hand;
Let her be his when she proudly walks with what the
world calls grand;
Let her be his when her heart grows faint, and aweary of
hollow mirth,
When her spirit thirsts for a loftier scene and nobler joys of
earth.

Let her be his whilst the senseless crowd around her bow
the knee;
Let her be his (for I feel such scenes can awake no joy in
me),
Let her be his for the transient hours such joys can charm
the heart;
But let her be mine when the dreams of night for the
smiles of morn depart.

Let her be mine when mocking hands no fading garlands
wreathe;
Let her be mine when the scatter'd throngs no flattering
incense breathe;
Let her be mine when the thoughts of night are pass'd for
the deeds of day;
Let her be mine when the lips take heed of the tale the
heart would say.

Let her be mine in that holy place, to set love's signet
ring;
Let her be mine in the blissful hour when the joy-bells
merrily ring;
Let her be mine when her spirit feels it cannot happier be
Than to rest in the home she has made in my heart, and to
live and to die with me.

Let her be mine in the silent hour when angels hover by;
Let her be mine when none are near to hear the bosom's sigh;
Let her be mine when the light of heaven may rest on her placid brow;
Let her be mine when God alone can hear the whisper'd vow:

Let her be mine through the battle of life with smiles love-deeds to crown;
Let her be mine in the trying time when false friends on me frown;
Let her be mine in the hour of death to hear my last fond prayer;
And let her be mine in the worlds of light to love and to bless me there.

THE PARTING WORD.

One of O. W. HOLMES's semi-serious semi-humourous poems, a style peculiarly his own.

I MUST leave thee, lady sweet!
Months shall waste before we meet;
Winds are fair, and sails are spread,
Anchors leave their ocean bed;
Ere this shining day grow dark,
Skies shall gird my shoreless bark;
Through thy tears, O lady mine,
Read thy lover's parting line.

When the first sad sun shall set,
Thou shalt tear thy locks of jet;
When the morning star shall rise,
Thou shalt wake with weeping eyes;
When the second sun goes down,
Thou more tranquil shalt be grown,
Taught too well that wild despair
Dims thine eyes, and spoils thy hair.

All the first unquiet week
Thou shalt wear a smileless cheek;

In the first month's second half
Thou shalt once attempt to laugh;
Then in Pickwick thou shalt dip,
Slightly puckering round the lip,
Till at last, in sorrow's spite,
Samuel makes thee laugh outright.

While the first seven mornings last,
Round thy chamber bolted fast,
Many a youth shall fume and pout,
"Hang the girl, she's always out!"
While the second week goes round,
Vainly shall they ring and pound;
When the third week shall begin,
"Martha, let the creature in."

Now once more the flattering throng
Round thee flock with smile and song,
But thy lips unwean'd as yet,
Lisp, "O, how can I forget!"
Men and devils both contrive
Traps for catching girls alive;
Eve was duped, and Helen kiss'd,—
How, O how can you resist?

First be careful of your fan,
Trust it not to youth or man;
Love has fill'd a pirate's sail
Often with its perfumed gale.
Mind your kerchief most of all,
Fingers touch when kerchiefs fall;
Shorter ell than mercers clip,
Is the space from hand to lip.

Trust not such as talk in tropes,
Full of pistols, daggers, ropes;
All the hemp that Russia bears
Scarce would answer lovers' prayers;
Never thread was spun so fine,
Never spider stretch'd the line,
Would not hold the lovers true
That would really swing for you.

Fiercely some shall storm and swear,
Beating breasts in black despair;
Others murmur with a sigh,
You must melt or they will die;
Painted words on empty lies,
Grubs with wings like butterflies;
Let them die, and welcome too;
Pray what better could they do?

Fare thee well, if years efface
From thy heart love's burning trace,
Keep, O keep that hallow'd seat
From the tread of vulgar feet;
If the blue lips of the sea
Wait with icy kiss for me,
Let not thine forget the vow,
Seal'd how often, Love, as now.

EVENING IN THE CITY.

A passage in ALEXANDER SMITH's new volume of *City Poems*.

OUR stream of talk
Here split in petty rills which ran to waste,
And sank in silence. When that swallows' haunt,
Saint Stephen's, with its showers of silvery chimes,
Stood black against the red dilated sun,
Labour laid down his tools and went away.
The park was loud with games: clear laughter, shrieks,
Came from the rings of girls amid the trees;
The cricketers were eager at their play;
The stream was dotted with the swimmers' heads;
Gay boats flashed up and down. The level sun
Pour'd o'er the sward a farewell gush of light,
And Sport transfigured stood. I hurried on,
Through all the mirth, to where the river ran,
In the grey evening, 'tween the hanging woods,
With a soul-soothing murmur. Seated there,
The darkness closing round me, I could see
A lonely angler like a heron stand,
And hear the blackbird piping to the eve,
And smell the wild-rose on the dewy air.

I reached the park hours later,—what a change!
The full-moon fill'd the universal night;
The stream ran white with lustre; walks and trees
Threw their long shadows; a few kine lay dark
In lanes and squares of moonlight; far away
The pallid rim of night was touch'd with fires;
Stillness was deep as death. "The noisy day
Wheels into silence; and this wave of life,
Crown'd with its fretting foam, subsides at last
On shores without a sound. And this our Time—
With throes tyrannic girt by seas of steel;
Wild nations starting up from sleep to chase
A dream of liberty through blood and fire;
White faces down in dungeons cursing kings;
Battle, and wintry siege, and frozen hosts—
Will sink and lose itself in utter peace
Like water spilt on sand. And History,
A mournful follower in the track of man,
Whose path is over ruin and the grave,
May linger for a moment in this place
Beside a worn inscription and be sad."

Across the moonlight spaces and the shades
I walk'd in silence, through pale silver streets,
Athwart a desolate and moon-bleach'd square,
Over a white and solitary bridge,
Until I reach'd my home. I oped the door,
And, ere it closed, I heard a distant spire
Start in its sleep, and murmur of an hour.

HARVEST-HOME.

Extracted from *The Guardian* Newspaper.

Men of sinew! hale and hearty,
  Brave at scythe and sickle, come;
Come and swell our gleesome party,
  Reapers, sturdy reapers, come!
Time for all things, this for leisure,
Time for all things, this for pleasure,
  Sing our merry Harvest-home.

Mothers meek! home-troubles leaving,
  Join your husband's joy, and come
Honour, love, respect receiving,
  From the honest-hearted, come!
Nought unmeet for woman's bearing,
Nought unmeet for woman's hearing,
  Blots our merry Harvest-home.

Maidens modest! fear no roughness—
  Fathers, brothers are we; come!
Kind and true, despite our bluffness;
  Maidens modest! come then, come!
Far away be thoughts of lightness,
With your own unsullied brightness,
  Maidens! bless our Harvest-home!

Aged folks! our hamlet's glory,
  Dames and grandsires, all must come!
Come and tell again the story,
  Of the days long bygone, come!
Ye who with life's ills have striven,
And to whom now rest is given,
  Welcome to our Harvest-home!

Laughing children! lend your rattle
  To our merry-making; come!
Good to hear is childhood's prattle,
  Children, merry children, come!
Ye have work'd as hard as others,
Gleaning proud beside your mothers,
  Ye must share our Harvest-home.

High and low! with one another,
  Young and old! come, join us, come!
Each to each, in God, a brother;
  To our village High-Day come!
Well it is that harvest labours,
Richly crown'd, should bind all neighbours
  In a thankful Harvest-home.

A LANDSCAPE.

A beautiful passage in *Rural Poems*, a volume recently published by THOMAS BUCHANAN READ, an American poet.

WITHIN his sober realm of leafless trees
  The russet year inhaled the dreamy air,
Like some tanned reaper in his hour of ease,
  When all the fields are lying brown and bare.

The grey barns, looking from their hazy hills
  O'er the dim waters widening in the vales,
Sent down the air a greeting to the mills,
  On the dull thunder of alternate flails.

All sights were mellow'd and all sounds subdued,
  The hills seemed farther, and the streams sang low;
As in a dream, the distant woodman hewed
  His winter log, with many a muffled blow.

The sentinel cock upon the hill-side crew—
  Crew thrice, and all was stiller than before—
Silent till some replying warder blew
  His alien horn, and then was heard no more.

Where erst the jay, within the elm's tall crest,
  Made garrulous trouble round her unfledged young,
And where the oriole hung her swaying nest,
  By every light wind like a censer swung;

Where sang the noisy masons of the eaves,
  The busy swallows, circling ever near,
Foreboding, as the rustic mind believes,
  An early harvest and a plenteous year;

Where every bird which charm'd the vernal feast
  Shook the sweet slumber from its wings at morn,
To warn the reaper of the rosy east—
  All now was songless, empty, and forlorn.

Alone from out the stubble piped the quail,
  And croak'd the crow through all the dreamy gloom;
Alone the pheasant drumming in the vale,
  Made echo to the distant cottage loom.

There was no bud, no bloom upon the bowers;
  The spiders wove their thin shrouds night by night;
The thistle-down, the only ghost of flowers,
  Sail'd slowly by, pass'd noiseless out of sight.

Amid all this, in this most cheerless air,
  And where the woodbine shed upon the porch
Its crimson leaves, as if the year stood there
  Firing the floor with his inverted torch.

THE CASTLE BY THE SEA.

A poem by UHLAND, translated by LONGFELLOW.

"HAST thou seen that lordly castle,
  That castle by the sea?
Golden and red above it
  The clouds float gorgeously.

"And fain it would stoop downward
  To the mirror'd wave below;
And fain it would soar upward
  In the evening's crimson glow."

"Well have I seen that castle,
  That castle by the sea,
And the moon above it standing,
  And the mist rise solemnly."

"The winds and the waves of ocean,
  Had they a merry chime?
Didst thou hear from those lofty chambers,
  The harp and the minstrel's rhyme?"

"The winds and the waves of ocean,
  They rested quietly,
But I heard on the gale a sound of wail,
  And tears came to mine eye."

"And sawest thou on the turrets
  The king and his royal bride?
And the wave of their crimson mantles?
  And the golden crown of pride?

"Led they not forth, in rapture,
  A beauteous maiden there:
Resplendent as the morning sun,
  Beaming with golden hair?"

"Well saw I the ancient parents,
  Without the crown of pride;
They were moving slow, in weeds of woe,
  No maiden was by their side!"

THE CELESTIAL ARMY.

By J. B. READ, an American poet.

I STOOD by the open casement,
  And look'd upon the night,
And saw the westward-going stars
  Pass slowly out of sight.

Slowly the bright procession
  Went down the gleaming arch,
And my soul discern'd the music
  Of the long triumphal march;

Till the great celestial army,
  Stretching far beyond the poles,
Became the eternal symbol
  Of the mighty march of souls.

Onward, for ever onward,
  Red Mars led down his clan;
And the Moon, like a mailed maiden,
  Was riding in the van.

And some were bright in beauty,
  And some were faint and small,
But these might be, in their great heights,
  The noblest of them all.

Downward, for ever downward,
  Behind earth's dusky shore,
They pass'd into the unknown night,
  They pass'd, and were no more.

No more! oh say not so!
  And downward is not just;
For the sight is weak, and the sense is dim,
  That looks through heated dust.

The stars and the mailed moon,
  Though they seem to fall and die,
Still sweep with their embattled lines
  An endless reach of sky.

And though the hills of death
  May hide the bright array,
The marshall'd brotherhood of souls
  Still keeps its onward way.

Upward, for ever upward,
  I see their march sublime,
And hear the glorious music
  Of the conquerors of Time.

And long let me remember,
  That the palest fainting one
May to diviner vision be
  A bright and blazing sun.

ONE OF THE HOMES.

A HEALTH OF TOWNS' BALLAD.

By Ebenezer Elliott, the Corn Law Rhymer.

The small boy in his home of sighs,
  As if he hated man,
Died, with raised hand, and open eyes,
  Frowning at little Ann.
Then died his bird: she wept, she sigh'd:
  'Twas worn to skin and bone:
But whether it of famine died,
  Or fever, is not known.

She wept, but not for John—and yet
  She lov'd her brother well;
She wept—wept for his little pet!
  But why she could not tell.
Where frown'd its friend, his bird she put
  Within the coffin small;
But then the lid refused to shut!
  She thought she heard him call!
The dead hand propp'd the coffin-lid,
  Above the dreadful frown;
It would keep up! it would, and did;
  The joiner screw'd it down.
And so, they slept in company;
  The blighted feather'd flower,
And poor bud of humanity—
  Both blighted in one hour.
Farewell, thou old street-shunning lane
  Where John whole hours would stay,
When welcomed flowers came back again,
  To welcome rainbow'd May!
Flowers which by name he once could call!
  For he, with childish pride,
Had kept, at home, a funeral
  Of flowers, that weekly died.
His father, who loved wild flowers, too,
  Had taught the child their names,
Though, with a florist's pride, he grew
  Outlandish flowers, in frames.
Where lay the father on the floor,
  Was laid the coffin small;
The mother lay behind the door,
  So, there were four in all;
The blasted, black, once beauteous thorn,
  That never more would grow;
The rose, once sweet as dewy morn;
  The blighted bud of woe;
And, happiest there of all, the bird
  That ne'er saw God's bless'd sun,
Or growing flower; ne'er saw, or heard,
  Tree wave, or river run.
The rats peep'd out behind the door,
  And loth they seem'd to go;
The rats jump'd down beneath the floor,

Into the sewer below.
Men raised, in haste, the coffins three,
In fearful haste were they:
Ann, famish'd, follow'd gloomily,
And heard the parson pray.
Grey-hair'd he was, a grey-hair'd youth,
Kind, humble, just, and wise;
He look'd on wo-worn toil and truth
With pity's tearful eyes:
For he, a poor man's friendless son,
Once suffer'd long distress,
And hard up-hill his way had won
To honour'd usefulness.
His gown'd back to the wind he turn'd,
And waved the holy book:
On corpses three, by one child mourn'd,
He look'd, with solemn look:
Behind him far, two youths well clad
Stood mute, with ladies two:
Before him gasp'd the bann'd and bad,
A poor death-daring crew:
One feebly clasp'd a dying child,
Sobbing; another said,
"Thank God for Plague!" and darkly smiled;
A third said, "God is dead!"
Their famine grinn'd—What could it less?
Their sadness wore a frown;
Their "loop'd and window'd raggedness"
Blasphemed the parson's gown.
But when that grey-hair'd pastor spoke,
Their prostrate hearts arose,
And trembling hope, like starlight, broke
On each despairer's woes:
"In life," he said, "we are in death,
Through death to life we rise:
In fear man draws his fleeting breath,
In sorrow lives and dies:
We come like shadows—and are gone;
Dust are we, dust to be;
Until this mortal hath put on
Its immortality."

Brilliants.

PARTING.

Let's not unman each other—part at once:
All farewells should be sudden, when for ever,
Else they make an eternity of moments,
And clog the last sad sands of life with tears.

BYRO

NIGHT.

Ah! there is something holy in this hush—
This lake-like, still submergency of sound,
On whose unbroken quietudes our voices
Are as a desecration: and our steps
Fall on the throbbing silence, as a wail
Amidst the harmonious choruses of heaven—
As a tooth-grinding jar among the harps
Of angels and of hierarchies. (A pause

Away!
What do we here? Our very heart's pulsations,
Though they be low, and muffled like death-tolls,
Are out of tune with this most musical silence:
For they have something human in them—speak
Of petty purposes, and all the broils
That rack the bosom of mortality:
But night is God and nature's. 'Tis the house,
Black-pillar'd and sky-roof'd, where they two hold
Their grand unutterable intercourse.

J. STANYAN BIG

NO MORE.

Oh sad no more! oh sweet no more!
Oh strange no more!
By a moss'd brook bank, on a stone,
I smelt a wildweed flower alone:
There was a ringing in my ears,
And both my eyes gush'd out with tears.
Surely, all pleasant things had gone before,
Low buried fathom deep beneath with thee,
No more!

ALFRED TENNYSO

SPRING.

The snow-drifts, which have lain so long,
  Haunting the hidden nooks,
Like guilty ghosts have slipp'd away,
  Unseen, into the brooks.

The lazy wheel, that hung so dry
  Above the idle stream,
Whirls wildly in the misty dark,
  And through the miller's dream.

W. B. READ.

NIGHT.

The stars are forth! The moon above the tops
Of the snow-shining mountains.—Beautiful!
I linger yet with nature, for the night
Hath been to me a more familiar face
Than that of man: and in her starry shade
Of dim and solitary loveliness,
I learn'd the language of another world.
I do remember me, that in my youth,
When I was wandering—upon such a night
I stood within the Colosseum's wall,
Midst the chief relics of almighty Rome:

* * * * *

And thou didst shine, thou rolling moon, upon
All this, and cast a wide and tender light,
Which soften'd down the hoar austerity
Of rugged desolation, and fill'd up
As 'twere anew, the gaps of centuries:
Leaving that beautiful which still was so,
And making that which was not, till the place
Became religion, and the heart ran o'er
With silent worship of the great of old!

BYRON.

PROSPERITY.

If ye are fair,
Mankind will crowd around you, thick as when
The full-faced moon sits silver in the sea,
The eager waves lift up their gleaming heads,
Each shouldering for her smile!

ALEXANDER SMITH.

MY LOVE

With roses musky breathed,
And drooping daffodilly,
And silver-leaved lily,
And ivy darkly wreath'd,
I wove a crown before her,
For her I love so dearly—
A garland for Leonora,
With a silken cord I bound it.
Leonora, laughing clearly
A light and thrilling laughter,
About her forehead wound it,
And loved me ever after.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

LOVE.

The highest truths lie nearest to the heart.
God came to me as Truth—I saw him not:
He came to me as Love, and my heart broke:
And from its inmost depth there came a cry
My Father! oh my Father! smile on me!
And the Great Father smiled.

J. STANYAN BIGG.

JOY AND GRIEF.

How many links of love there are,
Sweet beings of unequal mould,
And natures all dissimilar:
The vile dross clasps the precious gold,
The ever-beating waves embrace
The stolid rock's unmoving base:
And fresh-born ivy tendrils cling
To the grey ruin mouldering.
Around the darkest clouds will play
The summer lightning's brightest ray;
And on the peaks of mountain snow,
The warmest tints of sunset glow.

CALVERT.

THE FAIR THIEF.

By the EARL OF EGREMONT to his wife.

BEFORE the urchin well could go,
She stole the whiteness of the snow
And more that whiteness to adorn,
She stole the blushes of the morn—
Stole all the sweets that ether sheds
On primrose buds and violet beds.
Still to reveal her artful wiles,
She stole the Graces' silken smiles;
She stole Aurora's balmy breath,
And pilfer'd orient pearls for teeth.
The cherry, dipt in morning dew,
Gave moisture to her lips and hue.
These were her infant spoils, a store
To which in time she added more.
At twelve she stole from Cypria's queen
Her air, and love-inspiring mien—
Stole Juno's dignity, and stole
From Pallas sense to charm the soul.
Apollo's wit was next her prey;
The next, the beam that lights the day;
She sung—amazed the Syrens heard,
And to assert their claims appeared—
She play'd—the Muses from the hill
Wonder'd who thus had stolen their skill.
Great Jove approved her charms and art,
And t'other day she stole my heart.
If lovers, Cupid, are thy care,
Exert thy influence on the fair;
To trial bring her stolen charms,
And let her prison be my arms.

A CAVALIER'S SONG.

From THORNBURY'S *Songs of the Cavaliers and Roundheads.*

CARABINE slung, stirrup well hung,
Flagon at saddle-bow merrily swung;
Toss up the ale, for our flag, like a sail,
Struggles and swells in the hot July gale.

Colours fling out, and then give them a shout—
We are the gallants to put them to rout.

Flash all your swords, like Tartarian hordes,
And scare the prime ladies of puritan lords;
Our steel-caps shall blaze through the long summer days,
As we, galloping, sing our mad cavalier lays.
Then, banners advance! By the lilies of France,
We are the gallants to lead them a dance.

Ring the bells back, though the sexton look black,
Defiance to knaves who are hot on our track.
"Murder and fire!" shout louder and higher;
Remember Edgehill and the red-dabbled mire,
When our steeds we shall stall in the Parliament hall,
And shake the whole nest till the roof-tree shall fall.

Froth it up, girl, till it splash every curl,
October's the liquor for trooper and earl;
Bubble it up, merry gold in the cup,
We never may taste of to-morrow night's sup.
(Those red ribbons glow on thy bosom below
Like apple-tree bloom on a hillock of snow.)

No, by my word, there never shook sword
Better than this in the clutch of a lord;
The blue streaks that run are as bright in the sun
As the veins of the brow of that loveliest one;
No deep light of the sky, when the twilight is nigh,
Glitters more bright than this blade to the eye.

JOHN BROWN.

By Charles Mackay.

I've a guinea I can spend, I've a wife and I've a friend,
And a troop of little children at my knee, John Brown;
I've a cottage of my own, with the ivy overgrown,
And a cottage with a view of the sea, John Brown;
I can sit at my door by my shady sycamore,
Large at heart, though of very small estate, John Brown;
So come and drain a glass in my arbour as you pass,
And I'll tell you what I love and what I hate, John Brown.

I love the song of birds, and the children's early words,
And a loving woman's voice, low and sweet, John Brown;
And I hate a false pretence, and the want of common sense,
And arrogance, and fawning, and deceit, John Brown;
I love the meadow flowers, and the briar in the bowers,
And I love an open face without guile, John Brown;
And I hate a selfish knave, and a proud contented slave,
And a lout who'd rather borrow than he'd toil, John Brown.

I love a simple song that awakes emotions strong,
And the word of hope that raises him who faints, John Brown;
And I hate the constant whine of the foolish who repine,
And turn their good to evil by complaints, John Brown;
But even when I hate, if I seek my garden gate,
And survey the world around me and above, John Brown;
The hatred flies my mind, and I sigh for human kind,
And excuse the faults of those I cannot love, John Brown.

So if you like my ways, and the comfort of my days,
I can tell you how I live so unvex'd, John Brown;
I never scorn my health, nor sell my soul for wealth,
Nor destroy one day the pleasures of the next, John Brown;
I've parted with my pride, I take the sunny side,
For I've found it worse than folly to be sad, John Brown;
I keep my conscience clear, I've a hundred pounds a year,
And I manage to exist and to be glad, John Brown.

WOMAN.

By Ebenezer Elliott.

What highest prize hath woman won
In science or in art?
What mightiest work by woman done,
Boasts city, field, or mart?
"She hath no Raphael!" Painting saith;
"No Newton!" Learning cries;
"Show us her steam-ship! her Macbeth!
Her thought-won victories."

Wait, boastful man! Though worthy are
  Thy deeds when thou art true,
Things worthier still, and holier far,
  Our sister yet will do;
For this the worth of woman shows,
  On every peopled shore,
That still as man in wisdom grows,
  He honours her the more.

Oh, not for wealth, or fame, or power,
  Hath man's meek angel striven,
But, silent as the growing flower,
  To make of earth a heaven!
And in her garden of the sun
  Heaven's brightest rose shall bloom;
For woman's best is unbegun!
  Her advent yet to come!

BRITISH SUBJUGATION OF INDIA.

A fine passage in one of THOMAS CAMPBELL'S poems. It read very like a prophecy.

WHEN Europe sought your subject realms to gain,
And stretch'd her giant sceptre o'er the main,
Taught her proud barks the winding way to shape,
And braved the stormy spirit of the Cape;
Children of Brama; then was Mercy nigh
To wash the stain of blood's eternal dye?
Did Peace descend to triumph and to save,
When free born Britons cross'd the Indian wave?
Ah, no! to more than Rome's ambition true,
The nurse of freedom gave it not to you!
She the bold route of Europe's guilt began,
And in the march of nations led the van!

Rich in the gems of India's gaudy zone,
And plunder piled from kingdoms not their own,
Degenerate trade! thy minions could despise
The heart-born anguish of a thousand cries;

Could lock with impious hands their teeming store,
While famish'd nations died along the shore;
Could mock the groans of fellow men, and bear
The curse of kingdoms peopled with despair;
Could stamp disgrace on man's polluted name,
And barter with their gold—eternal shame!

But hark! as bow'd to earth the Bramin kneels,
From heavenly climes propitious thunder peals!
Of India's fate her guardian spirits tell,
Prophetic murmurs breathing on the shell,
And solemn sounds that awe the listening mind
Roll on the azure path of every wind.

"Foes of mankind!" her guardian spirits say,
"Revolving ages bring the bitter day,
When heaven's unerring arm shall fall on you,
And blood for blood these Indian plains bedew:
Nine times have Brama's wheels of lightning hurl'd
His awful presence o'er the alarmed world;
Nine times hath guilt, through all its giant frame,
Convulsive trembled as the mighty came;
Nine times hath suffering mercy spared in vain—
But heaven shall burst her starry gates again!
He comes! dread Brama shakes the sunless sky
With murmuring wrath, and thunders from on high!
Heaven's fiery horse, beneath his warrior form,
Paws the light clouds and gallops on the storm.

"Wide waves his flickering sword, his bright arms glow
Like summer suns, and light the worlds below!
Earth, and her trembling isles in ocean's bed
Are shook, and nature rocks beneath his tread!

"To pour redress on India's injured realm,
The oppressor to dethrone, the proud to whelm;
To chase destruction from her plunder'd shore
With arts and arms that triumph'd once before,
The tenth Avatar comes! at heaven's command
Shall Seriswattee wave her hallow'd hand!
And Camdes bright, and Ganesa sublime,
Shall bless with joy their own propitious clime!
Come, heavenly powers, primeval peace restore!
Love! mercy! wisdom! rule for evermore!"

STANZAS.

By Mary Anne Browne.

"Do not pluck the flowers, they are sacred to the dead."

An inscription similar to the foregoing, is seen in many parts of the Roman Catholic burial ground, Botanic Gardens, Cork.

Oh, spare the flowers, the fair young flowers,
  The free glad gift the summer brings;
Bright children of the sun and showers,
  Here do they rise, earth's offerings.
Rich be the dew upon you shed,
  Green be the bough that o'er you waves,
Weariless watchers by the dead,
  Unblenching dwellers 'midst the graves!

Oh! spare the flowers! their sweet perfume,
  Upon the wandering zephyr cast,
And lingering o'er the lowly tomb,
  Is like the memory of the past.
They flourish freshly, though beneath
  Lie the dark dust and creeping worm,
They speak of hope, they speak of faith;
  They smile, like rainbows through the storm.

Pluck not the flowers—the sacred flowers!
  Go where the garden's treasures spread,
Where strange bright blossoms deck the bowers,
  And spicy trees their odours shed.
There pluck, if thou delight'st, indeed,
  To shorten life so brief as theirs,
But here the admonition heed—
  A blessing on the hand that spares!

Pluck not the flowers! In days gone by
  A beautiful belief was felt,
That fairy spirits of the sky
  Amidst the trembling blossoms dwelt.
Perhaps the dead have many a guest,
  Holier than any that are ours,
Perhaps their guardian angels rest
  Enshrined amidst the gentle flowers.

Hast thou no loved one lying low,
  No broken reed of earthly trust?
Hast thou not felt the bitter woe
  With which we render dust to dust?
Thou hast! and in one cherish'd spot,
  Unseen, unknown to earthly eyes,
Within their heart, the unforgot
  Entombed in silent beauty lies.

Memory, and faith, and love so deep,
  No earthly storm can reach it more—
Affection that hath ceased to weep,
  These flourish in thy bosom's core.
Spare then the flowers! With gentle tread
  Draw near, remembering what thou art,
For blossoms sacred to the dead,
  Are ever springing in thy heart.

LOVE OF NATURE.

By N. P. Willis.

There is a gentler element, and man
May breathe it with a calm unruffled soul,
And drink its living waters till the heart
Is pure.—And this is human happiness!
Its secret and its evidence are writ
In the broad book of nature. 'Tis to have
Attentive and believing faculties;
To go abroad rejoicing in the joy
Of beautiful and well created things;
To love the voice of waters, and the sheen
Of silver fountains leaping to the sea;
To thrill with the rich melody of birds
Living their life of music; to be glad
In the gay sunshine, reverent in the storm;
To see a beauty in the stirring leaf
And find calm thoughts beneath the whispering tree;
To see, and hear, and breathe the evidence
Of God's deep wisdom in the natural world!

BOOKS AND FLOWERS.

By Mrs. Hemans.

Come, let us make a sunny world around thee
  Of thought and beauty! Here are books and flowers,
With spells to loose the fetter which hath bound thee—
  The ravell'd coil of this world's feverish hours.

The soul of song is in these deathless pages,
  Even as the odour in the flower enshrined;
Here the crown'd spirits of departed ages
  Have left the silent melodies of mind.

* * * * *

Listen, oh, listen! let their high words cheer thee!
  Their swan-like music ringing through all woes;
Let my voice bring their holy influence near thee—
  The Elysian air of their divine repose!

Or, would'st thou turn to earth? Not earth all furrow'd
  By the old traces of man's toil and care,
But the green peaceful world, that never sorrow'd,
  The world of leaves, and dews, and summer air!

Look on these flowers! As o'er an altar shedding
  O'er Milton's page, soft light from colour'd urns!
They are the links, man's heart to nature wedding,
  When to her breast the prodigal returns.

They are from lone wild places, forest-dingles,
  Fresh banks of many a low-voiced hidden stream,
Where the sweet star of eve looks down and mingles
  Faint lustre with the water-lily's gleam.

They are from where the soft winds play in gladness
  Covering the turf with pearly blossom-showers;
Too richly dower'd, oh! friend are we for sadness,—
  Look on an empire—mind and nature—ours!

THE FAIRIES.

A sweet passage in a poem by THOMAS HOOD.

OH, these be fancy's revellers by night!
  Stealthy companions of the downy moth—
Diana's motes, that flit in her pale light,
  Shunners of sunbeams in diurnal sloth;—
  These be the feasters on night's silver cloth,—
The gnat, with shrilly trump, is their convener,
  Forth from their flowery chambers, nothing loth,
With lulling tunes to charm the air serener,
Or dance upon the grass to make it greener.

These be the pretty genii of the flowers,
  Daintily fed with honey and pure dew—
Midsummer's phantoms in her dreaming hours,
  King Oberon, and all his merry crew,
  The darling puppets of romance's view;
Fairies, and sprites, and goblin elves we call them,
  Famous for patronage of lovers true;—
No harm they act, neither shall harm befall them,
So do not thou with crabbed frowns appal them.

For these are kindly ministers of nature
  To soothe all covert hurts and dumb distress;
Pretty they be, and very small of stature,—
  For mercy still consorts with littleness:
  Therefore the sum of good is still the less,
And mischief grossest in this world of wrong:—
  So do these charitable dwarfs redress
The tenfold ravages of giants strong,
To whom great malice and great might belong.

ON PÆSTUM.

From a volume entitled *Italy and other Poems*, by WILLIAM SOTHEBY.

NOT yet the morn-star had his light withdrawn,
Nor yet the sun had risen: while thick the dews
Hung on the branch, impatient of the dawn,

To Pæstum's solitude I sped my way.
'Twas the sweet season, 'twas the birth of May,
When gladness swells the universal voice,
And all that live in very life rejoice.
Onward I went rejoicing. But when lay
Before me Pæstum's desolated ground,
The sun in noontide blaze refused its light;
And suddenly on wings of violent sound
A storm-cloud, dark as night,
Rush'd from the o'ershadow'd mountains and amain
'Mid gusts of hailstones burst th' o'erwhelming rain,
And thunders peal'd, and, preluding their roar,
Wing'd flames that rent the clouds traversed the welki
o'er.
Yet—the dread thunder-peal, the lightning fire
That rent the clouds, and fitful flash'd between,
Seem'd as accordant with the gloomy scene,
Deep awe, and solemn feelings to inspire.
But when the sun at transient interval
Burst through the veil, and on the desert laid
Its golden light, at once, with all their pomp
Of massive pillars, in their strength array'd,
Broader and brighter from surrounding shade,
Range answering range, the giant temples rose
Before me, like a forest avenue
Of oaks, beneath a thousand winters' snows
Grown gray. And still, where'er I turn'd my view
On the colossal fanes, incumbent Time
Deepen'd the character that Greece of yore,
Bad genius, and her high-soul'd sons adore,
Th' Herculean grandeur of her Doric prime,
Simple—severe—sublime.

Sole monuments of nations long unknown!
Ye, in your strength alone,
Stand 'mid the desolate region, where of old
Dense population swarm'd. How drear the shore,
O'er vacant billows vacant billows roll'd,
Where the sail ceased not gleaming, nor the oar
Its restless labour. Void the courts that view'd
O'er hecatombs, the incense columns rise,
Dark'ning the sun-paved skies.
Where now the images, the molten gods,

The trident-bearer, and the brow of Jove,
Whose grandeur glorified your proud abodes?
Where fouler forms hid in the neighb'ring grove?
The singers, where? and the gay choir that timed
The timbers on their breast?
And they whose loose hair widely streaming breathed
Fresh fragrance, as the floatings of their vest
In dance at solemn feast, like shadows wreathed
The giant columns? Where the hallow'd pomp
Of sacrifice, the victim, and the priest,
Who, when the offerings on the altar blazed,
Look'd down with Fate's stern eye, and inly gazed
On doom'd futurity, while yet the beast,
Reek'd in warm blood, and palpitating life
Throbb'd underneath the knife?
Gone are they—and ye too, proud fanes! who view'd
Throughout their wide vicissitude
The birthday, and the death of ages past,
While suns and mutable moons their courses roll'd,
Till the gray world wax'd old:
Ye, who, regardless of the thunder's blast,
Unto the whirlwind say, and gathering storm,
That your colossal form
Shall o'er times yet unborn its shadow cast:
Oh! that ye too had fall'n, and found your grave
In th' earthquake's fathomless cave,
Ere that, un'wares some hapless traveller,
By science led, and love of antique lore,
Your relics to explore;
Who, awestruck, half a worshipper, had bent,
O'er each religious monument;
And now had gather'd, as from nature's tomb,
One last memorial of his toil,
A Pæstan rose, twice crown'd with yearly bloom,
To grace his native soil,
Had perish'd by the dark assassin's hand
Beneath the temple's gloom.
So, so to leave, far from his fatherland,
His bones unblest on your abandon'd shore,
To whiten in the sun that bleach your strand,
Long as your temple lasts—till time shall be no more.

THE BELLS OF SHANDON.

By the Rev. F. MAHONEY, who wrote under the name of Fa Prout.

WITH deep affection and recollection
I often think of the Shandon bells,
Whose sounds so wild would, in days of childhood,
Fling round my cradle their magic spells.
Of this I ponder, where'er I wander,
And thus grow fonder, sweet Cork, of thee;
With thy bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

I have heard bells chiming full many a clime in,
Tolling sublime in cathedral shrine;
While at a glib rate brass tongues would vibrate,
But all their music spoke nought to thine:
For memory dwelling on each proud swelling
Of thy belfry knelling its bold notes free,
Made the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

I have heard bells tolling "old Adrian's mole" in,
Their thunder rolling from the Vatican,
With cymbals glorious, swinging uproarious
In the gorgeous turrets of Notre Dame;
But thy sounds were sweeter than the dome of St. P
Flings o'er the Tiber, pealing solemnly.
O! the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

There's a bell in Moscow, while on tower of Kiosk
In St. Sophia the Turkman gets,
And loud in air, calls men to prayer,
From the tapering summit of tall minarets.
Such empty phantom, I freely grant them,
But there's an anthem more dear to me,—
Its the bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

THE MOUNTAIN TORRENT.

By Charles Mackay.

Fair streamlet running
  Where violets grow,
Under the elm trees,
  Murmuring low;
Rippling gently
  Amid the grass;
I have a fancy,
  As I pass:
I have a fancy as I see
The trailing willows kissing thee;
As I behold the daisies pied,
The harebells nodding at thy side;
The sheep that feed upon thy brink,
The birds that stoop to thy wave to drink;
Thy blooms that tempt the bees to stray,
And all the life that tracks thy way;—

I deem thou flowest
  Through grassy meads,
To show the beauty
  Of gentle deeds;
To show how happy
  The world might be,
If men, observant,
  Copied thee:
To show how small a stream may pour
Verdure and beauty on either shore;
To teach what humble men might do,
If their lives were pure and their hearts were true;
And what a wealth they might dispense,
In modest, calm beneficence;
Marking their course as thou dost thine,
By way-side flowers of love divine.

And streamlet, rushing,
  With foam and spray,
Over the boulders
  In thy way;

Leaping and rolling
From rock to cave,
A vast, impetuous,
Onward wave:
I have a fancy as I mark
Thy fall o'er the precipices dark;
As I behold thy power reveal'd,
And hear thy voice like thunder peal'd;
I have a fancy as I sit
Under the rocks where thy rainbows flit,
And listen to thy roar and swell,
Sonorous, irresistible:—

I deem thou leapest
Adown the rocks,
To show how little
Are fortune's shocks
To him reliant,
Who knows his strength,
And measures evil—
Breadth and length.
I deem thou flowest to teach us still,
That perseverance conquers ill;
That no obstruction, small or great,
Can daunt the soul that dares its fate;
That calm true hearts in peril's hour
Confront it with superior power.
Here at thy side, I sit and dream
These fancies twain, swept mountain stream.

THE BLESSED DEAD.

By T. B. Read, an American poet.

Oh, happy childhood! tender buds of spring
Touch'd in the Maytime by a wandering frost;
Ye have escaped the summer's sultry wing;
No drought hath parch'd you, and no wind hath toss'd,
Shaking the pearls of morning from your breast:
Ye have been gather'd ere your sweets were lost,

Ere wingéd passions stole into your rest
  To rob the heart of all its dewy store.
Now in the endless Maytime overhead,
  In starry gardens of the azure shore,
  Ye bloom in light, and are for evermore
    The blessed dead.

Ye youths and maidens, dear to joy and love,
  But fallen midway between morn and noon—
Or bird-like flown, as if some longing dove
  Should seek a better clime while yet 'tis June,
Leaving our fields forlorn! oh, happy flight!
  Gone while your hearts are full of summer tune,
And ignorant of the autumnal blight—
  Ere yet a leaf hath wither'd on the bough,
Or innocent rose hath droop'd its dying head;
  Gone with the virgin lilies on your brow,
  Ye, singing in immortal youth, are now
    The blessed dead.

And ye, who in the harvest of your years
  Were stricken when the sun was in mid air,
And left the earth bedew'd at noon with tears—
  Ye have known all of life that is most fair,
The laugh of April and the summer bloom.
  Ye with the orange-blossoms in your hair,
Who sleep in bridal chambers of the tomb;
  Or ye, who with the sickle in the hand,
Have bow'd amid the sheaves the manly head,
  And left the toil unto a mournful band—
  Ye all are number'd in your resting land,
    The blessed dead.

And ye, who like the stately upland oak
  Breasted the full allotted storms of time,
And took new strength from every gusty stroke—
  And ye, who like a vine long taught to climb
And weigh its native branches with ripe fruit—
  Much have ye suffer'd 'neath the frosty rime
Which autumn brings and winter's loud dispute!
  But now, transplanted in the fields afar,

Your age is like a wither'd foliage shed—
And where youth's fountain sparkles like a star,
This have ye learn'd, they only live who are
The blessed dead.

THE SPIRIT'S MYSTERIES.

By Mrs. Hemans.

And slight, withal, may be the things which bring
Back on the heart the weight which it would fling
Aside for ever;—it may be a sound—
A tone of music—summer's breath, or spring—
A flower—a leaf—the ocean—which may wound—
Striking th' electric chain wherewith we are darkly bound.
Childe Harold.

The power that dwelleth in sweet sounds to waken
Vague yearnings, like the sailors for the shore,
And dim remembrances, whose hue seems taken
From some bright former state, our own no more;
Is not this all a mystery? Who shall say
Whence are those thoughts, and whither tends their way

The sudden images of vanish'd things,
That o'er the spirit flash, we know not why!
Tones from some broken harp's deserted strings,
Warm sunset hues of summers long gone by,
A rippling wave—the dashing of an oar—
A flower scent floating past our parents' door;

A word—scarce noted in its hour perchance,
Yet back returning with a plaintive tone;
A smile—a sunny or a mournful glance,
Full of sweet meanings now from this world flown;
Are not these mysteries when to life they start,
And press vain tears in gushes from the heart?

And the far wanderings of the soul in dreams,
Calling up shrouded faces from the dead,
And with them bringing soft or solemn gleams,
Familiar objects brightly to o'erspread;
And wakening buried love, or joy, or fear,—
These are night's mysteries—who shall make them clear

And the strange inborn sense of coming ill,
  That ofttimes whispers to the haunted breast,
In a low tone which nought can drown or still,
  Midst feasts and melodies a secret guest;
Whence doth that murmur wake, that shadow fall?
Why shakes the spirit thus?—'tis mystery all!

Darkly we move—we press upon the brink
  Haply of viewless worlds, and know it not;
Yes! it may be, that nearer than we think
  Are those whom death has parted from our lot!
Fearfully, wondrously, our souls are made—
Let us walk humbly on, but undismay'd!

Humbly—for knowledge strives in vain to feel
  Her way amidst these marvels of the mind;
Yet undismay'd—for do they not reveal
  Th' immortal being with our dust entwined?—
So let us deem! and e'en the tears they wake
Shall then be blest, for that high nature's sake.

THE FLOWER OF MY BIRTHDAY.

By William Kennedy.

I was a wild, yet tender thing,
  In childhood's early day;
I loved the free bird's merry wing,
The gentle tear of infant spring,
  And the blithe look of May;
I loved our cottage in the glen—
'Tis ruin'd now—'twas smiling then.

No matter! once there was a flower,
  My mother gave to me,
'Twas planted on my natal hour,
And was of all our summer-bower,
  The favourite of the bee;
My mother oft in sport would say,
"You're children of the self-same day!"

I prized it well—it was, in faith,
  A peerless little flower;
I sought to shield its fairy wreath
From the chill north wind's angry breath,
  And the approaching shower;
Blooming beneath a sunny sky,
I never dreamt to see it die.

At last, methought its roseate hue
  Wax'd fainter every morrow;
I saw it fade—the morning dew
Fell cheerly—but the flow'ret grew
  Into a thing of sorrow;
I watch'd it till, by slow decay,
Its fragrant spirit pass'd away.

Its spirit pass'd—I wept the fate
  Of my poor garden brother!
It was so beautiful a mate,
That, when it left me desolate,
  I might not find another
To rival the departed one—
My heart was in it—it was gone!

'Tis strange—Time hath sped far and fast
  Since that ill-fated flower,
Yielding its bosom to the blast,
Sicken'd, and droop'd, and drunk at last
  Within its native bower;
'Tis strange—how all of good, that I
Since found, hath shared its destiny.

I've mark'd it well—each morn hath led
  To some new cherish'd treasure,
Some promise-bud, which flower'd and fled,
Ere the first evening sky grew red,
  With all its plighted pleasure,—
Leaving the hope-sick heart in pain,
To seek—and be deceived again.

And this is life—and this is love—
  And this is beauty's power!
And thus must fame and fortune prove,

False lights, that lead the soul to rove,
  Then vanish in an hour!
Our earliest tear, and latest sigh,
Spring from one sad fatality!

DIFFERENCES.

By Charles Mackay.

The king can drink the best of wine—
  So can I;
And has enough when he would dine—
  So have I;
And cannot order rain or shine—
  Nor can I.
Then where's the difference—let me see—
Betwixt my lord the king and me?

Do trusty friends surround his throne
  Night and day?
Or make his interest their own?
  No, not they.
Mine love me for myself alone—
  Bless'd be they!
And that's one difference which I see
Betwixt my lord the king and me.

Do knaves around me lie in wait
  To deceive,
Or fawn and flatter when they hate,
  And would grieve?
Or cruel pomps oppress my state—
  By my leave?
No! Heaven be thank'd! And here you see
More difference 'twixt the king and me!

He has his fools, with jests and quips,
  When he'd play;
He has his armies and his ships—
  Great are they;
But not a child to kiss his lips,
  Well-a-day!
And that's a difference sad to see
Betwixt my lord the king and me.

I wear the cap and he the crown—
What of that?
I sleep on straw and he on down—
What of that?
And he's the king, and I'm the clown—
What of that?
If happy I, and wretched he,
Perhaps the king would change with me!

AN INVITATION TO THE COUNTRY.

By W. C. Bryant.

All day, from shrubs by our summer dwelling,
The Easter sparrow repeats his song;
A merry warbler, he chides the blossoms,
The idle blossoms, that sleep so long.

The blue-bird chants, from elm's long branches,
A hymn to welcome the budding year:
The south wind wanders from field to forest,
And softly whispers the spring is here!

Come, daughter mine, from the gloomy city,
Before these lays from the elm have ceased;
The violet breathes by our door as sweetly
As in the air of her native East.

Though many a flower in the wood is waking,
The daffodil is our door-side queen:
She pushes upward the sward already,
To spot with sunshine the early green.

No lays so joyous as these are warbled
From wiry prison in maiden's bower;
No pamper'd bloom of the green-house chamber
Has half the charm of the lawn's first flower.

Yet these sweet lays of the early season,
And these fair sights of its sunny days,
Are only sweet when we fondly listen,
And only fair when we fondly gaze.

There is no glory in star or blossom
  Till look'd upon by a loving eye;
There is no fragrance in April's breezes
  Till breathed with joy as they wander by.

Come, Julia dear, for the sprouting willows,
  The opening flowers, and the gleaming brooks,
And hollows green in the sun are waiting
  Their dower of beauty from thy glad looks.

THE WOOD THRUSH.

By Barry Cornwall.

Whither hath the Wood-thrush flown,
  From our greenwood bowers?
Wherefore builds he not again,
  Where the white-thorn flowers?

Bid him come! for on his wings,
  The sunny year he bringeth;
And the heart unlocks its springs,
  Wheresoe'er he singeth.

Lover-like the creature waits,
  And when morning soareth,
All his little soul of song
  Toward the dawn he poureth.

Sweet one, why art thou not heard
  Now, where woods are stillest?
Oh, come back! and bring with thee
  —Whatsoe'er thou willest;

Laughing thoughts,—delighting songs,
  Dreams of azure hours,—
Something,—nothing;—all we ask
  Is to see thee ours!

'Tis enough that thou should'st sing
  For thy own pure pleasure;
'Tis enough that thou hast once
  Sweeten'd human leisure!

THE BIRD AND THE SHIP.

Translated from the German of MULLER, by LONGFELLOW.

"THE rivers rush into the sea,
By castle and town they go;
The winds behind them merrily
Their noisy trumpets blow.

"The clouds are passing far and high,
We little birds in them play;
And everything that can sing and fly
Goes with us, and far away.

"I greet thee, bonny boat! Whither, or whence,
With thy fluttering golden band?"—
"I greet, thee, little bird! To the wide sea
I haste from the narrow land.

"Full and swollen is every sail;
I see no longer a hill,
I have trusted all to the sounding gale,
And it will not let me stand still.

"And wilt thou, little bird, go with us?
Thou mayest stand on the mainmast tall,
For full to sinking is my house
With merry companions all."—

"I need not and seek not company,
Bonny boat, I can sing all alone;
For the mainmast tall too heavy am I,
Bonny boat, I have wings of my own.

"High over the sails, high over the mast,
Who shall gainsay these joys?
When the merry companions are still, at last,
Thou shalt hear the sound of my voice.

"Who neither may rest, nor listen may,
God bless them every one!
I dart away, in the bright blue day,
And the golden fields of the sun.

"Thus do I sing my weary song,
  Wherever the four winds blow;
And this same song, my whole life long,
  Neither poet nor printer may know."

THE STEAMBOAT.

By O. W. Holmes, an American poet.

She how yon flaming herald treads
  The ridged and rolling waves,
As, crashing o'er their crested heads,
  She bows her surly slaves!
With foam before and fire behind,
  She rends the clinging sea,
That flies before the roaring wind,
  Beneath her hissing lee.

The morning spray, like sea-born flowers,
  With heap'd and glistening bells,
Falls round her fast, in ringing showers,
  With every wave that swells;
And burning o'er the midnight deep,
  In lurid fringes thrown,
The living gems of ocean sweep
  Along her flashing zone.

With clashing wheel, and lifting keel,
  And smoking torch on high,
When winds are loud, and billows reel,
  She thunders foaming by;
When seas are silent and serene,
  With even beam she glides,
The sunshine glimmering through the green
  That skirts her gleaming sides.

Now, like a wild nymph, far apart
  She veils her shadowy form,
The beating of her restless heart
  Still sounding through the storm;

Now answers, like a courtly dame,
  The reddening surges o'er,
With flying scarf of spangled flame,
  The Pharos of the shore.

To-night yon pilot shall not sleep,
  Who trims his narrow'd sail;
To-night yon frigate scarce shall keep
  Her broad breast to the gale;
And many a foresail, scoop'd and strain'd,
  Shall break from yard and stay,
Before this smoky wreath has stain'd
  The rising mist of day.

Hark! hark! I hear yon whistling shroud,
  I see yon quivering mast;
The black throat of the hunted cloud
  Is panting forth the blast!
An hour, and, whirl'd like winnowing chaff,
  The giant surge shall fling
His tresses o'er yon pennon staff,
  White as the sea-bird's wing!

Yet rest, ye wanderers of the deep;
  Nor wind nor wave shall tire
Those fleshless arms, whose pulses leap
  With floods of living fire;
Sleep on,—and, when the morning light
  Streams o'er the shining bay,
O think of those for whom the night
  Shall never wake in day!

THE PEOPLE'S ANTHEM.

A fine composition, written for music by EBENEZER ELLIOTT, the Corn Law Rhymer.

WHEN wilt thou save the people?
  Oh, God of Mercy! when?
Not kings and lords, but nations!
  Not thrones and crowns, but men!

Flowers of thy heart, oh, God, are they!
Let them not pass, like weeds, away!
Their heritage a sunless day!
God, save the people!

Shall crime bring crime for ever,
Strength aiding still the strong?
Is it thy will, oh, Father,
That man shall toil for wrong?
"No!" say thy mountains; "No!" thy skies:
"Man's clouded sun shall brightly rise,
And songs be heard instead of sighs."
God, save the people!

When wilt thou save the people?
Oh, God of Mercy! when?
The people, Lord, the people!
Not thrones and crowns, but men!
God! save the people! thine they are,
Thy children, as thy angels fair:
Save them from bondage, and despair!
God, save the people!

WHAT SAY THE CLOUDS?

By Barry Cornwall.

What say the clouds on the hill and plain?
"We come, we go."
What say the springs of the dreaming brain?
"We shrink, we flow."
What say the maids in their changeful hours?
"We laugh, we cry."
What say the budding and fading flowers?
"We live, we die."
And thus all things go ranging,
From riddle to riddle changing,
From day into night, from life into death,
And no one knows why, my song saith.

A fable is good, and a truth is good,
And loss, and gain;
And the ebb and the flood, and the black pine wood
And the vast bare plain;
To wake and to sleep, and to dream of the deep,
Are good, say I;
And 'tis good to laugh, and 'tis good to weep;
But who knows why?
Yet thus all things go ranging,
From riddle to riddle changing,
From day into night, from life into dea
And no one knows why, my song saith.

We cumber the earth for a hundred years;
We learn, we teach;
We fight amidst perils, and hopes, and fears,
Fame's rock to reach.
We boast that our fellows are sages wrought
In toil and pain;
Yet the commonest lesson by nature taught,
Doth vex their brain!
Oh, all things here go ranging,
From riddle to riddle changing,
From day into night, from life into dea
And no one knows why, my song saith.

CARILLON.

By Longfellow.

In the ancient town of Bruges,
In the quaint old Flemish city,
As the evening shades descended,
Low and loud and sweetly blended,
Low at times and loud at times
Changing like a poet's rhymes,
Rang the beautiful wild chimes
From the belfry in the market
Of the ancient town of Bruges.
Then, with deep sonorous clangour
Calmly answering their sweet anger,

When the wrangling bells had ended,
Slowly struck the clock eleven,
And from out the silent heaven,
Silence on the town descended.
Silence, silence everywhere.
On the earth and in the air,
Save that footsteps here and there
Of some burgher, home returning,
By the street lamps faintly burning,
For a moment woke the echoes
Of the ancient town of Bruges.

But amid my broken slumbers
Still I heard those magic numbers,
As they loud proclaimed the flight
And stolen marches of the night;
Till their chimes in sweet collision
Mingled with each wandering vision,
Mingled with the fortune-telling
Gipsy-bands of dreams and fancies,
Which amid the waste expanses
Of the silent land of trances
Have their solitary dwelling.
All else seem'd asleep in Bruges,
In the quaint old Flemish city.

And I thought how like these chimes
Are the poet's airy rhymes,
All his rhymes and roundelays,
His conceits, and songs, and ditties,
From the belfry of his brain,
Scatter'd downward, though in vain,
On the roofs and stones of cities!
For by night the drowsy ear
Under its curtains cannot hear,
And by day men go their ways,
Hearing the music as they pass,
But deeming it no more, alas!
Than the hollow sound of brass.

Yet perchance a sleepless wight,
Lodging at some humble inn
In the narrow lanes of life,
When the dusk and hush of night

Shut out the incessant din
Of daylight and its toil and strife,
May listen with a calm delight
To the poet's melodies,
Till he hears, or dreams he hears,
Intermingled with the song,
Thoughts that he has cherish'd long;
Hears amid the chime and singing
The bells of his own village ringing,
And wakes and finds his slumberous eyes
Wet with most delicious tears.
Thus dream'd I, as by night I lay
In Bruges, at the Fleur-de-Blé,
Listening with a wild delight
To the chimes that, through the night,
Rang their changes from the belfry
Of that quaint old Flemish city.

OLD CHRISTMAS.

By Mary Howitt.

Now he who knows old Christmas
  He knows a carle of worth;
For he is as good a fellow,
  As any upon the earth!

He comes warm cloak'd and coated,
  And button'd up to the chin;
And soon as he comes a-nigh the door,
  'Twill open and let him in.

We know that he will not fail us,
  So we sweep the hearth up clean;
We set him the old arm-chair,
  And a cushion whereon to lean.

And with sprigs of holly and ivy
  We make the house look gay;
Just out of an old regard to him,—
  For it was his ancient way.

He comes with a cordial voice,
  That does one good to hear;
He shakes one heartily by the hand,
  As he hath done many a year.

And after the little children
  He asks in a cheerful tone,
Jack, Kate, and little Annie,—
  He remembers them every one.

What a fine old fellow he is!
  With his faculties all as clear,
And his heart as warm and light,
  As a man in his fortieth year!

What a fine old fellow, in troth,
  Not one of your griping elves,
Who, with plenty of money to spare,
  Think only about themselves.

Not he! for he loveth the children,
  And holiday begs for all;
And comes with his pockets full of gifts,
  For the great ones and the small!

And he tells us witty old stories;
  And singeth with might and main;
And we talk of the old man's visit
  Till the day that he comes again!

UNFOLDING THE FLOCKS.

By Beaumont and Fletcher.

Shepherds, rise, and shake off sleep—
See the blushing morn doth peep
Through your windows, while the sun
To the mountain-tops has run,
Gilding all the vales below
With the rising flames, which grow
Brighter with his climbing still—
Up! ye lazy swains! and fill

Bag and bottle for the field;
Clasp your cloaks fast, lest they yield
To the bitter north-east wind.
Call the maidens up, and find
Who lies longest, that she may
Be chidden for untimed delay.
Feed your faithful dogs, and pray
Heaven to keep you from decay,
So unfold, and then away.

Brilliants.

A PALE LADY.

A. She is not fresh in colour, like the rose;
Nor bright like morning. On her cheek there lies
Such paleness as becomes the maiden moon,
When clouds are threatening, and the angry storm
Mutters of death to come.
B. She is not dead?
A. Death could not kill her: he but kiss'd her cheek
And made 't a little paler. So, she lives,
And fades,—and fades; and in the end (as day
Dies into evening), she 'll some summer night
Shrink and be seen no more.

PROCTER.

THE MOTHER AND SON.

A mother kind walks forth in the even,
She, with her little son, for pleasure given
To tread the fringed banks of an amorous flood,
That with its music courts a sylvan wood;
There ever talking to her only bliss,
That now before, and now behind her is,
She stoops for flowers, the choicest may be had,
And bringing them to please her little lad,
Spies in his hand some baneful flower or weed,
Whereon he 'gins to smell, perchance to feed,
With a more earnest haste she runs to him
And pulls them from him.

WILLIAM BROWNE.

REVERENCE FOR NATURE.

And 'tis and ever was my wish and way
To let all flowers live freely, and all die
Whene'er their genius bids their souls depart,
Among their kindred, in the native place.
I never pluck the rose; the violet's head
Hath shaken with my breath upon its bank
And not reproached me; the ever sacred cup
Of the pure lily hath between my hands
Felt safe, unsoiled, nor lost one grain of gold.

W. S. LANDOR.

EMBLEMS.

'Twas then than in me 'gan to bud anew
  Immortal Truth—heaven's brightest evergreen!
The lily, Virtue, near; and hard by grew
  The pansy, Peace, the star-flower, Faith, and then
Sweet woodbine, Hope,—that loves the heart t' entwine!
  How precious now became their hues, their scents;
Dearer, perhaps because they bloom'd between
  My spirits twice ten thousand sin-made rents,
  As blossoms lovelier look on time-reft battlements!

VINCENT THOMPSON.

SORROW THE BEST PREACHER.

All vast thoughts and mysteries make me sad.
  Alex. Well, and why not? The soul that hath not sorrow'd
Knows neither its own weakness nor its strength.
Sorrow reveals heaven to us: for our souls
Hang in the infinite-like sun-dyed globes
On which the tine-rays of the present play:
But ever and anon a shadow comes
Over and on them, cast forth from their thrones
In the great World-to-come, when a bright seraph
Glides like a glow behind them. And our woes
Are like the moon reversed, the broad bright disk
Turn'd heavenwards—the dark side towards us,
Till God in His great mercy moves them round,
And rolls them with a wise and gentle hand,
Into the dim horizon of the past,
To bless us with their smile of tear-like lustre.

J. STANYAN BIGG.

SPRING FLOWERS.

I heard a thousand blended notes,
  While in a grove I sate reclined,
In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts
  Bring sad thoughts to the mind.
To her fair works did Nature link
  The human soul that through me ran;
And much it grieved my heart to think
  What man has made of man.
Through primrose tufts, in that sweet bower,
  The periwinkle trailed its wreaths;
And 'tis my faith that every flower
  Enjoys the air it breathes.

WORDSWORTH.

YOUTH.

Linger yet upon the hour,
Of the green leaf and the flower;
Art thou happy? For thy sake
Do the birds their music make—
Birds with golden plumes that bring
Sunshine from a distant spring.
For thine eyes the roses grow
Red as sunset, white as snow,
And the bees are gathering gold
Ere the winter hours come cold.
Flowers are colouring the wild-wood,
Art thou weary of thy childhood?
Break not its enchanted reign,—
Such life never knows again.

MISS LANDON.

TWILIGHT.

I love this light:
'Tis the old age of day, methinks; or haply
The infancy of night: pleasant it is.
Shall we be dreaming?—Hark! The nightingale,
Queen of all music, to her listening heart
Speaks, and the woods are still.

PROCTER.

AN AUTUMN STORM.

From a poem entitled *Leonilda*, by FELIX MELDRED, lately published.

'TWAS autumn; and a summer's festival
Of sunlight, from the stores of generous earth,
Had drain'd that cup which fill'd at Nature's call.
Gold-mantled trees droop'd over dusty dearth;
No herbal beauty bless'd the land with birth—
A thirsty asking hung about the scene;
The stream that play'd its gurgling song of mirth,
With pebbled path but show'd what it had been—
The broad, hot landscape sparkled with a sandy sheen.

At length the waters gather'd in the sky—
Black masses, march'd from out the cloudy west,
Open'd anon by lurid lightning's eye,
With lungs of thunder shook the eagle's nest.
The wind, like trouble lock'd in human breast,
Betray'd itself with sighs, whilst the big tear
Of tempest plash'd in dust, and dead leaves dress'd
In sympathy the earth. A conscious fear
Quiver'd in leaden air, and told the storm was near.

Soon came the drenching deluge from the cloud,
A roaring cataract of angry rain,
Which deaden'd thunder with its liquid shroud.
The insect world had all crept home again
With closed wings that clasp'd their tiny pain.
Anon you heard with measured step retreat
The battling elements—then the blue vein
Blest once more heaven's brow; and freshly sweet,
The wind with sunbeams play'd as when two children meet.

EDITH'S LOVE.

From the *Scotsman*, where it appeared anonymously.

AT her window standeth Edith,
Listening while her lover pleadeth

For a love more full confess'd;
While a sunset grand, not tender—
Grand—yea, grim as battle-splendour—
Gloweth in the north and west.

Gazing, they ceased love's sweet follies,
While, like smoke of cannon volleys,
While flame-tinted vapours roll'd
Level with the sea, while landwards
Scatter'd clouds, like wine-warp'd standards,
Stream'd in crimson edged with gold.

With that pageant grand before them,
And a young moon rising o'er them,
In a vapoury sky of June,
Stood they with their hands enfolding;
Now a charmèd silence holding,
Sweeter than the sweetest tune.

Time had fled—their eyes were wistful,
And the vale all dim and mistful,
And the skyey pageant past;
When the hand that was the stronger,
Keeping gentle hold no longer,
With a tremble tighten'd fast.

Heaved his heart with wild emotion,
As with fluttering, bird-like motion
She took refuge on his breast,
Which its tumult can dissemble,
So to feel the slightest tremble
Of those eyelids 'gainst it press'd.

All its unknown depths of passion,
By that heart of purest fashion,
Trusted with its bark of bliss;
Ah! the frail bark may be buried,
Where its tides of power are hurried,
Foaming o'er some dark abyss.

"What was my sweet Edith dreaming,
With her eyes so sadly gleaming?"

Thus the charmèd silence broke:—
"Flashing too, with strange resistance,
Looking into vacant distance?"
It was Edith's lover spoke.

And she raised her eyes all beamy
With a radiance soft and dreamy,
Answering, looking forth again—
"Yonder, where the woods are gloomèd,
And the trees like hosts, dark-plumèd,
Marshal over hill and plain—

"There I seem'd to see thee waging
Fight unequal, and engaging
Phantom foes that press'd thee round;
Proudly, love, as is thy manner,
Thou didst bear aloft a banner,
And thy brows were brightly crown'd.

"Then I thought of maidens praying,
In old times of ceaseless slaying,
For their lovers in the fight,
With lips sorrow's salt that tasted,
Till their claspèd hands grew wasted,
And their cheeks wax'd deathly white.

"Love, thou saidst thought's influence, finer
Than the light, and far diviner,
May be borne by earthly air;
So is strength and succour given,
Circling round from earth and heaven,
When souls pour their life in prayer.

"But the foes were ronnd thee surgent,
And thy need of help grew urgent;
I could shield thee, so it seem'd;
They might trample, wound, and slay me,
But I could no more delay me
Rushing to thee. Thus I dream'd.

"Sudden, then, I saw thee nearing,
And they vanish'd, disappearing

At the clasping of thy hand."
And he answered, "O, my Edith!
Thus thy waking vision readeth—
I thy riddle understand.

"In life's conflict, true and knightly,
Brave, and crown'd with honour brightly,
Hath thy lover seem'd to thee;
For the heart is as its treasures,
And the thing belovèd measures
Ever what the love must be.

"Then my Edith did discover,
In the fierce heart of her lover,
War of doubtful issue held;
That her love alone could save him,
Her true heart, believing, gave him
Succour sweet, the strife that quell'd.

"Succour still thy lover needeth;
But, to win thee, O, my Edith!
To thine own pure heights I rose;
Other loves that I have cherish'd
In the heat of youth have perish'd,
For they leagued with these my foes,

"Who in dust must vanquish'd lay me,
Ere they trample, wound, or slay thee—
And her power my Edith knows;
She before whom disappearing
Fled the phantoms, may, unfearing,
On their battle-ground repose."

THE HOMES OF ENGLAND.

A sonnet by THEODORE ELBERT, a young Swede.

AYE, there in truth they are, the quiet homes
And hallow'd birth-spots of the English race,
Scatter'd at will beneath the crag's rude face,

While springs rush round, and near the ocean foams:
What finds he like to these afar who roams?
Tall trees o'ershade them, creepers fondly grace
Lattice and porch, and sweetest flowers embrace
Each rock and pathway;—out on stately domes!
The offspring of these roofs deserve a land
Thus rich and fair, men may be proud indeed,
'Mid all their history's long and glorious band,
To own the blood of England's peasant seed.
Lowly, yet strong, these brown-thatch'd cabins stand,
And such the spirits of the sons they breed.

COLUMBUS BECALMED.

Another passage from FELIX MILDRED'S beautiful poem of *Leonilda.*

BUT yet more terrible than tempest's breath—
More awful and more fraught with anxious fear—
Was that dead calm when nature feign'd a death.
The deep sea look'd like crystal, and so clear,
The crew beheld through fathoms deep appear
Bright flashing myriads in their arrowy flight.
The ship seem'd rotting in a golden drear
Of sunshine; and her asking sails of white
Made men breathe fast and full at such a breathless sight.

An awful silence wrought upon the brain,
And tongues grew thirsty with the fear of thirst,
And limbs ached with that wearying prison-pain
Contracted space creates. Some men rehearsed
How they could die—some hearts their fondness nursed—
Some thoughts went home, and paused, and loved, and wept,
Still nature's trance endured! At length a first
Faint breath athwart the oily waters crept;
The answering sails flapp'd life, and on the good ship swept.

When will to-morrow show the promised land?
Alone upon the waves! Oh! tell us where?
Hope folded oft her wings, and yet oft fann'd
With burning breath the ashes of despair.

Day follows day, but only dawns to bare
That watery waste the heart grows sad to meet.
Soon rebel tongues their fears aloud declare,
Until afar—great God! the land they greet!
And joy began to tingle in their conscious feet.

Like purple gems, they saw an isle unfold
Its sparkling wealth. Around, the sunlit wave
Broke on a fairy shore in crumbling gold.
There unknown flowers and fruits sweet odours gave,
And cluster'd round the entrance of a cave,
All musical with birds of beauteous hue.
'Twas whilst the day from ocean ask'd his grave,
A dying flood of light its glory threw,
And earth, and sea, and sky blush'd wondrous vermil hue.

PLEASURES OF PROMISE.

By S. Laman Blanchard.

Things may be well to seem that are not well to be,
And thus hath fancy's dream been realised to me.
We deem the distant tide a blue and solid ground;
We seek the green hill's side, and thorns are only found.

Is hope then ever so?—or is it as a tree,
Whereon fresh blossoms grow, for those that faded be?
Oh, who may think to sail from peril and from snare,
When rocks beneath us fail, and bolts are in the air?

Yet hope the storm can quell with a soft and happy tune,
Or hang December's cell with figures caught from June;
And even unto me there cometh less forlorn,
An impulse from the sea, a promise from the morn.

When summer shadows break, and gentle winds rejoice,
On mountain or on lake ascends a constant voice.
With a hope and with a pride its music woke of old,
And every pulse replied in tales as fondly told.

ough illusion aids no more the poetry of youth,
fabled sweetness o'er, it leaves a pensive truth ;—
at tears the sight obscure, that sounds the ear betray,
at nothing can allure the heart to go astray.

TO ———.

in an old number of the *Athenæum*, where it appeared anonyusly.

But once I saw thee : many round
In maiden youth and fairness shone,
And yet a strange delight I found
To gaze, to muse, on thee alone :
Such dim, yet most delicious thought,
Thy gentle presence in me wrought.

It was not love ; my fondest vow
Was given to one more brightly fair :
Not joy ; for o'er thy cheek and brow
Too plain was sketch'd a shadowy care :
Not grief ; for on my soul like balm
Sank down each look, pure, soft, and calm.

It ask'd not, if by unkind fate
Thy heart's young hopes were early blighted,
If dimm'd by human love or hate.
Thy beauty,—whilst I fed delighted
On fancies, a sweet wildering throng
Unknown before, or faded long.

So once I felt, an untaught child,
When new-born in the weeping sky,
The bright bow forth upon me smiled;
Nor cared to learn the 'how,' or 'why :'
So rapturous was then to me
Its marvel and its mystery.

Like that, all beauty, 'smiles and tears,'
  Thou blendest heaven and earth as sweetly:
Yet ah! too true my boding fears,
  That I should see thee fade as fleetly,
And thou 'mid voiceless forms must dwell,
A sainted shade in memory's cell.

THERE'S NONE A FEELING HATH WITH ME.

Found in one of the annuals for 1829, under the name of HENR SCOTT.

'Tis morn; the sun comes blithely on
And rouseth nature's glee;
All earth is glad; but there is none
A feeling hath with me!
The very trees are not alone,
The breeze doth fan them, and the sun
Doth woo them fervently;
The birds are singing to the flowers,
And spring is busy in the bowers.

'Tis sad to mark the joy and life
Around, above, below,—
Earth, ocean, air, with joyance rife
In nature's vernal glow,—
Then turn and gaze into my breast,
And mark all there in darkness drest,
Where weeds of sorrow grow;
And watch the spirit's strife within,
And fear Despair the victory win!

Alas, how changed! To me the earth
Was one wide field of joy;
For me the sun more bright shone forth,
For me more freshly bloom'd the flowers,
More rich for me the green-wood bowers;
The birds for me sang high;
The very thunder-cloud that came
Awaked wild rapture with its flame!

'Tis not dull misanthropic gloom
That darkens all I see;
Nor grief for those within the tomb,
Or bright hopes reft from me;
Nor bitter dregs of long distress,
That make me feel such loneliness—
'Tis that cold thought which ne'er doth flee,
"There's none a feeling hath with me!"

But hush! thou impious heart of clay,
Thyself in ashes bow;
How dare a thing created say,
"High heaven, what doest thou?"
I surely am not all alone—
There is a Friend—a mighty one—
Whose blood for me did flow:
And hope doth whisper unto me
"There's One a feeling hath with thee!"

THE DEAD CHILD.

By Charles Lamb.

I saw where in the shroud did lurk
A curious piece of nature's work,
A floweret crushed in the bud,
A nameless maid, in babyhood,
Was in her cradle-coffin lying;
Extinct, with scarce a show of dying:
So soon to exchange th' imprisoning womb
For darker prison of the tomb!
She did but ope an eye, and put
A clear beam forth—then straight up shut
For the long dark: ne'er more to see
Through glasses of mortality.—
Riddle of destiny! who can show
What thy short visit meant, or know
What thy errand here below?
Shall we say, that nature, blind,
Check'd her hand and changed her mind,

Just when she had exactly wrought
A finish'd pattern without fault?
Could she flag, or could she tire?—
Or lack'd she the Prometean fire
(With her tedious workings sicken'd)
That should thy little limbs have quicken'd?
Limbs so firm, they seem'd to assure
Life of health, and days mature;
Womanhood in miniature!
Limbs so fair, they might supply
(Themselves now but cold imagery)
The sculptor to make beauty by;—
Or did the stern-eyed Fate descry
That, babe or mother, one must die;
So, in mercy, left the stock
And cut the branch: to save the shock
Of young years widow'd: and the pain
When single state comes back again
To the lorn man: who 'reft of wife,
Thenceforwards drags a maimed life?
The economy of heaven is dark;
And wisest clerks have miss'd the mark,
Why heaven's buds, like this, should fall
More brief than fly ephemeral,
That has his day; while shrivell'd crones
Stiffen with age to stocks and stones;
And crabbed use the conscience sears
In sinners of an hundred years.
Mother's prattle, mother's kiss,
Baby fond, thou ne'er wilt miss.
Rites, which custom does impose;
Silver bells and baby clothes;
Corals redder than those lips
Which pale death did late eclipse;
Music framed for infant's glee,
Whistle never tuned for thee;
Though thou want'st not, thou shalt have them,
(Loving hearts were they which gave them),
Let not one be missing; nurse,
See them laid upon the hearse
Of infant, slain by doom perverse,—
Why should kings and nobles have
Pictured trophies to their grave;

And we, churls, to thee deny
Thy pretty toys with thee to lie,—
A more harmless vanity?"

SONNET.

By Hartley Coleridge.

It must be so—my infant love must find
In my own breast a cradle and a grave;
Like a rich jewel hid beneath the wave,
Or rebel spirit, bound within the rind
Of some old wreathed oak, or fast enshrined
In the cold durance of an echoing cave:—
Yea, better thus, than cold disdain to brave,—
Or worse, to taint the quiet of that mind,
That decks its temple with unearthly grace.
Together must we dwell—my dream and I,
Unknown must live, and unregarded die,—
Rather than soil the lustre of that face,
Or drive that laughing dimple from its place,
Or leave that white breast with a painful sigh.

EDDERLINE'S DREAM.

A passage in Professor Wilson's poem, so called.

From her pillow, as if driven
By an unseen demon's hand
Disturbing the repose of heaven,
Hath fallen her head! The long black hair,
From the fillet's silken band
In dishevell'd masses riven,
Is streaming downwards to the floor.
Is the last convulsion o'er?
And will that length of glorious tresses,
So laden with the soul's distresses,
By those fair hands in morning light,
Above those eyelids opening bright,

Be braided nevermore?
No, the lady is not dead,
Though flung thus wildly o'er her bed;
Like a wrecked corse upon the shore,
That lies until the morning brings
Searchings, and shrieks, and sorrowings;
Or haply, to all eyes unknown,
Is borne away without a groan,
On a chance plank, 'mid joyful cries
Of birds that pierce the sunny skies
With seaward dash, or in calm bands
Parading o'er the silvery sands,
Or 'mid the lovely flush of shells,
Pausing to burnish crest or wing,
No fading footmark see that tells
Of that poor unremember'd thing!

O dreadful is the world of dreams,
When all that world a chaos seems
Of thoughts so fix'd before!
When heaven's own face is tinged with blood!
And friends cross o'er our solitude,
Now friends of ours no more!
Or, dearer to our hearts than ever,
Keep stretching forth with vain endeavour,
Their pale and palsied hands,
To clasp us phantoms, as we go
Along the void like drifting snow,
To far-off nameless lands!
Yet all the while we know not why,
Nor where those dismal regions lie,
Half hoping that a curse so deep
And wild can only be in sleep,
And that some overpowering scream
Will break the fetters of the dream,
And let us back to waking life,
Fill'd though it be with care and strife;
Since there at least the wretch can know
The meanings on the face of woe,
Assured that no mock shower is shed
Of tears upon the real dead,
Or that his bliss, indeed, is bliss,
When bending o'er the death-like cheek

Of one who scarcely seems alive,
At every cold but breathing kiss,
He hears a saving angel speak—
"Thy love will yet revive!"

MY MISTRESS.

anslated from CALDERON. It certainly shames the cold and unnative lovers of the north.

THE cradle of the infant sun,
That scarf'd in purple clouds and dun,
Kisses the dewy tear-drops up,
Shed in the flowret's odorous cup—
The budding, spring-awaken'd rose,
That, proudly bursting its green prison,
Proclaims that April has arisen,
And over the laughing gardens goes,
While mid the mild frosts gently-wrinkling,
The tears that morning weeps from heaven
In smile and sparkle earth are sprinkling;
The streamlet that has vainly striven
To bubble its harmonious story
Between these lips that ice confines
And seals awhile;—the pink that shines
A coral star of transient glory,—
The golden-plumaged bird, that shows
All gaudy tints upon its wing,
A feather'd harp, that still doth sing
To the water, murmuring
Sweet music, as it onward flows:—
The rock that can deceive the sun,
Who would dissolve it with his ray;
Its snowy outwork may be won,
But the rock melts not away—
The laurel tree, which bathes its foot
In the snows it tramples down;
A green narcissus, fearing not
The lightnings which it turns aside,
Or wears for an innocuous crown,
Daring the fires above deride,
Or the frost about its root,—

In fine, the cradle, and the light,
The purple clouds, the streams, the rose,
The bird that passions through the night,
The morn, that raining tear-drops, throws
Its smile on earth,—the crimson pink
Stooping over the fountain's brink :—
These are the portions which combine
In her, of women most divine.

THE CLIFFS OF THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

By a young Swede, named THEODORE ELBERT.

THE cliffs that rise in stately show
To rampart thee, thou fairy land,
How calm they hear the ocean's flow,
And shade with solemn brows the strand.

They have a quiet joy to meet
The gentle murmur of the waves,
That pleased embrace their aged feet,
And play and laugh around their caves.

The deep blue main and sportful foam
Methinks have voices in their swell,
That say, Come, make thy daily home
With that bright sea thou lov'st so well.

And here, in truth, so sweet and wild,
So lone and beautiful the spot,
In it might live the ocean's child,
As in his own familiar grot.

And here is many a secret nook,
For eyes on nature wont to feed,
Where the sea ripples like a brook
Around the turfs of dark-brown weed.

Haunts of the billow and the breeze,
Retreats grotesque, and cool, and dim,
O! tell me, better than in these,
Where might I rest each wearied limb?

The wide and mighty main should be
  My father, brother, trusted friend;
To the old wisdom of the sea
  My thoughts, my heart, I here might lend.

And he with every wave should teach
  Knowledge so deep, and free, and high,
The scanty sounds of human speech
  Have nought of truth with it to vie:

And I my spirit would control
  Into the child's subservient mood;
And daily fill my grasping soul
  With all he speaks of wise and good.

Then ought I not the crowd to flee,
  Their thoughts despise, their deeds abhor;
And make the pure and holy sea
  My playmate and my monitor?

Aye, but the universal love,
  The instincts each to all that bind!
The blessed boon from him above
  To the vast brotherhood, mankind!

And God's own word which bade us cling,
  Heart unto heart, and hand to hand!
Who hath the evil strength to fling
  From off his heart this inmost band?

And I had rather live my days
  The tenant of a dungeon's gloom,
Where nought of heaven's fresh brightness plays,
  And chains each wasting limb consume;

So might I find some heart to blend
  In free communion with mine own,
Than make the boundless sea my friend,
  With none but him to hear my moan.

MONT BLANC.

By L. E. L. (Miss Landon.)

Thou monarch of the upper air,
Thou mighty temple given
For morning's earliest of light,
And evening's last of heaven.
The vapour from the marsh, the smoke
From crowded cities sent,
Are purified before they reach
Thy loftier element.
Thy hues are not of earth but heaven;
Only the sunset rose
Hath leave to fling a crimson dye
Upon thy stainless snows.

Now out on those adventurers
Who scaled thy breathless height,
And made thy pinnacle, Mont Blanc,
A thing for common sight.
Before that human step had felt
Its sully on thy brow,
The glory of thy forehead made
A shrine to those below:
Men gazed upon thee as a star,
And turn'd to earth again,
With dreams like thine own floating clouds,
The vague but not the vain.
No feelings are less vain than those
That bear the mind away,
Till blent with nature's mysteries
It half forgets its clay.
It catches loftier impulses;
And owns a nobler power;
The poet and philosopher
Are born of such an hour.

But now where may we seek a place
For any spirit's dream;
Our steps have been o'er every soil,
Our sails o'er every stream.

Those isles, the beautiful Azores,
The fortunate, the fair!
We look'd for their perpetual spring
To find it was not there.
Bright El Dorado, land of gold,
We have so sought for thee,
There's not a spot in all the globe
Where such a land can be.

How pleasant were the wild beliefs
That dwelt in legends old:
Alas! to our posterity
Will no such tales be told.
We know too much; scroll after scroll
Weighs down our weary shelves;
Our only point of ignorance
Is center'd in ourselves.
Alas! for thy past mystery,
For thine untrodden snow—
Nurse of the tempest, hadst thou none
To guard thy outraged brow?
Thy summit, once the unapproach'd,
Hath human presence own'd,
With the first step upon thy crest,
Mont Blanc, thou wert dethroned!

A RETURN.

From COLERIDGE'S *Garden of Boccaccio.*

LIKE flocks adown a newly-bathed steep
  Emerging from a mist: or like a stream
Of music soft that not dispels the sleep,
  But casts in happier moulds the slumberer's dream—
Gazed by an idle eye, with silent might
The picture stole upon my inward sight.
A tremulous warmth crept gradual o'er my chest,
As though an infant's finger touch'd my breast.
And one by one (I know not whence) were brought
All spirits of power that most had stirr'd my thought
In selfless boyhood, on a new world tost
Of wonder, and in its own fancies lost;

Or charm'd my youth, that, kindled from above,
Loved ere it loved, and sought a form for love;
Or lent a lustre to the earnest scan
Of manhood, musing what and whence is man!
Wild strain of Scalds, that in the sea-worn caves
Rehearsed their war-spell to the winds and waves;
Or fateful hymn of those prophetic maids,
That call'd on Hertha in deep forest glades;
Or minstrel lay, that cheer'd the baron's feast;
Or rhyme of city pomp, of monk and priest,
Judge, mayor, and many a guild in long array,
To high-church pacing on the great saint's day.
And many a verse which to myself I sang,
That woke the tear, yet stole away the pang,
Of hopes which in lamenting I renew'd.
And last, a matron now, of sober mien
Yet radiant still and with no earthly sheen,
Whom as a faëry child my childhood woo'd
Even in my dawn of thought—Philosophy—
Though then, unconscious of herself, pardie,
She bore no other name than Poesy;
And like a gift from heaven, in lifeful glee,
That had but newly left a mother's knee,
Prattled and play'd with bird and flower, and stone,
As if with elfin playfellows well known,
And life reveal'd to innocence alone.

THE TOWN CHILD AND COUNTRY CHILD.

By Allan Cunningham.

Child of the country! free as air
Art thou, and as the sunshine fair;
Born, like the lily, where the dew
Lies odorous when the day is new;
Fed 'mid the May-flowers like the bee,
Nursed to sweet music on the knee,
Lull'd in the breast to that glad tune
Which winds make 'mong the woods of June;
I sing of thee;—'tis sweet to sing
Of such a fair and gladsome thing.

Child of the town! for thee I sigh:
A gilded roof's thy golden sky,
A carpet is thy dasied sod,
A narrow street thy boundless road;
Thy rushing deer's the clattering tramp
Of watchmen, thy best light's a lamp;
Through smoke, and not through trellised vines
And blooming trees, thy sunbeam shines:
I sing of thee in sadness; where
Else is wreck wrought in aught so fair?

Child of the country! thy small feet
Tread on strawberries red and sweet;
With thee I wander forth to see
The flowers which most delight the bee;
The bush o'er which the throstle sung
In April while she nursed her young;
The den beneath the sloe-thorn, where
She bred her twins the timorous hare;
The knoll wrought o'er with wild bluebells,
Where brown bees build their balmy cells;
The greenwood stream, the shady pool,
Where trouts leap when the day is cool;
The shilfa's nest that seems to be
A portion of the sheltering tree;
And other marvels which my verse
Can find no language to rehearse.

Child of the town and bustling street,
What woes and snares await thy feet!
Thy paths are paved for five long miles,
Thy groves and hills are peaks and tiles;
Thy fragrant air is yon thick smoke,
Which shrouds thee like a mourning cloak;
And thou art cabin'd and confined
At once from sun, and dew, and wind;
Or set thy tottering feet but on
Thy lengthen'd walks of slippery stone;
The coachman there careering reels
With goaded steeds and maddening wheels;
And commerce pours each poring son
In pelf's pursuit and hollos' run.
While flush'd with wine, and stung at play,
Men rush from darkness into day.

The stream's too strong for thy small bark;
There nought can sail, save what is stark.

Fly from the town, sweet child; for health
Is happiness, and strength, and wealth.
There is a lesson in each flower,
A story in each stream and bower:
On every herb on which you tread
Are written words which, rightly read,
Will lead you from earth's fragrant sod
To hope, and holiness, and God.

TO A WEARIED WORKER.

By J. M. W.

"Rest?"—Thou must not seek for rest
Until thy task be done;
Thou must not lay thy burthen down
Till setting of the sun.

Thou must not weary of the life,
Nor scorn thy lowly lot,
Nor cease to work, because such work
Thy neighbour prizeth not.

Thou must not let thy heart grow cold,
Nor hush each generous tone,
Nor veil the bright love in thine eye;
Thou must not *live alone*.

When others strive, thou too must help,
And answer when they call;
The power to love God gave to thee,
Thou must employ for all.

"Freedom and Rest" thou wouldest have:
Freedom is service meet;
And rest of soul is but a name
For toil amid life's heat.

Unmoved to gaze upon the strife,
  Is not true liberty;
To others thou must minister,
  Wouldst thou be truly free.

In the outward world 'tis vain to seek
  The Eden thou wouldst win;
That ancient paradise is gone—
  Thine Eden is within.

AUTUMN WILD FLOWERS.

By Mary Howitt.

The autumn sun is shining,
  Grey mists are on the hill;
A russet tint is on the leaves,
  But flowers are blowing still!

Still bright in wood and meadow;
  On moorlands dry and brown;
By little streams; by rivers broad;
  On every breezy down,

The little flowers are smiling,
  With chilly dew-drops wet,
Are saying with a spirit-voice—
  "We have not vanish'd yet.

"No, though the spring be over;
  Though summer's strength be gone;
Though autumn's wealth be garner'd,
  And winter cometh on;

"Still we have not departed,
  We linger to the last,
And even on early winter's brow
  A cheerful ray will cast!"

—Go forth, then, youths and maidens,
  Be joyful whilst ye may;
Go forth, then, child and mother,
  And toiling men grown grey!

Go forth, though ye be humble,
  And wan with toil and care;
There are no fields so barren,
  But some sweet flower is there!

Flowers spring up by the highway
  Which busy feet have trod;
They rise up in the dreariest wood;
  They gem the dullest sod.

They need no learned gardeners
  To nurture them with care;
They only need the dews of earth,
  The sunshine and the air.

And for earth's lowly children,
  For loving hearts and good,
They spring up all around us,
  They will not be subdued.

—Thank God! when forth from Eden
  The weeping pair was driven,
That unto earth, though cursed with thorns,
  The little flowers were given!

That Eve, when looking downward,
  To face her God afraid,
Beheld the scented violet,
  The primrose in the shade!

Thank God, that with the thistle
  That sprang up in his toil,
The weary worker, Adam,
  Saw roses gem the soil!

And still for anxious workers,
  For hearts with anguish full,
Life, even on its dreariest paths,
  Has flowers for them to cull!

THE CHILD AND THE MOURNERS.

By Charles Mackay.

A little child beneath a tree
Sat and chanted cheerily
A little song, a pleasant song,
Which was—she sang it all day long—
"When the wind blows the blossoms fall:
But a good God reigns over all."

There pass'd a lady by the way,
Moaning in the face of day:
There were tears upon her cheek,
Grief in her heart too great to speak;
Her husband died but yester-morn,
And left her in the world forlorn.

She stopp'd and listen'd to the child
That look'd to heaven, and singing, smiled;
And saw not for her own despair,
Another lady, young and fair,
Who, also passing, stopp'd to hear
The infant's anthem ringing clear.

For she but a few sad days before
Had lost the little babe she bore;
And grief was heavy at her soul
As that sweet memory o'er her stole,
And show'd how bright had been the past,
The present drear and overcast.

And as they stood beneath the tree
Listening, soothed and placidly,
A youth came by, whose sunken eyes
Spake of a load of miseries;
And he, arrested like the twain,
Stopp'd to listen to the strain.

Death had bow'd the youthful head
Of his bride beloved, his bride unwed:
Her marriage robes were fitted on,
Her fair young face with blushes shone,
When the destroyer smote her low,
And changed the lover's bliss to woe.

And these three listened to the song,
Silver-toned, and sweet, and strong,
Which that child, the livelong day,
Chanted to itself in play:
"When the wind blows the blossoms fall,
But a good God reigns over all."

The widow's lips impulsive moved;
The mother's grief, tho' unreproved,
Soften'd, as her trembling tongue
Repeated what the infant sung;
And the sad lover, with a start,
Conn'd it over to his heart.

And though the child—if child it were,
And not a seraph sitting there—
Was seen no more, the sorrowing three
Went on their way resignedly,
The song still ringing in their ears—
Was it music of the spheres?

Who shall tell? They did not know.
But in the midst of deepest woe
The strain recurr'd when sorrow grew,
To warn them, and console them too:
"When the wind blows the blossoms fall,
But a good God reigns over all."

SAXON WORDS.

By Mrs. Charles Tinsley.

Old Saxon words, old Saxon words! your spells are ro
us thrown;
Ye haunt our daily paths and dreams with a music all y
own;
Each one, in its own power a host, to fond remembrance br
The earliest, brightest aspect back of life's familiar thing

Yours are the *hills*, the *fields*, the *woods*, the *orchards*,
the *streams*,
The *meadows* and the *bowers* that bask in the sun's rejoic
beams;

Mid them our childhood's years were kept, our childhood's
thoughts were rear'd,
And by your household tones its joys were evermore
endear'd.

We have roam'd since then where the myrtle bloom'd in its
own unclouded realms—
But our hearts returned with changeless love to the brave
old Saxon *elms;*
Where the laurel o'er its native streams of a deathless glory
spoke—
But we pass'd with pride to the later fame of the sturdy
Saxon *oak.*

We have marvelled at those mighty piles on the old Egyptian
plains,
And our souls have thrill'd to the loveliness of the lovely
Grecian fanes;
We have lingered o'er the wreck of Rome, with its classic
memories crown'd—
But these touched us not as the mouldering walls with the
Saxon *ivy* bound.

Old Saxon words, old Saxon words! they bear us back
with pride
To the days when Alfred ruled the land by the laws of Him
that died;
When in one spirit, truly good and truly great, was shown
What earth has owed, and still must owe, to such as him
alone.

There are tongues of other lands, that flow with a softer,
smoother grace,
But the old rough Saxon words will keep in our hearts their
own true place;
Our household hearths, our household graves, our household
smiles and tears,
Are guarded, hallow'd, shrined by them—the kind, fast
friends of years.

Old Saxon words, old Saxon words! your spells are round
us thrown;
Ye haunt our daily paths and dreams with a music all your
own;

Each one, in its own power a host, to fond remembrance brings
The earliest, brightest aspect back of life's familiar things.

THE WIDOWER.

By Sydney Yendys.

In the most early morn
I rise from a damp pillow, tempest-tost,
To seek the sun with silent gaze forlorn,
And mourn for thee, my lost
Isabel.

That early hour I meet,
The daily vigil of my life to keep,
Because there are no other lights so sweet,
Or shades so long and deep,
Isabel.

And best I think of thee
Beside the duskest shade and brightest sun,
Whose mystic lot in life it was to be
Outsmiled, outwept by none—
Isabel.

Men said that thou wert fair:
There is no brightness in the heaven above—
There is no balm upon the summer air,
Like thy warm love,
Isabel.

Men saw that thou wert bright:
There is no wildness in the winds that blow—
There is no darkness in the winter's night,
Like thy dark woe,
Isabel.

And yet thy path did miss
Men's footsteps; in their haunts thou hadst no joy:
The thoughts of other worlds were thine in this:
In thy sweet piety, and in thy bliss
And grief, for life too coy,
Isabel.

And so my heart's despair
Looks for thee ere the firstling smoke hath curl'd;
While the wrapt earth is at her morning prayer;
Ere yet she putteth on her workday air,
And robes her for the world,
Isabel.

When the sun-burst is o'er,
My lonely way about the world I take,
Doing and saying much, and feeling more;
And all things for thy sake,
Isabel.

But never once I dare
To see thine image till the day be new,
And lip hath sullied not the unbreathed air,
And waking eyes are few,
Isabel.

Then that lost form appears,
Which was a joy to few on earth but me:
In the young light I see thy guileless glee;
In the deep dews thy tears,
Isabel.

So with Promethean moan,
In widowhood renew'd I learn to grieve;
Blest with one only thought, that I alone
Can fade—that thou thro' years shalt still shine on
In beauty—as in beauty art thou gone,
Thou morn that knew no eve,
Isabel.

In beauty art thou gone;
As some bright meteor gleams across the night,
Gazed on by all, but understood by none,
And dying by its own excess of light,
Isabel.

THE DYING MINSTREL.

By Mary Ann Browne.

Slowly and sadly, day by day,
As a fountain drieth she faded away.
Seldomer walk'd she the oak-trees among,
Less and less frequent became her song.
She would sit for hours, with her silent gaze
Fix'd on the harp that had brought such praise
And fame to her in her happier days.
Sometimes her voice breathed in silvery words,
And her hand stray'd carelessly over the chords,
Making uncertain melody,
Broken and wild as the wind-harp's sigh.

She had come from her own delicious clime,
With its vineyards and groves of the chesnut and lime;
From the flowers that bask'd 'neath unbounded skies,
Various and bright as the rainbow's dyes;
From the tongues that praised her, the hearts that adored,—
From the valleys and hills that her first songs heard.
She was lured from her land of sunshine and smiles,
By the meteor hope, that so many beguiles.
And now she was dying!—dying afar,
With clouded hopes, and an altered star;
And her couch by strangers' hands was spread,
And unknown steps were around her bed.
She fear'd not death—she knew it must come,
But she thought 'twould be sweet to die at home;
But, alas! she knew that her wish was vain,
And she never must see her dear land again!

'Twas a summer-sunset, and that soft hour
On the minstrel's soul had ever most power;
And she pray'd she might leave the feverish hearth,
And again in the calm light of even go forth.
They led her out by the darkening sea,
And she thought of her own bright Italy,
And turn'd her eyes o'er the twilight wave,
Towards the spot where she wish'd so much for a grave.
She took her harp,—o'er each trembling string
Her fingers soon were wandering;

Drawing forth note by note at first,
  Careless of what the strain might be,
Till all at once the music burst
  Into a sweet wild symphony:
And then the minstrel's soft voice rose,
  While a tear was straying down her cheek,
Until she spake of her country's woes,
  And then her song no more was weak;

And there came an unearthly light o'er her eye,
And her voice had a tone of prophecy,
As she spake of the time when her land should be
Named with the nations of those who are free:
The black curls stream'd on the ivory neck,—
Who would have thought that form was a wreck!
And the blue veins swell'd in the sunken brow,
And her cheek had a wild and feverish glow,
And the hot tears into the dark eyes sprang,
As of her own dear home she sang.

But the song died away—and with it, too,
Faded the cheek's unnatural hue;
She bow'd her head, and hush'd were her words,
But her hand still wander'd amidst the chords;
And that ceased too,—but they thought that she
Was but in some dream of ecstasy,
And had only paused awhile for breath—
Little thought they 'twas the pause of death!
They raised the tresses, that fell like a veil
Over the face—that face was pale;
Her heart was still—and her spirit high
Had pass'd with the soul of the melody!

LOVE'S MEMORIES.

By J. Dennis.

Down by the woods, where the blooming purple heather
Sheds its sweet perfume in the pleasant morning prime,
In the quiet hill-shade we wander'd forth together,
Gladdening our young hearts with many an ancient rhyme:

Chaunting some old ballad, some wild and artless measure;
Or reading about Rosalind among the forest boughs:
In the golden age of courting, when the minutes, wing'd
with pleasure,
Flew lightly at the whispering of lovers' fervent vows.

And sometimes on the page such a glorious light would
glisten—
Such a flash from out the ether of a bright and purer sphere—
That we closed the book with wonder, and sat us down to
listen,
For we thought that angel voices were singing to us near.

Glimpses of a golden future, tender memories of the past,
Hopes of deep and solemn import, from their spirit-home
above—
Slightly veiled from our seeing by the glory round them
cast—
Come like mirror'd shapes before us when the soul is fill'd
with love.

And the light which love had kindled had shed its halo
round us
As we gazed upon the woodland with its old majestic trees,
Mid the depth of nature's stillness how its silken fetters
bound us,
And the secrets of the future were whisper'd 'mong the
leaves.

Not the noblest strain of music pealing through the solemn
aisles,
Till the old cathedral towers seem to vibrate with the spell,
Fills the spirit with such rapture, or the fancy so beguiles,
As the music of love's making on the chords it knows so
well.

Years have flown—for youth is fleeting—love is like a
stranger guest;
Yet the memory of its glory melts like music on our souls;
Wits may sneer and fools deride it, pointing with a courtly
jest—
But the passions of the morning manhood's calmer noon
controls.

THE QUARRY MAN.

By J. Bradshawe Walker.

The sun has seen him all day long,
  With the sweat upon his brow,
Tearing, with sinewy arm and strong,
  Huge blocks from their beds below!

Little he knows, or seeks to ken,
  Of all the great world beside;
Who wields the sword, or who the pen,
  Or if tyrants realms divide.

No need hath he of dainties rare,
  Or of costly pampering wines;
His lips are kiss'd by fragrant air,
  On the rude rock where he dines.

That ruddy child, besmearèd o'er
  With blackberries ripe, hathcome
With his frugal meal across the moor,
  From a lowly cottage home.

Again he seeks the ponderous rock,
  And he strikes with giant might:
The work of ages feels the shock,
  And it rushes into light!

His time is measured by the sun—
  Now he hails its western ray;
Another hard day's toil is done,
  And he whistles on his way.

Cheerly along the lone green lane,
  To his straw-thatch'd cot he goes;
He hears his children's voice again,
  And 'tis there his joys repose.

Brilliants.

INSCRIPTION FOR A WATCH.

Could but our tempers move like this machine,
Not urged by passion nor delay'd by spleen:
And true to nature's regulating power,
By virtuous acts distinguish every hour:
Then health and joy would follow as they ought,
The laws of motion, and the laws of thought:
Sweet health to pass the present moments o'er,
And everlasting joy when time shall be no more.

DR. J. BYRON.

FOUNTAIN OF THE FAIRIES.

There is a fountain in the forest call'd
The Fountain of the Fairies. When a child,
With most delightful wonder, I have heard
Tales of the elfin tribe, that on its banks
Hold midnight revelry. An ancient oak,
The goodliest of the forest, grows beside;
It ever has been deem'd their fav'rite tree.
They love to lie and rock upon its leaves,
And bask them in the sunshine. Many a time
Hath the woodman shown his boy where the dark roun
On the green sward beneath its boughs bewrays
Their nightly dance, and bid him spare the tree.
Fancy had cast a spell upon the place
And made it holy: and the villagers
Would say that never evil thing approach'd
Unpunish'd there. The strange and fearful pleasure
That fill'd me by that solitary spring
Ceased not in riper years; and now it woke
Deeper delight, and more mysterious awe.

SOUTHEY.

SORROW.

The sorrows which the soul endures,
Not self-inflicted, are but hooded joys,
That when she touches the white strand of heaven,
They cluster round her and slip off their robes,
And laugh out angels in the world of light.

J. STANYAN BIGG.

A SONG.

The following song by Mr. SILLERY is extremely elegant, and worthy of a place in a collection of poetry. It is what it professes to be, and it aims at nothing more, and that is a very great merit.

SHE died in beauty!—like a rose
  Blown from its parent stem:
She died in beauty!—like a pearl
  Dropp'd from some diadem.
She died in beauty!—like a lay
  Along a moonlit lake:
She died in beauty!—like the song
  Of birds amid the brake.
She died in beauty!—like the snow
  On flowers dissolved away:
She died in beauty!—like a star
  Lost on the brow of day.
She lives in glory!—like Night's gems
  Set round the silver moon!
She lives in glory!—like the sun
  Amid the blue of June!

THE GIPSY'S MALISON.

A very strange sonnet by CHARLES LAMB, published in *Blackwood's Magazine.* In his letters he speaks of it as "curiously and perversely elaborate." It is certainly a curiosity in its way. But it contains some very fine poetry.

SUCK, baby suck! mother's love grows by giving,
  Drain the sweet founts that only thrive by wasting;
Black manhood comes, when riotous guilty living
  Hands thee the cup that shall be death in tasting.
Kiss, baby kiss; mother's lips shine by kisses,
  Choke the warm blood that else would fell in blessings;
Black manhood comes, when turbulent guilty blisses
  Tend thee the kiss that poisons 'mid caressings.
Hang, baby hang! mother's love loves such forces,
  Strain the fond neck that bends still to thy clinging;
Black manhood comes, when violent lawless courses
  Leave thee a spectacle in rude air swinging.
So sang a withered beldam energetical,
And bang'd the ungiving door with lips prophetical.

GATHERING DEW.

A ROUNDEL FOR MAY.

In a volume of CALDER CAMPBELL'S Poems we have found a w lively lyric which cannot fail to please the reader. Some faults it h but then it has no pretensions which it does not sustain; it professes be nothing beyond a sprightly sketch.

MAY dew! May dew!—The fairies brew
Their wizard wine of the fresh May dew;
And the drops, with their breaths have breathed upo
Ere lipped by the kiss of the sultry sun,
Cosmetic spell and influence own
To fix bright beauty on its throne!
Oh! the ladye looks well in her simple vest,
When the girdle of gold clips her heaving breast,—
When the costly gems of her proud tiar
Sparkle, more bright than the brightest star,—
And the burnished gloss of her raven hair
Gleams in the blaze of the revel there;
But better she looks, in her morning attire,
When she fares forth to list to the woodland quire,
Better she looks, to the lover's view,
Gathering dew!

May dew! May dew!—The fairies strew
A philter powder over you,
That lends to the cheek a richer glow,
And adds a grace to the living snow,—
—The Baron asks for his favourite child,—
"Where hath she sped in her frolic wild?
The garden hath roses, hath she gone there,
To cull a braid for her radiant hair?—
The orchard hath fruits, just ripening red,
Hath she stolen there from her downy bed?—
Her minion fawn hath fled to the wood,
Where the foe of my house and the bane of my bloo
Hath built him a hunting bower so gay,—
Forefend that my child should have gone that way?"
"Oh, no!" cried a page, "'tis the month of May,
And down in the mead where the urchins play,
She busies herself, while the day is new,
Gathering dew."

May dew! May dew!—A moon for you,
And a moon for a lover's task will do!—

And every morn of the month of May,
Gathering dew by the early day,
Was seen the lady Christabel,
Tended by one who loved her well!
The Baron was lame, so he could not walk—
The Lady was loved, as none would talk—
The Baron was blind, and he could not tell
That the gallant Knight with Christabel
Was the foe of his house, and the bane of his blood;
And the wily page that near him stood,
Said, aye and anon, with a laughing mien,
"'Tis old nurse Alice in coif of green,
Who walks with our Lady, faithful and true,
Gathering dew!"

May dew! May dew!—A month for you,
And a month for the lover to win and to woo!
—'Tis a morn of June, and the beldam nurse
Is turned to a stalwart Knight and horse!
And the coif of green is a helmet bright,—
And the Lady hath mounted her palfrey white;
And long ere the Baron his page had asked
For his morning posset, the Abbot was task'd
To bind the knot that binds for life,
And make fair Christabel a wife!—
—Oh! ye fathers old, whose eyes are dim,
Whom age hath struck in lithe and limb,
Beware of love's own month of May,
Of a wily page and a beldam grey;
And let not your daughters seek the wood
Where the fairies philter hath been strewed;
For love may be seen, tho' not by you,
Gathering dew!

THE GIPSY BEGGAR.

In all ages and countries the parental affections have afforded the ppiest themes for poetry. In a volume by a Mr. BURBIDGE we ve noticed one which to us appears worthy of a place in any lection of poetry. The tale is told with admirable simplicity, and

the outburst of natural feeling, betraying the beggar's artifice, is o of those truthful pictures that proclaim man's common nature a prove that "we have all of us one human heart."

THEY gave him nought; he turn'd away
  With such a sufferance as is bred
From careless usage day by day;
'Twas wisdom, in a humble way,
  Both of the heart and head.

I follow'd on that lordly train—
  Their laugh yet rang upon the ear—
Just round an elbow of the lane;
And me the gipsy asked again
  For alms, when I drew near.

For alms: he had no home, he said,
  And (changed the beggar's tale before)
No wife, no children; all were dead;
He was alone on earth, he said,
  And stricken with a sore.

'Twas cunningly devised to move
  My heart, however, he might guess;
And more his seeming want of love
That tender depths of pity clove,
  Than deeper shared distress.

His was an ancient Roman's face,
  So statue-like in shape, and yet
So viperous in eye, the grace
Of that calm outline keen gave place
  To its continual fret.

It glanced ten times while yet he spoke,
  Ten separate darts it made or more,
On me—upon his tatter'd cloak—
Upon an imp, that wildly broke
  From out a hovel-door.

I look'd upon the boy and him,
  'Twas clear to me they were akin;
Only the younger was less grim
To see, his cheek more dewy-dim,
  And of a finer skin.

But in the lips and lofty brows
  'Twas evident that they were one,
And in the eye, its sudden close
And quick expansion: now who knows
  But they are sire and son?

So thought I to myself, and fast
  My charity was running down;
But yet when one quick glance was past,
No look upon the child he cast,
  No smile, nor yet a frown.

So I gave credence, as seem'd meet,
  To that sad tale of loveless woe;
For coldest heart that ever beat
Was never school'd to such deceit
  As this, said I, I know.

The imp went dancing down the lane,
  And never saw us standing there,
When suddenly he fell; amain
A horrid cry—a cry of pain,
  Rang shrilly on the air!

'Twas nature's dart, aim'd at the heart,
  Which had forsworn her gentle sway:
It pierced—away the father ran;
Three leaps had borne the hasty man
  To where the urchin lay.

He took him up, he laid his cheek
  To his; the lovely boy's was pale:
He kissed him as a mother meek
Kisses her child, but doth not speak
  For fear his slumbers fail.

Moist dew was in his viperous eyes
  That were so horny bright before:
To soothe the boy with play he tries;
He mimics playfully his cries,
  Until the child forbore.

Then up to me—he saw me smile—
He led the child so fair and young:
"Five more I have, Sir:" I, meanwhile,
For the heart's faith forgave the guile
That was but of the tongue.

THE PRESS.

EBENEZER ELLIOTT, the Corn Law Rhymer, was a mechanic, a real working man of Sheffield. He very early distinguished himself as a poet, but he had the rare good sense to make the pleasures of literature an amusement and not a calling, so he worked at his trade all day and devoted his evenings to the indulgence of his intellectual tastes. His compositions are remarkable for their vigorous freshness. He is a perfect master of language, and his thoughts flow in a train very different from anything which has characterized any other poet. He is emphatically the Bard of the Poor; he describes the feelings, wants, impressions and aspirations of his own class, and hence his works will always be read with interest as pictures of the present mental condition of the most numerous section of the community. But they are also admirable from their intrinsic merits, for they contain poetry of a very high order. We now present a poem which was written for the printers in the procession that celebrated the passing of the Reform Act.

GOD said "Let there be light!"
Grim darkness felt his might
And fled away.
The startled seas, and mountains bold,
Shone forth all bright in blue and gold,
And cried, "'Tis day, 'tis day!"

Hail, holy light! exclaimed
The thunderous cloud, that flamed
O'er daisies white;
And lo, the rose, in crimson dress'd,
Lean'd sweetly on the lily's breast,
And, blushing, murmur'd "Light!"

Then was the skylark born;
Then rose the embattled corn;
Then streams of praise
Flow'd o'er the sunny hills of noon;
And when night came the pallid moon
Pour'd forth her pensive lays.

Lo! heaven's bright bow is glad!
Lo! trees and flowers all clad
In glory, bloom!
And shall the mortal sons of God
Be senseless as the trodden clod,
And darker than the tomb?

No, by the mind of man!
By the swart artisan!
By God, our Sire!
Our souls have holy light within,
And every form of grief and sin
Shall see and feel its fire.

By earth, and hell, and heaven,
The shroud of souls is riven;
Mind, mind alone
Is light, and hope, and life, and power;
Earth's deepest night, from this bless'd hour,
The night of minds is gone!

The second Ark we bring:
The Press all nations sing;
What can they less?
Oh! pallid want; oh! labour stark;
Behold we bring the second Ark—
The Press! the Press! the Press!

TO MY WIFE.

From an American periodical we select the following feeling and tasteful little lyric, there published anonymously.

Afar from thee! 'Tis solitude,
Though smiling crowds around me be,
The kind, the beautiful, the good—
For I can only think of thee;
Of thee, the kindest, loveliest, best,
My earliest and my only one;
Without thee, I am all unblest,
And wholly blest with thee alone.

Afar from thee! The words of praise
  My listless ear unheeded greet;
What sweetest seem'd in better days,
  Without thee seem'd no longer sweet;
The dearest joy fame can bestow,
  Is in thy moisten'd eye to see,
And in thy cheeks' unusual glow,
  Thou deem'st me not unworthy thee.

Afar from thee! the night is come,
  But slumbers from my pillow flee;
I cannot rest so far from home,
  And my heart's home is love with thee.
I kneel before the throne of prayer,
  And then I know that thou art nigh;
For God, who seeth everywhere,
  Bends on us both his watchful eye.

Together, in his loved embrace,
  No distance can our hearts divide;
Forgotten quite the 'mediate space,
  I kneel thy kneeling form beside;
My tranquil frame then sinks to sleep,
  But soars the spirit far and free;
O welcome be night's slumbers deep,
  For then, dear love! I am with thee.

THE YOUNG BIRD OF PASSAGE.

By William Howitt.

Oh bird! oh little bird,
  Blithe in thy native spot!
This summer sky expands
Far, far o'er other lands,
  But them thou knowest not.

Here hast thou woke to life;
  Here only, life hast known;
Here 'mid flowers, songs, green grass,
And streams that glittering pass,
  Thy merry hours have flown.

And if to thee be given
  The mystery of thought;
Here dost thou hope to dwell,
With things beloved so well,
  That none beside are thought.

But soon! but soon shall dawn
  Within thee strange desires,
Strange dreams of other skies,
Strange far-off melodies,
  The sound of Indian choirs.

And thy first loves and joys,
  Hush'd spell-bound in thy heart,
From woodland, field, and stream,
Like pleasures of a dream,—
  Shall they and thou depart!

Called,—urged, thou know'st not how,
  Up, up thy soul shall spring,
Daring the ocean flood,
Daring heaven's solitude,
  With inexperienced wing.

Oh bird! oh little bird,
  Strange as thy lot may be,
Yet, in thy young delight,
Yet, in thy coming flight,
  Thou art a type of me.

For now, even now I feel,
  Here, where my life first shone,
Some unseen world's control
Strong in my inmost soul,
  And bidding me begone.

Voices of power are calling,
  Sounds come from other spheres,
Visions float through my breast,
And thoughts that will not rest
  But in the unreach'd years.

Vainly would earth detain me,
  Her spring-tide spell is o'er;

Here have I dwelt in glee,
But soon I pass, like thee,
And I return no more.

THE POWER OF THE DEAD.

By Mary Anne Browne.

Say not their power is o'er,
Although their lips be mute, their limbs be still;
With might, unknown before,
Those silent forms the living heart may thrill.

Who stands beside the bed,
Where rests the icy corpse within its shroud,
Nor feels a secret dread,
With which his soul ne'er to the living bow'd?

The lowliest son of earth,
The veriest babe that Death hath smitten down,
Hath to a realm gone forth,
To those who gaze upon them all unknown.

An awful mystery, sealed
From their sad eyes that weep beside their bier,
To them hath been reveal'd,
To their unprison'd souls made plain and clear.

They are the constant sign
Of God's great truth—the dead, both great and small,
Confirm his word divine,
That all have sinn'd, and death hath pass'd on all.

They are the seed from whence
The harvest of the Lord shall fill the earth,
When his omnipotence
Shall bring the myriads from her bosom forth.

Say not their power is o'er
Even when mingling in the lowly dust;
For them our spirits pour
An offering forth, in holy hope and trust.

Where is the place of graves
We deem not hallow'd? There is sanctity
In every wind that waves
Its grasses tall, or stirs its willow-tree.

Where'er some lonely mound
Tells of the spot where mortal relics rest,
At once that spot of ground
Our hearts with unseen holiness invest.

Say not they have no power!
Perhaps they were our enemies in life,
But now hath come an hour,
When endeth all the tumult and the strife.

Another, mightier hand
Hath still'd the opposer—anger now may cease;
Who can the truth withstand,
That with the dead our hearts should be at peace?

And for the loved and lost,
Their memories move us as nought else may move,
When wildly tempest-tost,
They to the soul as guiding stars may prove.

And many a gentle word
Of precious counsel, all too long despised,
By memory may be stirr'd,
Now to be thought upon, and weigh'd and prized.

And when the wayward heart
Doubts how it shall some dark temptation shun;
They may decide its part—
"So will we do, for so would they have done."

Say not they are no more,
Those who the heart with reverence thus can fill;
Say not their power is o'er
When thus its traces are around us still!

TELL ME NO MORE.

By Charles Mackay.

Tell me no more amid these silent mountains,
  Beneath these green leaves, musical with song,
Lull'd by the whisper of these upland fountains,
  The old unvarying tale of guilt and wrong.

Leave me alone one day, with Nature's beauty—
  One day—one night—an alien to my care:
The needful rest will nerve my soul to duty,
  And give me strength to struggle and to bear.

If it be true that love is born to sorrow,
  That hope deceives, and friendship fades away—
Let the sad wisdom slumber till to-morrow,
  Nor stand between me and this summer-day.

If I am free to dive in truth's deep ocean,
  I will be free to linger on the shore,
To watch the billows in their wild commotion,
  And hear far off their melancholy roar.

Pearls for the diver battling with the billows!
  Pearls for his mournful pomp and lonely pride!—
For me, this day, a harp upon the willows,
  And flowers fresh gather'd by the water's side.

TO FANNY ANN.

By Ebenezer Elliott.

As the flower bloweth,
As the stream floweth,
Daughter of beauty,
Do thou thy duty!
What, though thy morrow
May darken with sorrow?
E'en as light hasteth,
Darkness, too, wasteth;
Morn, then, discloses
Raindrops on roses!

Daughter of beauty,
What, then, is duty?
Time says, "Death knoweth!"
Death says, "Time showeth!"

THE LOVE OF ORION AND DIANA.

A fine passage in H. HORNE's dramatic poem *Orion*.

ABOVE the isle of Chios, night by night,
The clear moon linger'd ever on her course,
Covering the forest foliage, where it swept
In its unbroken breadth along the slopes,
With placid silver, edging leaf and trunk
Where gloom clung deep around; but chiefly sought
With melancholy splendour to illume
The dark-mouth'd cavern where Orion lay
Dreaming among his kinsmen. Ere the breath
Of Phoibos' steeds rose from the wakening sea,
And long before the immortal wheel-spokes cast
Their hazy apparition up the sky
Behind the mountain peaks, pale Artemis left
Her fainting orb, and touch'd the loftiest snows
With feet as pure, and white, and crystal cold,
In the sweet misty woodland, to rejoin
Orion with her Nymphs. And he was blest
In her divine smile, and his life began
A high and newer period, nor the haunts
Of those his giant brethren ever sought,
But shunn'd them and their ways, and slept alone
Upon a verdant rock, while o'er him floated
The clear moon, causing music in his brain
Until the skylark rose. He felt 'twas love.

RESIGNATION.

Translated from the German of SCHILLER, by Sir E. B. BULWER LYTTON.

AND I, too, was amidst Arcadia born,
And nature seem'd to woo me;
And to my cradle such sweet joys were sworn;
And I, too, was amidst Arcadia born,

Yet the short spring gave only tears unto me!
Life but one blooming holiday can keep—
For me the bloom is fled;
The silent genius of the darker sleep
Turns down my torch—and weep, my brethren, wee
Weep, for the light is dead!
Upon thy bridge the shadows round me press,
O dread Eternity!
And I have known no moment that can bless;—
Take back this letter meant for happiness—
The seal's unbroken—see!
Before thee, Judge, whose eyes the dark-spun veil
Conceals, my murmur came;
On this our orb a glad belief prevails,
That, thine the earthly sceptre and the scales,
Requiter is thy name.

Terrors, they say, thou dost for vice prepare,
And joys the good shall know;
Thou canst the crooked heart unmask and bare;
Thou canst the riddle of our fate declare,
And keep account with woe.
With thee a home smiles for the exiled one—
There ends the thorny strife.
Unto my side a godlike vision won,
Call'd Truth, (few know her, and the many shun),
And check'd the reins of life.
"I will repay thee in a holier land—
Give thou to me thy youth;
All I can grant thee lies in this command."
I heard, and, trusting in a holier land,
Gave my young joys to Truth.

"Give me thy Laura—give me her whom love
To thy heart's core endears;
The usurer, Bliss, pays every grief—above!"
I tore the fond shape from the bleeding love,
And gave—albeit with tears!
"What bond can bind the dead to life once more?
Poor fool" (the scoffer cries);
"Gull'd by the despot's hireling lie, with lore
That gives for truth a shadow;—life is o'er

When the delusion dies!"
"Tremblest thou," hiss'd the serpent-herd in scorn,
"Before the vain deceit?
Made holy but by custom, stale and worn,
The phantom gods, of craft and folly born—
The sick world's solemn cheat?
What is this future underneath the stone?
But for the veil that hides, revered alone;
The giant shadow of our terror, thrown
On conscience' troubled glass—
Life's lying likeness—in the dreary shroud
Of the cold sepulchre—
Embalm'd by Hope—Time's mummy—which the proud
Delirium, driv'ling through thy reason's cloud,
Calls 'Immortality!'

Giv'st thou for hope (corruption proves its lie)
Sure joy that most delights us?
Six thousand years has death reign'd tranquilly!—
Nor one corpse come to whisper those who die
What after death requites us!"
Along Time's shores, I saw the Seasons fly;
Nature herself, interr'd
Among her blooms, lay dead; to those who die
There came no corpse to whisper Hope! Still I
Clung to the Godlike word.

Judge!—All my joys to thee did I resign,
All that did most delight me;
And now I kneel—man's scorn I scorn'd; thy shrine
Have I adored—Thee only held divine—
Requiter, now requite me!
"For all my sons an equal love I know,
And equal each condition,"
Answer'd an unseen Genius—"See below,
Two flowers, for all who rightly seek them, blow—
The Hope and the Fruition.
He who has pluck'd the one, resign'd must see
The sister's forfeit bloom:
Let unbelief enjoy—Belief must be
All to the chooser;—the world's history
Is the world's judgment doom.

Thou hast had hope—in thy belief thy prize—
  Thy bliss was centred in it:
Eternity itself—(Go ask the Wise!)
Never to him who forfeits, resupplies
  The sum struck from the Minute!"

THE SOUTHERN LANDS.

Found in an old periodical, where it appeared anonymously.

When winter, with icy hands,
  Binds river and field and hill,—
When snow lies deep on the uplands,
  And the north wind bloweth chill,
The sparrows hang on the roof,
  The starlings starve in bands,
But the swallow spreads her happy wings,
  And flies to the southern lands.

To the glorious southern lands,
  The lands of kindly skies,
On the wings of courage and hope,
  The thoughtful swallow flies.

When poverty comes, like winter,
  Chilling hearts and staying hands,
Shall we, like the sparrow and starling,
  Sit down in despairing bands?
Is it want of courage and hope
  That for ever holds us back?
Let us learn of the swift-winged swallow,
  And follow in her track.

For us there are kindlier climates,
  Where await us homes and wealth,
And lands that ask our labours,
  And breezes fraught with health:
Here we sleep in a noisome chamber,
  We tread the crowded way,
And scarcely with painful labour
  Earn a pittance from day to day.

But there we should work with pleasure,
  For the gain is sure and sweet,—
We should tread the free green pasture
  Instead of the crowded street;
We should sit 'neath our own fruit-tree,
  And dwell in our own dear cot,
And earn in that far-off country
  For ourselves a brighter lot.

No longer we'll wait and weep,
  No longer we'll starve in bands;
We have learnt of the thoughtful swallow,
On the wings of hope to follow,
  To follow to southern lands.

HEART SPECTRES.

By William Sawyer.

Who fears a sheeted spectre
  Up the hall stairs gliding slow?
Or a warrior-lone, half-steel, half bone,
  In the tower that rocketh so?
The purblind nurse, the infant heir
  But not a man, I trow.

Not from without, but from within
  Come spectres to appal—
The heart alone is the haunted tower,
  And the goblin-trodden hall,
Where shadows of the long ago
  Upon the present fall.

There, youthful feelings from the death
  Of youth itself revived,
And buried hopes, and wasted thoughts
  In memory's charnel hived,
Starting, unsummon'd, into life,
  Wander like souls unshrived:

And stalwart men of dauntless mien,
  Of iron nerve and limb,
Knowing of fear but as a name
  For something vague and dim,
Pause at its portal, as 'twere watch'd
  By flaming cherubim!

ARRIA.

AN HISTORICAL SKETCH.

Mary Jane Fletcher, the Authoress of "Arria," is better know Miss Jewsbury—she died in India, shortly after her marriage wit Rev. Mr. Fletcher, a Missionary.

"It is not painful, Pætus."

Her form—it is not of the sky,
  Nor yet her sex above;
Her eye—it is a woman's eye,
  And bright with woman's love;—
Nor look, nor tone revealeth aught,
Save woman's quietness of thought:
And yet around her is a light
Of inward majesty and might.

Her lord is fetter'd by her side,
  In soul and strength subdued;
Yet looks she on him with a pride
  Fonder than when she viewed
His mail'd form in the brightest hour
Of victory, applause, and power!
When fortune beam'd upon his brow,
She loved not as she loveth now.

They tore him from his home;—she rose
  A midnight sea to brave;
She stood beside him when his foes
  Were fiercer than the wave;
And now she is beside him here,
  A prisoner in a dungeon drear,
Still calm as when before she strove;
Still strong in woman's strength—her love.

She loved, as Roman matrons should,
  Her hero's spotless name;
She would have calmly seen his blood
  Flow on the field of fame;
But could not bear to have him die,
The sport of each plebeian eye;
To see his stately neck bow'd low,
Beneath the headsman's dastard blow.

She brought to him his own bright brand,
  She bent a suppliant knee,
And bade him, by his own right hand,
  Die, freeman 'mid the free.
In vain—the Roman fire was cold
Within the fallen warrior's mould;—
Then rose the wife and woman high,
And died—to teach him how to die!

It is not painful, Pætus—Ay!
  Such words could Arria say,
And view with an unaltered eye,
  Her life-blood ebb away.
Professor of a purer creed,
Nor scorn, nor yet condemn the deed,
Which proved—unaided from above—
The deep reality of love.

Ages, since then, have swept along,—
  Arria is but a name;
Yet still is woman's love as strong,—
  Still woman's soul the same;
Still soothes the mother and the wife
Her cherish'd ones 'mid care and strife;
It is not painful, Pætus—still
Is love's word in the hour of ill.

A FAIRY SONG.

By Mary Ann Browne.

From the alder bushes,
  From the daisies' home,

From the bending rushes,
  Come, come, come!
I am spirit-weary,
  Weary of the earth;
I would be a fairy,
  Joining in your mirth!
At my wishes take me,
  Little fairy elves;
By your magic, make me
  Even as yourselves!
From the mossy hollow,
  From the lily's dome,
Follow, follow, follow,
  Come, come, come!

Shall we to the river?
  Shall we to the mead,
Where the dewdrops quiver,
  Where the rainbows feed?
In yon airy palace
  I will lightliest trip,
From the acorn chalice
  Deepest will I sip!
Bring me to the waters
  By the brisk wind fann'd;
Let me see the daughters
  Of your happy land!
Or where the monsters wallow
  'Neath the white sea foam,
Follow, follow, follow,
  Come, come, come!

'Neath the glistening laurel,
  In the moon's pale light,
Or midst the branching coral,
  Where sea-bones are white,
In earth, air, or ocean,
  Stars, or flowers, or dew;
Anywhere for motion,
  Anywhere with you!
So shall come forgetting
  Of the days gone by;
So a never-setting
  Sun shall mount our sky!

Skim we like the swallow,
  Whereso'er we roam;
Follow, follow, follow,
  Come, come, come!

THE SLEEPING SORROW.

Translated from the German of RUCKERT, by W. R. EVANS.

I HAVE a sorrow dwelling
  Here deep within my breast,
Asleep, but ever ready
  To waken from his rest.
And when he wakes from slumber,
  And when he looks on me,
Oh, then with dark clouds cover'd
  A summer sun I see.
Mine eyes upon his fixing,
  I gaze into them deep—
His ev'ry look I drink in
  Until he falls asleep—
Until his tear-fringed eyelids
  Are closed again in rest,
And he again is lying
  Asleep within my breast.
How joy in life prevaileth,
  How great the power of bliss,
That tenderly it veileth
  A sorrow like to this!
That life's pure gold of gladness
  One grief can scarce alloy,
And that a single sadness
  But serves to season joy.

FAIREST AND DEAREST.

By CHARLES MACKAY.

WHO shall be fairest?
Who shall be rarest?

Who shall be first in the songs that we sing?
She who is kindest,
When fortune is blindest,
Bearing through winter the blooms of the spring;

Charm of our gladness,
Friend of our sadness,
Angel of Life, when its pleasures take wing!
She shall be fairest,
She shall be rarest,
She shall be first in the songs that we sing!

Who shall be nearest,
Noblest and dearest,
Named but with honour and pride evermore?
He, the undaunted,
Whose banner is planted
On glory's high ramparts and battlements hoar;

Fearless of danger,
To falsehood a stranger,
Looking not back while there's duty before!
He shall be nearest,
He shall be dearest,
He shall be first in our hearts evermore!

ROBERT BURNS.

The following lines were written and delivered by Dr. Olive Wendell Holmes, at the anniversary of the birth of Robert Burn on January 25th, 1856, at Boston, Massachusetts, U. S. A.

The mountains glitter in the snow,
A thousand leagues asunder;
Yet here, amid the banquet's glow
I hear their voice of thunder.
Each giant's ice-bound goblet clinks,
A flowing stream is summon'd;
Wachusset to Ben Nevis drinks,
Monadnock to Ben Lomond.

Though years have clipp'd the eagle's plume
That crown'd the chieftain's bonnet,
The sun still sees the heather bloom,
The silver mists lie on it.
With tartan kilt and philabeg,
What stride was ever bolder,
Than his that showed the naked leg
Beneath the plaided shoulder?

The echoes sleep on Cheviot's hills
That heard the bugle's blowing;
When down their sides the crimson rills
With mingled blood were flowing.
The hunts where gallant hearts were game,
The slashing on the border—
The raid that swoop'd with sword and flame—
Give place to law and order.

Not while the rocking steeples reel
With midnight tocsins ringing—
Not while the crashing war-notes peal,
God sets his poets singing.
The bird is silent in the night,
Or shrieks a cry of warning
While fluttering round the beacon's light—
But hear him greet the morning!

The lark of Scotia's morning sky!
Whose voice may sing his praises?
With heaven's own sunlight in his eye,
He walked among the daisies.
Till through the cloud of fortune's wrong,
He soar'd to fields of glory,
But left his land her sweetest song,
And earth her saddest story.

'Tis not the forts the builder piles
That chain the earth together;
The wedded crown, the sister isles
Would laugh at such a tether.
The kindling thought, the throbbing words,
That set the pulses beating,
Are stronger than a myriad swords
Of mighty armies meeting.

Thus while within the banquet glows,
Without the wild winds whistle,
We drink a triple health—"The Rose,
The Shamrock, and the Thistle!"
Their blended hues shall never fade
Till war has hush'd his cannon;
Close twined as ocean-current's braid
The Thames, the Clyde, the Shannon!

THE MANOR HOUSE.

From a poem entitled *The River*, by COVENTRY PATMORE.

It is a venerable place,
  An old ancestral ground,
So wide, the rainbow wholly stands
  Within its lordly bound;
And all about that large expanse
  A river runneth round.

Upon a rise, where single oaks,
  And clumps of beeches tall,
Drop pleasantly their shade beneath,
  Half-hidden amidst them all,
Resteth in quiet dignity,
  An ancient manor-hall.

Around its many gable-ends
  The swallows wheel their flight;
Its huge fantastic weather-vanes
  Look happy in the light;
Its warm face through the foliage gleams,
  A comfortable sight.

The ivy'd turrets seem to love
  The murmur of the bees;
And though this manor-hall hath seen
  The snow of centuries,
How freshly still it stands amid
  Its wealth of swelling trees!

The leafy summer-time is young;
  The yearling lambs are strong;
The sunlight glanceth merrily;
  The trees are full of song;
The plain and polish'd river flows
  Contentedly along.

Beyond the river, bounding all,
  A host of green hills stand,
The manor-rise their central point,
  As cheerful as a band
Of happy children round their chief
  Extended, hand in hand.

Their shadows from the setting sun
  Reach all across the plain;
The guard-hound, in the silent night,
  Stops wrangling with his chain,
To hear, at every burst of barks,
  The hills bark back again.

THIS IS MY ELDEST DAUGHTER, SIR.

A lively lyric, by F. H. Bayly.

This is my eldest daughter, Sir,
  Her mother's only care;
You praise her face—Oh! Sir, she is
  As good as she is fair.
My angel Grace is clever, too,
  Accomplishments I've taught her;
I'll introduce you to her; Sir,
  This is my eldest daughter.

I've sought the aid of ornament,
  Bejewelling her curls,
I've tried her beauty unadorn'd;
  Simplicity and pearls;
I've set her off, to get her off,
  Till fallen off I've thought her;
Yet I've softly breathed to all the beaux,
  'This is my eldest daughter.'

I've tried all styles of hair-dressing,
  Madonnas, frizzes, crops;
Her waist I've laced, her back I've braced
  Till circulation stops.
I've padded her until I have
  Into a Venus brought her;
But puffing her has no effect;
  This is my eldest daughter.

Her gowns all à la Ackerman,
  Her corsets à la Bell;
Yet, when the season ends, each beau
  Still leaves his T. T. L.
I patronize each déjeuné,
  Each party on the water:
Yet still she hangs upon my arm!
  This is my eldest daughter.

She did refuse a gentleman—
  (I own it was absurd),
She thought she ought to answer No!
  He took her at her word!
But she'd say yes if any one
  That's eligible sought her;
She really is a charming girl,
  Though she's my eldest daughter.

THE DEPARTURE FROM PARADISE.

A fine passage from Mrs. ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING's *Drama of Exile.*

Eve. Is it thy voice?
Or some saluting angel's—calling home
My feet into the garden?
Adam. O my God!
I, standing here between the glory and dark,—
The glory of thy wrath projected forth
From Eden's wall; the dark of our distress,
Which settles a step off in that drear world—
Lift up to Thee the hands from whence hath fallen
Only creation's sceptre,—thanking Thee
That rather Thou hast cast me out with her,
Than left me lorn of her in paradise;—

With angel looks and angel songs around,
To show the absence of her eyes and voice,
And make society full desertness,
Without the uses of her comforting.
Eve. Or is it but a dream of thee, that speaks
Mine own love's tongue?
Adam. Because with her, I stand
Upright, as far as can be in this fall,
And look away from heaven, which doth accuse me,
And look up from the earth which doth convict me,
Into her face; and crown my discrown'd brow
Out of her love; and put the thought of her
Around me, for an Eden full of birds;
And lift her body up—thus—to my heart;
And with my lips upon her lips,—thus, thus,—
Do quicken and sublimate my mortal breath,
Which cannot climb against the grave's steep sides,
But overtops this grief!
Eve. I am renew'd:
My eyes grow with the light which is in thine;
The silence of my heart is full of sound.
Hold me up—so! Because I comprehend
This human love, I shall not be afraid
Of any human death; and yet because
I know this strength of love, I seem to know
Death's strength, by that same sign. Kiss on my lips,
To shut the door close on my rising soul,—
Lest it pass outwards in astonishment,
And leave thee lonely.
Adam. Yet thou liest, Eve,
Bent heavily on thyself across mine arm,
Thy face flat to the sky.
Eve. Ay! and the tears
Running, as it might seem, my life from me;
They run so fast and warm. Let me lie so,
And weep so,—as if in a dream or prayer,—
Unfastening, clasp by clasp, the hard, tight thought
Which clipp'd my heart, and show'd me evermore
Loathed of thy justice as I loathe the snake,
And as the pure ones loathe our sin. To-day,
All day, beloved, as we fled across
This desolating radiance, cast by swords
Not suns,—my lips prayed soundless to myself,

Rocking against each other—O Lord God!
('Twas so I pray'd) I ask Thee by my sin,
And by thy curse, and by thy blameless heavens,
Make dreadful haste to hide me from thy face,
And from the face of my beloved here,
For whom I am no help meet, quick away
Into the new dark mystery of death!
I will lie still there; I will make no plaint;
I will not sigh, nor sob, nor speak a word,—
Nor struggle to come back beneath the sun,
Where peradventure I might sin anew
Against thy mercy and his pleasure. Death,
Oh death, whate'er it be, is good enough
For such as I.—For Adam—there's no voice,
Shall ever say again, in heaven or earth,
It is not good for him to be alone.

Adam. And was it good for such a prayer to pass,
My unkind Eve, betwixt our mutual lives?
If I am exiled, must I be bereaved?

Eve. 'Twas an ill prayer: it shall be prayed no more;
And God did use it for a foolishness,
Giving no answer. Now my heart has grown
Too high and strong for such a foolish prayer:
Love makes it strong: and since I was the first
In the transgression, with a steady foot
I will be first to tread from this sword-glare
Into the outer darkness of the waste,—
And thus I do it.

Adam. Thus I follow thee,
As erewhile in the sin.

WHERE'S MY MONEY?

A clever translation from the German of GAUDY.

AY, where's my money? That's a puzzling query.
It vanishes. Yet neither in my purse
Nor pockets are there any holes. 'Tis very
Incomprehensible. I don't disburse

For superfluities. I wear plain clothes.
  I seldom buy jam tarts, preserves, or honey;
And no one overlooks what debts he owes
  More steadily than I. Where is my money?

I never tipple. Folks don't see me staggering,
  Sans cane and castor, in the public street.
I sport no ornaments—not even a bague (ring).
  I have a notion that my own two feet
Are much superior to a horse's four,
  So never call a jarvey. It is funny.
The longer I investigate, the more
  Astoundedly I ask, Where is my money?

My money, mind you. Other people's dollars
  Cohere together nobly. Only mine
Cut one another. There's that pink of scholars
  Von Doppeldronk, he spends as much on wine
As I on—everything. Yet he seems rich,
  He laughs, and waxes plumper than a tunny,
While I grow slim as a divining-switch,
  And search for gold as vainly. Where's my money?

I can't complain that editors don't pay me;
  I get for every sheet One Pound Sixteen;
And well I may! My articles are flamy
  Enough to blow up any magazine.
What's queerest in the affair though is, that at
  The same time I miss nothing but the one. He
That watches me will find I don't lose hat,
  Gloves, fogle, stick, or cloak. 'Tis always money.

Were I a rake I'd say so. Where one roysters
  Beyond the rules, of course his cash must go.
'Tis true I regularly sup on oysters,
  Cheese, brandy, and all that. But even so?
What signifies a ducat of a night?
  "The barmaids," you may fancy. No. The sunny
Loadstar that draws my tin is not the light
  From their eyes anyhow. Where then's my money?

However, apropos of eyes and maidens,
  I own I do make presents to the sex—
Books, watches, trinkets, music too (not Haydn's),
  Combs, shawls, veils, bonnets—things that might perplex

A man to count. But still I gain by what
I lose in this way. 'Tis experience won—eh?
I think so. My acquaintances think not.
No matter. I grow tedious. Where's my money?

Brilliants.

WEDDED LOVE.

Approach and fear not; breathe upon my brows;
In that fine air I tremble, all the past
Melts mist-like into this bright hour, and this
Is morn to more, and all the rich to come
Reels, as the golden Autumn woodland reels
Athwart the smoke of burning weeds. Forgive me,
I waste my heart in signs: let be. My bride,
My wife, my life. O we will walk this world,
Yoked in all exercise of noble end,
And so through those dark gates across the wild
That no man knows. Indeed I love thee; come,
Yield thyself up; my hopes and thine are one;
Accomplish thou my manhood and thyself;
Lay thy sweet hands in mine and trust to me.

TENNYSON.

A MOOR.

Buoyantly he went.
Again his stooping forehead was besprent
With dewdrops from the skirting ferns. Then wide
Open'd the great morass, shot every side
With flashing water through and through; a-shine,
Thick steaming, all alive. Whose shape divine
Quiver'd i' the farthest rainbow-vapour, glanced
Athwart the flying herons? He advanced,
But vainly; though Mincio leap'd no more,
Each footfall burst up in the marish floor
A diamond jet: and if you stopped to pick
Rose-lichen, or molest the leeches quick,
And circling bloodworms, minnow, newt or loach,
A sudden pond would silently encroach
This way and that.

BROWNING.

AMBITION.

What makes man wretched. Happiness denied?
Lorenzo! no: 'tis happiness disdain'd.
She comes too meanly drest to win our smile:
And calls herself content, a homely name!
Our flame is transport, and content our scorn.
Ambition turns, and shuts the door against her,
And weds a toil, a tempest, in her stead.

YOUNG.

VIRTUE.

Only add
Deeds to thy knowledge answerable, add faith,
Add virtue, patience, temperance, add love,
By name to come call'd charity, the soul
Of all the rest: then wilt thou not be loath
To leave this paradise, but shalt possess
A paradise within thee, happier far.

MILTON.

DUTY.

Not once or twice in our rough island-story
The path of duty was the way to glory:
He that walks it, only thirsting
For the right, and learns to deaden
Love of self, before his journey closes,
He shall find the stubborn thistle bursting
Into glossy purples, which outredden
All voluptuous garden-roses.
Not once or twice in our fair island-story,
The path of duty was the way to glory:
He, that ever following her commands,
On with toil of heart and knees and hands,
Thro' the long gorge to the far light has won
His path upward, and prevail'd,
Shall find the toppling crags of duty scaled
Are close upon the shining table-lands
To which our God Himself is moon and sun.

TENNYSON.

OBLIVION.

Look yonder, love!
What solemn image through the trunks is straying?
And now he doth not move, yet never turns
On us his visage of 'rapt vacancy!
It is Oblivion. In his hand—though not
Knows he of this—a dusty purple flower
Droops over its tall stem. Again, ah see!
He wanders into mist, and now is lost.
Within his brain what lovely realms of death
Are pictured, and what knowledge through the door
Of his forgetfulness of all the earth,
A path may gain? Then turn thee, love, to me:
Was I not worth thy winning and thy toil,
Oh, earth-born son of Ocean! Melt to rain.

R. H. HORNE.

PATIENCE.

Patience! why 'tis the soul of peace;
Of all the virtues, 'tis nearest him in heaven;
It makes men look like gods. The best of men
That e'er wore earth about him was a sufferer,
A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit,
The first true gentleman that ever breath'd.

DECKER.

PAST DAYS.

Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,
Tears from the depth of some divine despair
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
In looking on the happy autumn-fields,
And thinking on the days that are no more.

Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail,
That brings our friends up from the underworld,
Sad as the last which reddens over one
That sinks with all we love below the verge;
So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

TENNYSON.

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